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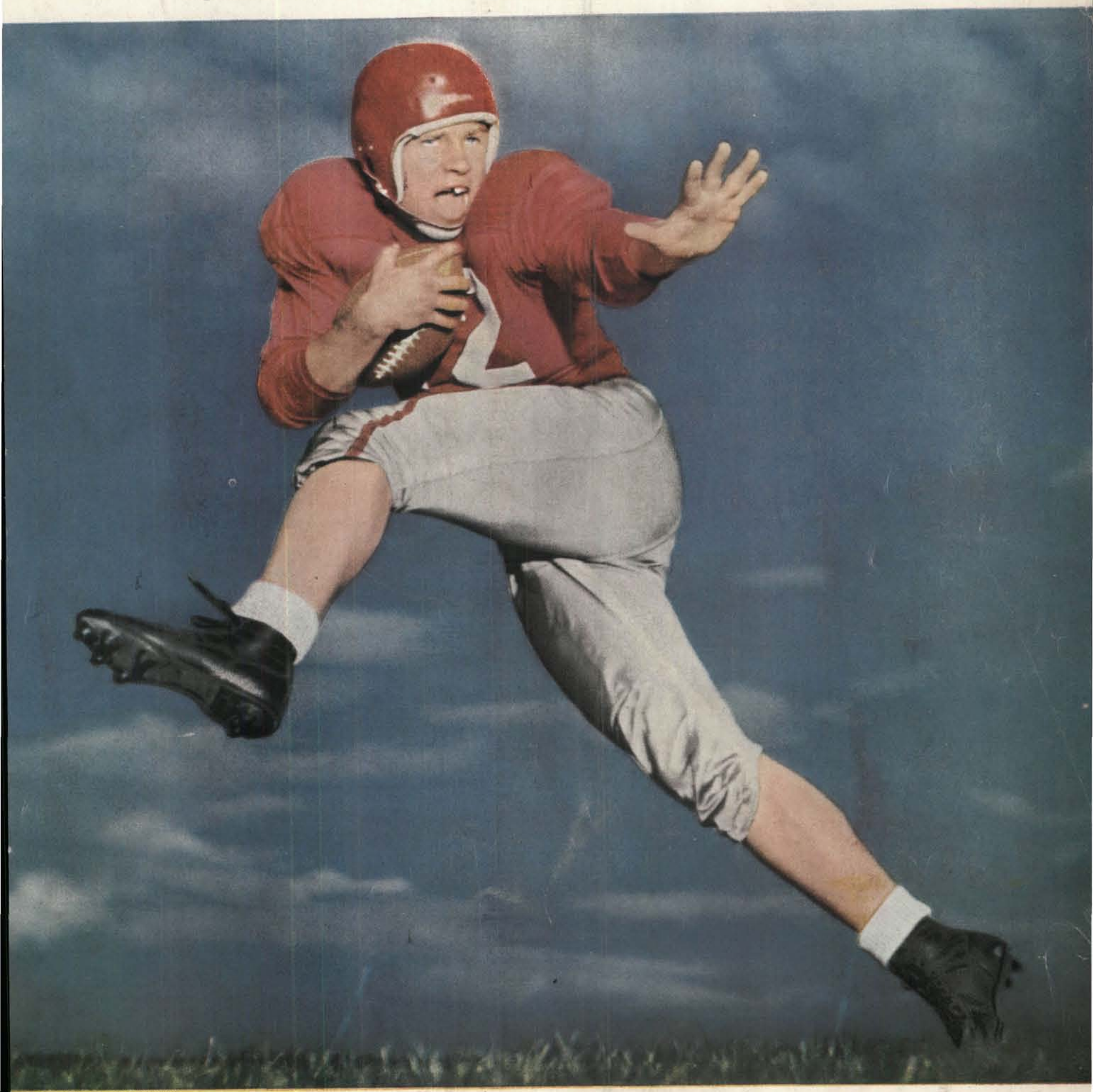

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By "Baby" Shor

•

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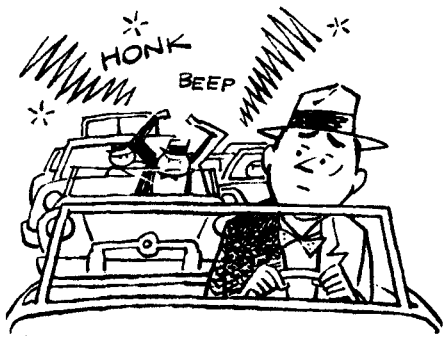

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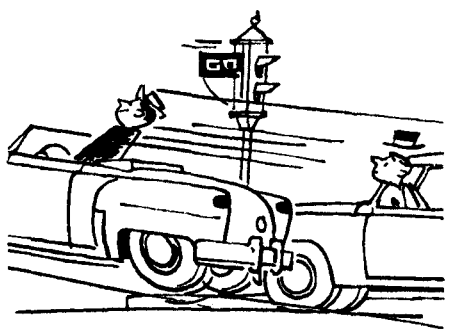

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September 15, 1951

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The characters in all stories and serials in this magazine are purely imaginary. No reference or allusion to any living person is intended.

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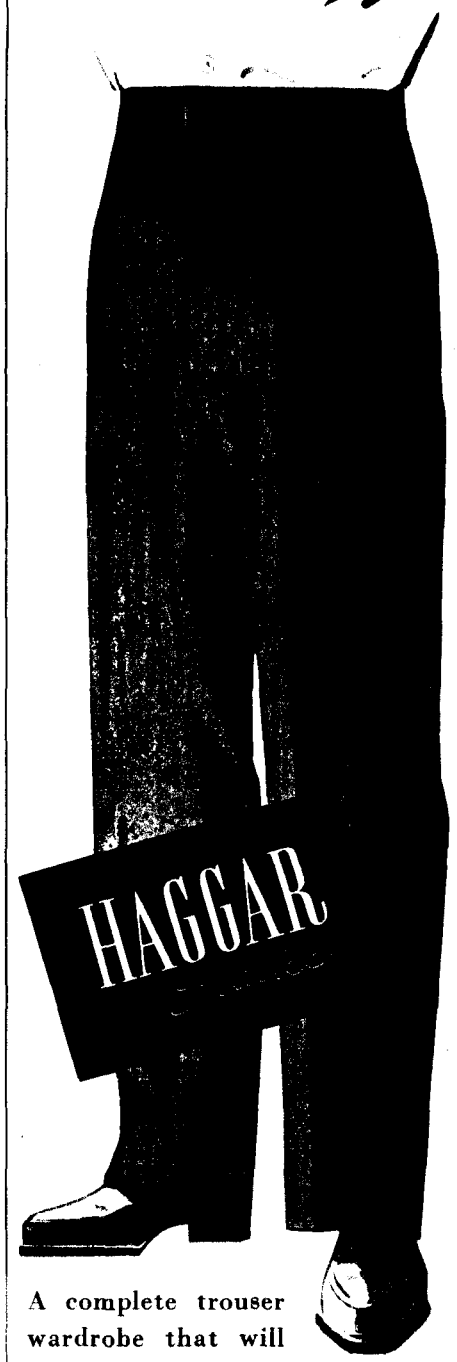

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The Cover

Every footballer dreams of being named for an All-America team, but only one in a thousand makes it by his junior year. As a sophomore at the University of Nebraska, nineteen-year-old Robert Reynolds made 10 different All-Americas last season and was the highest-scoring football player in the nation, with 157 points. Halfback Reynolds hails from Grand Island, weighs 180 and is just one inch short of being six feet tall. P.S. Just before photographer Peskin took this picture in Storm Lake, Iowa, Reynolds lost the teeth playing *base*ball on a Storm Lake team.

Week's Mail

Dixie Politics

EDITOR: As a Southern Democrat who has been away from the South for 10 years, who voted Republican in the last election, and who, were I still in the South, would be a "Dixiecrat" fer durned sure, I was extremely interested in the views of Senator Karl Mundt and Representative Clifford P. Case expressed in Should the G.O.P. Merge with the Dixiecrats? (July 28th).

I think Senator Mundt is right in that the Dixiecrats need somewhere to go, a party with whom to ally themselves. And who is there but the G.O.P.?

On the other hand, I think Mr. Case's main point, that lining the country up in two different fields with two different harvests in mind is far more dangerous than just being on different sides of the same fence, is vitally important.

EMILY TETERS, Portland, Ore.

. . . Representative Case comes up with the brilliant idea of his party capturing the South by preaching more of President Truman's civil rights. If this is all his party has to offer, it is no wonder that we have chosen to remain in the Democratic party for the past century.

If Mr. Case or his party can assure the South that a Republican administration can provide (a) less meddling and waste of money by the federal government, such as is advocated by Senator Byrd of Virginia; (b) less corruption from gangster-city boss politicians as advocated by Senator Kefauver of Tennessee; (c) less giving away of government funds under the guise of RFC loans as advocated by Senator Fulbright of Arkansas; (d) fewer mink coats and refrigerators to people with entree to the White House as disclosed by Senator Hoey of North Carolina; when they can offer these things, Southern Democrats will listen.

L. E. WOOTEN, Raleigh, N. C.

. . . It should have been clear to all that read the article that Senator Mundt has completely lost faith in the Republican party and now wants to destroy it along with all of its fine traditions.

First of all the Civil War was not the War Between the States, Senator Mundt, and I never would apologize for the fact that the Republican party was the instrumentality that freed the colored people from slavery. I am proud of this fact even if Senator Mundt is not.

Senator Mundt offers negativism but nothing positive, and he wants to trade moral righteousness for a cheap victory.

I would not trade a Dewey for a Talmadge, or a Morse for a Byrd, or a Case for a Rankin, or a Javits for a Cox; but I would gladly trade a Mundt for a Paul Douglas.

DAVID CARGO, President, University of Michigan Young Republican Club, Ann Arbor, Mich.

. . . and More Dixie Politics

EDITOR: I was glad to read in Week's Mail of July 28th the letter from the man in Corpus Christi, Texas, about the one-party political system and the no-secret-ballot type of voting. This same state of affairs applies to the state of Alabama and because of it, my husband and I have not voted for the past 20 years, since moving here from the North.

It is about time something was done to remedy this condition. If the Southern States continue to entice Northern industries, they should also see to it that we are allowed our choice of party vote and under secret ballot.

MRS. PETER GRAHAM, Mobile, Ala.

. . . Robert N. Jones, in a letter appearing in your July 28th issue, says that "no Anglo has ever been sent to prison for killing a Mexican in Texas." Mr. Jones may be too young to remember, but on January 21, 1937, Paul Layes, an "Anglo," was indicted for killing Martin Salazar, a Mexican.

A Hays County jury found Layes guilty after a trial at San Marcos on March 10, 1937, and gave him the death penalty. Paul Layes was executed at the state penitentiary in Huntsville on May 10, 1938. I was present at his trial but not at his execution.

HENRY C. KYLE, San Marcos, Texas

Opry Fans

EDITOR: I enjoyed the article, Thar's Gold in Them Thar Hillbilly Tunes (July 28th) very much. But, as most people do, I have a complaint to make. Where is Little Jimmy Dickens? He and Hank Williams are my favorite hillbilly singers and I am peeved because Little Jimmy's name was not mentioned. KATY JOHNSTON, Selma, Ala.

. . . I can't tell you how much my husband and I enjoyed your article about the stars of Grand Ole Opry. However, I was so disappointed with the picture of Red Foley. He is a much better looking man than that. MRS. ERNEST JANZEN, Hutchinson, Kans.

This better?

Salem's Stadium

EDITOR: I would like to point an error in Tom Meany's article, Hard Luck Bill Keeps Pitching (July 28th), in which you state that Waters Field in Salem is the largest stadium in the Western International League with a seating capacity of 6,000.

The new Capilano Stadium here in Vancouver, which was opened on June 15, 1951, has a capacity of 7,500 and is an exact duplicate of Sick's Seattle Stadium of the Pacific Coast League.

G. R. LEWIS, Vancouver, B. C.

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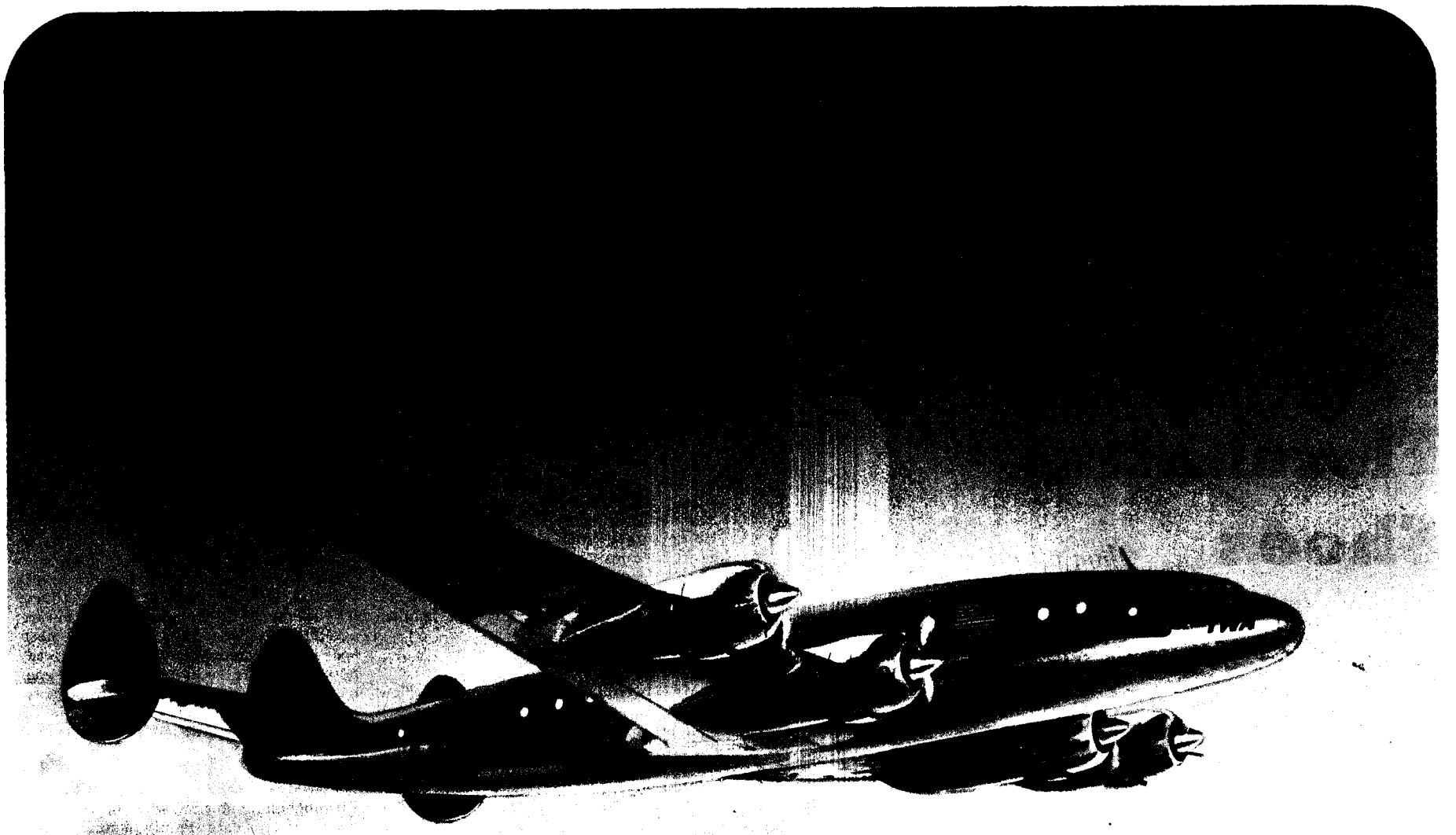

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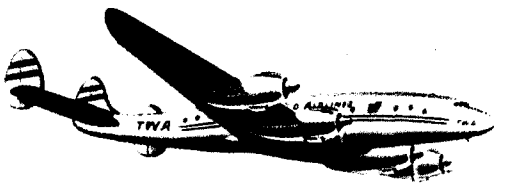

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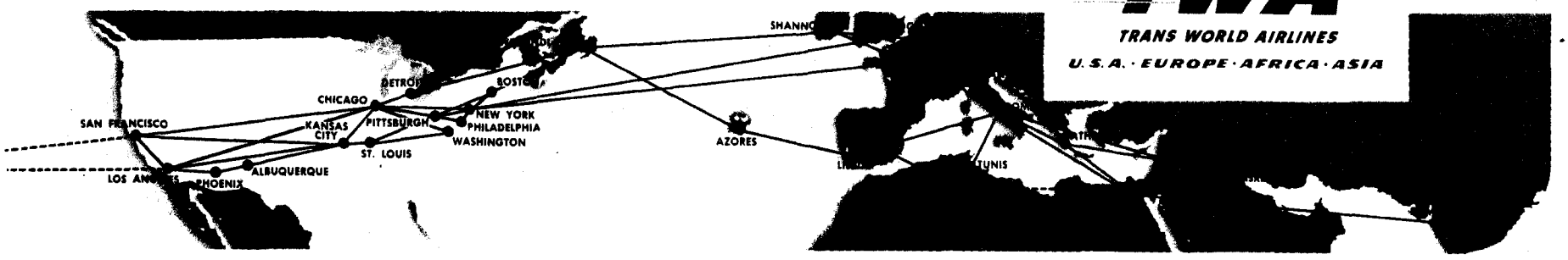

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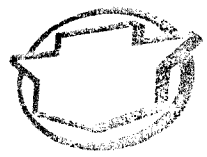

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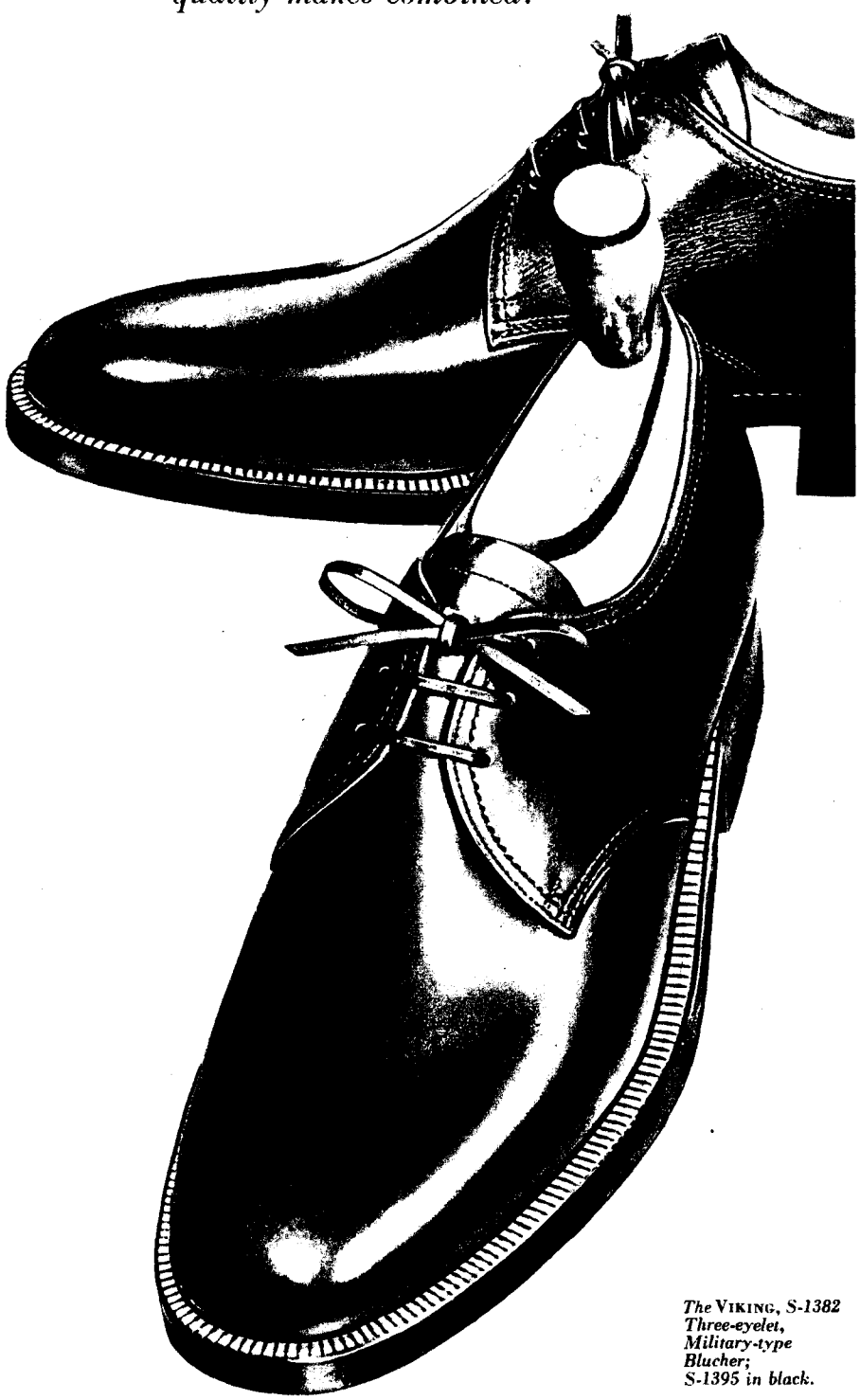

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48 STATES OF MIND

By WALTER DAVENPORT

There's a haunted house near Gloversville, New York, we're told by Mr. Fred Slokamp. Sort of a spectral meeting house. He says that from the shudders, moans, gasps, screams and howls he's heard in the place after dark, all the ghosts in Fulton County get together there every night. Probably they're frightening one another with human stories.

★ ★ ★

Mr. Owen J. Owen, of Absecon, New Jersey, just had his hair cut. This is a financial, not a social note. Mr. Owen complained bitterly that the price was one dollar. The barber told him he ought to get himself elected to the Senate; then he'd get his haircuts free in the Senate barbershop.

★ ★ ★

This friend of ours paused in Albuquerque, New Mexico, for lunch. It cost him $1.45. He gave the waiter two dollars. The waiter came back with a fifty-cent piece and a nickel. Our friend was annoyed. Says it wasn't the money but the principle of the thing. (When a guy says that, it's the money.) Anyway, he pocketed the four bits and left the nickel on the tray. To our friend's amazement, the waiter grinned, took the nickel and thanked him. "Just a gamble, boss, just a gamble," said the waiter.

★ ★ ★

Until recently, Mr. Gregory Jerome Boland, of Haverhill, Massachusetts, was having difficulty appreciating the government's Army-building program. When his son was drafted and sent to a Tennessee camp, he declined to applaud. But he has changed. "Army training," says Mr. Boland today, "is a fine thing. All young men need it. My son is away for four months and then he comes home on leave. And do you know what happens? He addresses me as sir. I am now for Universal Military Training starting early, although I'm still against war —unless, of course, we're attacked, sir."

★ ★ ★

We're very glad to hear from Mr. Ferd Courage, of Lewiston, Maine, but hesitate to believe that he hasn't, as he says, been surprised by anything in 37 years. Mr. Courage goes further; says he doesn't expect to be surprised for another 37 years. Practically everything that happens surprises the guy who writes this column—chiefly just because it happens. One of these days, we're going to get the Pulitzer Surprise award: the FBI is going to drag in a crowd of Communist leaders who do not look like political cartoon characters.

★ ★ ★

It is the opinion of Mrs. P. G. Axte, of Marion, Kansas, that the writer of this department of Collier's is "fundamentally a deeply religious man." She asks us to name the one verse in the Bible which we regard "above all others as a way of life." Foolishly, we're a bit embarrassed. Moreover, we're not at all sure we can designate any one such verse. But Mrs. Axte has twisted our arm enough to make us pick the eighth verse of the sixth chapter of Micah. It's all there, children—everything, in 32 words.

★ ★ ★

Getting a little tired of ham-bone oracles who pretend to be philosophical about taxes, saying you can't take it with you. Brother, you can't keep it while you're here.

★ ★ ★

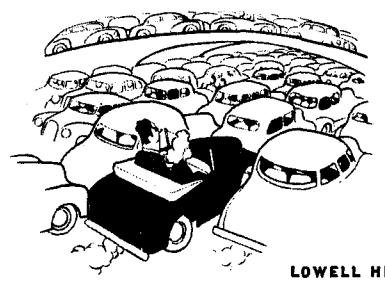
The Bill of the Month Club, a New York City organization, has started to function. The dues are $6 a month and for that the club sends out checks to all the people who notify you every four weeks to come across for food, services and what not. Of course it's your money the club scatters, but you are asked to consider the time, stationery, postage and emotion you are saved—to say nothing of the wear and tear on your memory. (In fact all you have to do is remember to mail the club six dollars and, incidentally, have a little money in the bank.)

★ ★ ★

Friend of ours was driving through Birmingham, Alabama, when he saw a new neon sign on a café: Family Dinner—$100. Not having his family with him, he went in anyway. "What does a family get for a hundred bucks?" he asked the proprietor. "Well," said the man, "if things get much worse, they get the regular dinner and the joint thrown in." At our friend's suggestion, the owner stepped outside to look at the sign. "Well, I'll be doggone," he said. "Musta run outa decimal points."

★ ★ ★

Lady in Detroit asks us to be impressed by the fact that there are now enough motorcars in the United States to take our entire population for a ride at the same time.



LOWELL HESS

Sorry, lady, but we're not impressed. Drove from Boston to New York last week and we saw it happening.

★ ★ ★

Teen-age girls in the Midwest have worked out a simple but intellectual formula for identifying the boys they will marry: See (in the following order) 192 yellow convertibles, six Irish terriers, a redhead in a purple dress, a blonde in a red dress, and a sailor hanging out the family wash—and the next boy you speak to is the fellow you're going to marry.

★ ★ ★

We're forced to disagree with those who insisted from the start that no good would come of the Great Debate—you know, the Truman-MacArthur brawl. From far and wide, we receive word that Americans, aroused by the tug of war, are actually thinking of getting out and voting next year. Mr. Tom Paine Policastro, of Chicago, is one of these, but he hangs a proviso on

(Continued on page 77)

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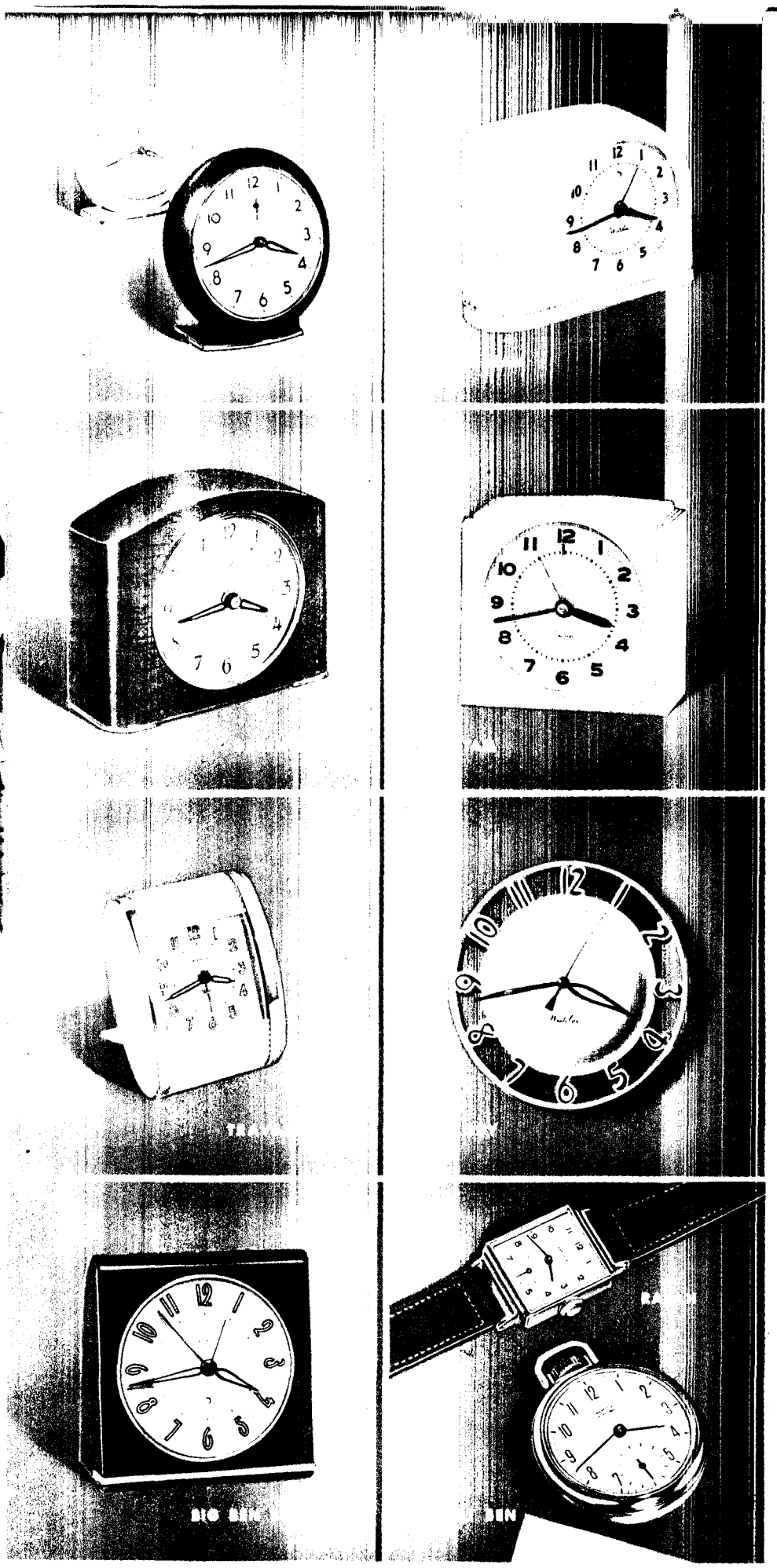
Are you *Sure* you have enough time?



Baby Ben Alarm has a quiet tick and a steady call; adjustable to loud or soft, as you wish. Black or ivory finish. $5.45. With luminous dial, he's one dollar more.

Big Ben Loud Alarm has a tick you can hear; a deep intermittent "fire alarm" gong. $5.45. With luminous dial, a dollar more.

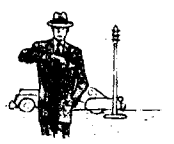
Moonbeam Electric Alarm wakes you silently. His first call is a blinking light . . . which is later joined by an audible alarm. $9.95. With luminous dial, a dollar more.

Greenwich Electric Alarm has a rich, mahogany-finish wood case; pleasant-tone bell alarm. $7.95. With luminous dial, a dollar more.

Bantam Electric Alarm is beautifully designed, only 3½" high. His clear-toned bell alarm has a cheerful call. $4.25. With luminous dial, he's $5.00.

Travalarm closes up like a clam for traveling. Flip it open, it's on duty and on time. Luminous dial. Ivory or brown plastic case. $7.45.

Melody Electric Wall Clock is adaptable to any room, any color scheme. Smartly-styled, Melody mounts flush on wall, is available in a variety of colors. $6.95.



Big Ben Electric Alarm has exceptional good looks—and an alarm that calls you *pleasantly*. Rich brown case. $8.95. With luminous dial, one dollar more.

Rajah is small and handsome for dress; sturdy for work or play. Chrome finish case; stainless steel back, curved to fit your wrist. Non-breakable crystal. $9.95.

Pocket Ben is thin and good-looking. A reliable timekeeper, built for rugged service. A watch that "can take it." $3.25. With luminous dial, he's a dollar more.

LET'S FACE IT. It's time to look Autumn square in the eye . . . and start dusting off the brief cases, the lunch boxes, the textbooks and the commutation tickets. And as long as you're checking over your equipment to do a bang-up job, how about checking on the one item that will get you off to a good start *every* day? Here are ten timely suggestions from Westclox. They're lovely to look at . . . easy to live with. Long-lived and low-priced!

WESTCLOX* MADE BY THE MAKERS OF BIG BEN*
Products of GENERAL TIME *Corporation*

GT GENERAL TIME

WESTCLOX, La Salle-Peru, Ill. • In Canada: Western Clock Co., Ltd., Peterborough, Ont. • *Prices quoted do not include tax and are subject to change.* • Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

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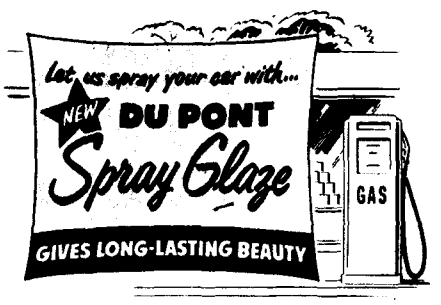
Drive in at this sign for the amazing new beauty process for your car



DU PONT SPRAY GLAZE

Outshines the best wax job... yet costs no more!

It covers your car with a gleaming, protective film—puts on a "showroom shine" from bumper to bumper. Du Pont Spray Glaze brightens chrome and protects quick-to-rust spots seldom reached by ordinary waxing or polishing. It lasts and lasts—needs only an occasional dusting or washing.

The process includes: (1) washing the car with Du Pont Car Wash; (2) removal of dead pigment and traffic film with a special cleaner; (3) a glorious shine with Du Pont Spray Glaze. Have *your* car Spray Glazed today!

DU PONT
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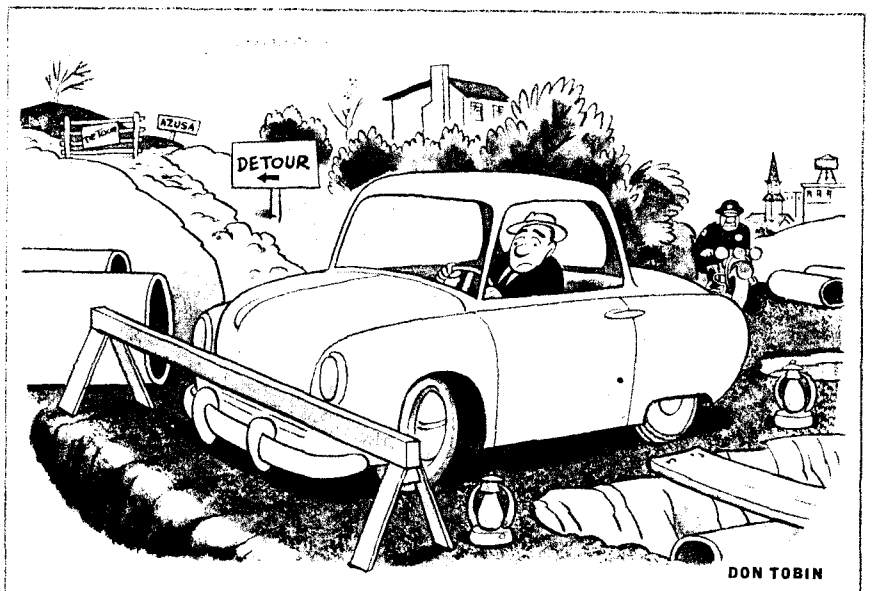
BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING
...THROUGH CHEMISTRY



DON TOBIN

Recommend a route to a friend and he's sure to hit detours

If You Ask Me...

By DON TOBIN

A FEW weeks ago I received a letter from Washington asking—in a roundabout manner—if a friend of mine who was applying for a government job there could be considered a good security risk. Since the fellow in question is one of my oldest and most highly regarded friends (it's funny how few people list their enemies as character references), I naturally gave him a triple-A recommendation. So far I haven't heard if he got the job or not, but I have an uneasy feeling I may have palmed off a lemon on the government. That is, if the bad luck that dogs all my recommendations still is working, it wouldn't surprise me if he turns out to have been the No. 1 Cominform secret agent in the U.S. all along.

I don't know if it's a conspiracy or just gremlins, but anything I recommend to anybody always backfires on me. I'm the kind of guy who could recommend Palm Springs to a man in search of sunshine and it would rain night and day all three weeks he was there.

That sort of thing happens occasionally to everyone, I suppose, but with me it's chronic. If I recommend to a friend the best route to take between Tarzana and Azusa, the day *he* makes the trip the road is pockmarked with holes for half-laid sewers, there's a cop hiding behind every billboard, and 12 villages along the way are celebrating National Apple Worm Week with all streets blocked off. It takes the guy three days to make a four-hour drive.

It's always been that way with me. Even as a kid I can remember recommending my favorite form of penny candy to a young miss I was trying to impress. After three pieces, she turned as green as a well-watered lawn and it took three days in bed with a stomach pump to pull her through.

Once I recommended a certain hotel in San Francisco to a fellow lodge member. I'd stayed there dozens of times and I knew it was considered one of the best in the country. My friend took my advice, stopped there, met some gal in the cocktail lounge, fell in love and married her. And now he blames the whole thing on me.

My wife, being a practical woman, says the solution is simple. "Stop recommending things," she says. And, to an extent, I agree with her. I no longer tell my friends about the terrific movie I saw last night that they just can't afford to miss, or the wonderful book that they simply must read, or the TV show that's the finest thing yet. These things, I've learned, are a matter of opinion and I know enough to leave them alone.

I've even learned not to recommend my favorite patent medicine to a sick friend (even though I *know* it's just what he needs to put him back on his feet). And I won't advise my friends about such controversial items as moth spray, fertilizer, soap powder, hair restorer, library paste, or dog food. These products never seem to work for anyone else the way they do for me.

But what am I going to do when a thing's an open and shut case? Like this restaurant down on Third Street I've been patronizing. In 15 years I've never had a bad meal there. The steaks are thick as the City Directory and so tender you can cut one by just breathing hard on it. The service and atmosphere are for royalty and the prices make you think you're back in 1934 working for the WPA. It's the kind of place you'd like to be alone with on a desert island.

So when my boss asks me the other night to recommend a good place for his wife and him to eat dinner, I know I can't go wrong. But what happens? He chips three teeth trying to make an imprint on the steak, the waiter spills a bowl of minestrone on his wife's head and refuses even to bring another bowl to replace it, and the check looks like a page from a Senate appropriations bill.

The funny part is, when I took my wife there the next evening—to smooth over that business of my lost job—the food and service were as good as ever. That's the sort of thing that makes me feel I'm up against some sinister conspiracy.

Lately I've been thinking of putting one of those ads in the paper saying I won't be responsibile for the results of any of my recommendations. But, on second thought, perhaps my wife had the right idea. I just won't recommend anything to anybody. It's a hard decision for a man who likes to share the better things of life with his fellow men, but I guess it's the only one. From now on, a man could collapse right in my arms and I wouldn't recommend the town's best doctor to him.

Of course, there's a chance it *could* be ulcers and in that event I know a certain M.D. down in Beverly Hills who's really a whiz. THE END

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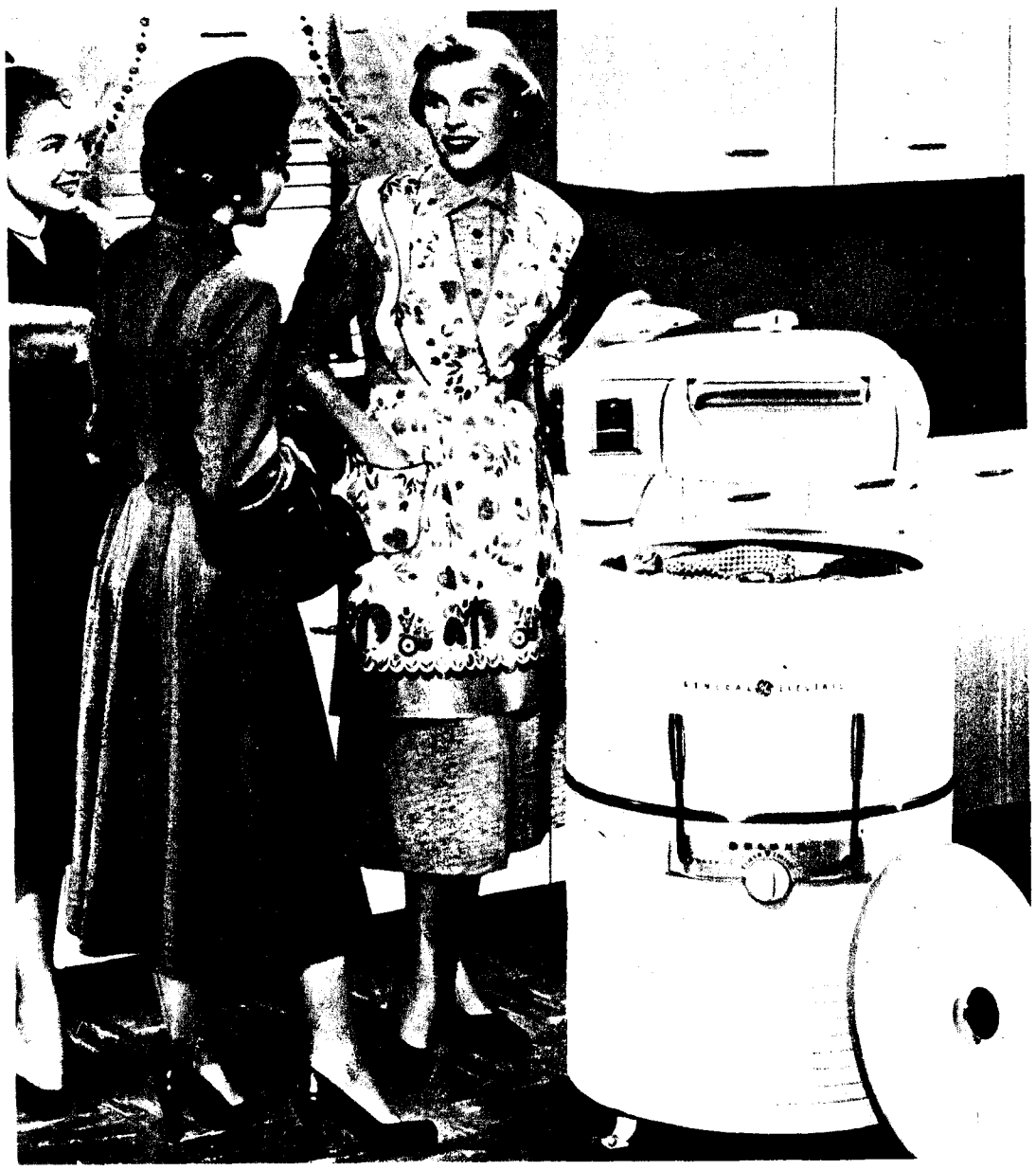


Better than some "automatics"—yet costs far less!

Here are just a *few* of the reasons why you'll find this General Electric Wringer Washer a *better buy* at its *low* price than many of the so-called "automatic" washers . . .

Extra-large capacity. G.E.'s new de luxe has a 10-lb tub. Now do your whole wash at once!

Each piece washed individually! Even the smallest piece of your wash is given individual washing action to get it clean, clean, CLEAN!

Clothes are pressure-cleansed! This new Instinctive Wringer pressure-cleanses your clothes . . . stops by a mere tug at clothes!

Shuts off automatically! Or you can set it to HOLD position for a continuous washing action.

No bending or stooping! All controls are at fingertip level. Top opening for easier loading.

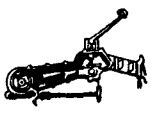
WRINGER WASHERS

Model Illustrated AW 462

Enjoy "quick-clean" washing with General Electric

So thorough! So gentle! So dependable!

G-E ACTIVATOR® ACTION guides clothes through 3 distinct washing zones—light, medium and vigorous. Gives all your wash a gentle, but thorough cleansing.



G-E PERMADRIVE MECHANISM has only four moving parts. No oiling! No exposed machinery! A feature *husbands* appreciate!

ONE-YEAR WRITTEN WARRANTY against defective materials and workmanship. Approved by Underwriters' Laboratories, Inc.

Ask your dealer to show you the whole line of General Electric Wringer Washers. There's one for every budget!

FOR "QUICK-CLEAN" WASHING AND "SIT-DOWN" IRONING, IT'S

Takes the "hard work" out of ironing!

With a G-E Rotary Ironer you sit in easy comfort all the time . . . and you work fast, with far, far better results!

The large ironing roll takes the biggest pieces of your laundry. Automatic operation . . . adjustable ironing temperatures. Two speeds—fast and slow. Modern chromium steel base so easy to clean. Model AR 71 illustrated.

IRON IN COMFORT WITH

GENERAL ELECTRIC ROTARY IRONERS

GENERAL ELECTRIC

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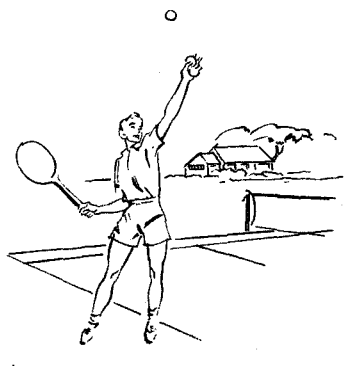
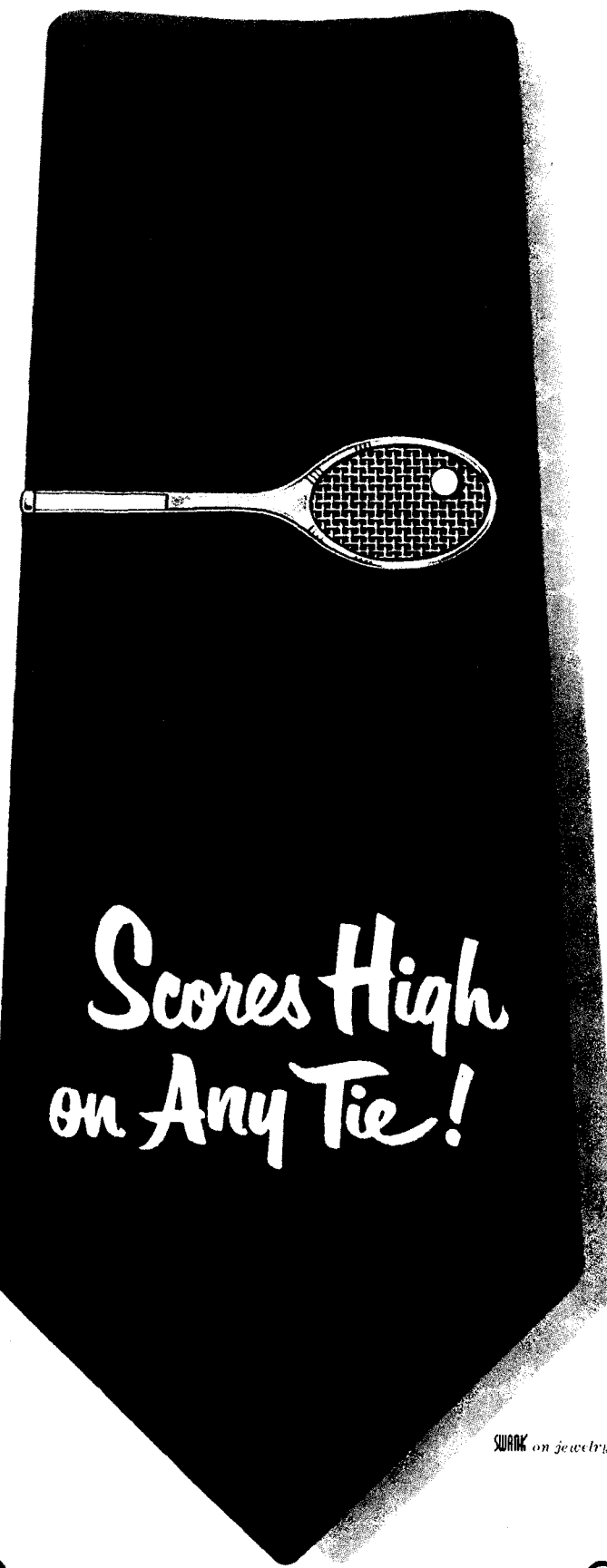


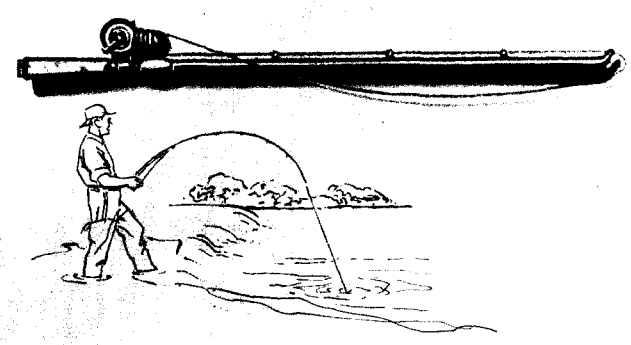


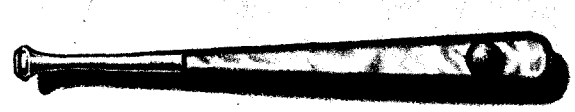
They're sure winners—these dashing Sport Tie Klips. Deftly designed by SWANK, with a mother-of-pearl inlay that accents the year's fashion keynote. Pick one now, for your favorite sport—or sportsman.

$2.95 each, plus Federal Tax.

SWANK *on jewelry, belts and* ***wallets means QUALITY***

SWANK—© Swank, Inc., Attleboro, Mass.





Men prefer SWANK

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RUSSIA'S Most Mysterious Colony

By WILLIAM ATTWOOD and SEYMOUR FREIDIN

Collier's European Team

Hidden from Western eyes since the Iron Curtain clanged shut around it, little Albania is gripped by a reign of terror clamped on by its harsh, ruthless Communist bosses. Harried refugees and sober diplomats lift the veil

The Albanian Frontier

"WE WILL destroy your kind before you can get to us. . . . Let this be a lesson to all who think like you!" The speaker was Mehmet Shehu, the gaunt, cold-eyed security chief of tiny, isolated Albania, Russia's most savage police state. He was addressing Captain Lukai Deva, a young company commander of the Communist security militia, who had just been thrown in jail for refusing to carry out mass executions in the mountain village of Mirdita.

By disobeying Shehu's orders, the captain had identified himself as an enemy of the state—and had been marked for summary liquidation. Yet three hours later, accompanied by two of his prison guards, this reckless officer had slipped out of jail and was scrambling over the tortuous mountain passes to the Yugoslav frontier, 40 miles away. Hidden by friendly peasants by day and hounded by Shehu's men at night, the three men finally shot their way past Albanian border guards and crossed over to the Yugoslav town of Jackovica.

That's where we met Deva, just a few hours after his escape from that most wretched—and potentially most inflammable—of Stalin's prison states. He and his companions were the latest arrivals among the 70 or 80 refugees who manage to flee each month to the comparative freedom of Marshal Tito's maverick dictatorship.

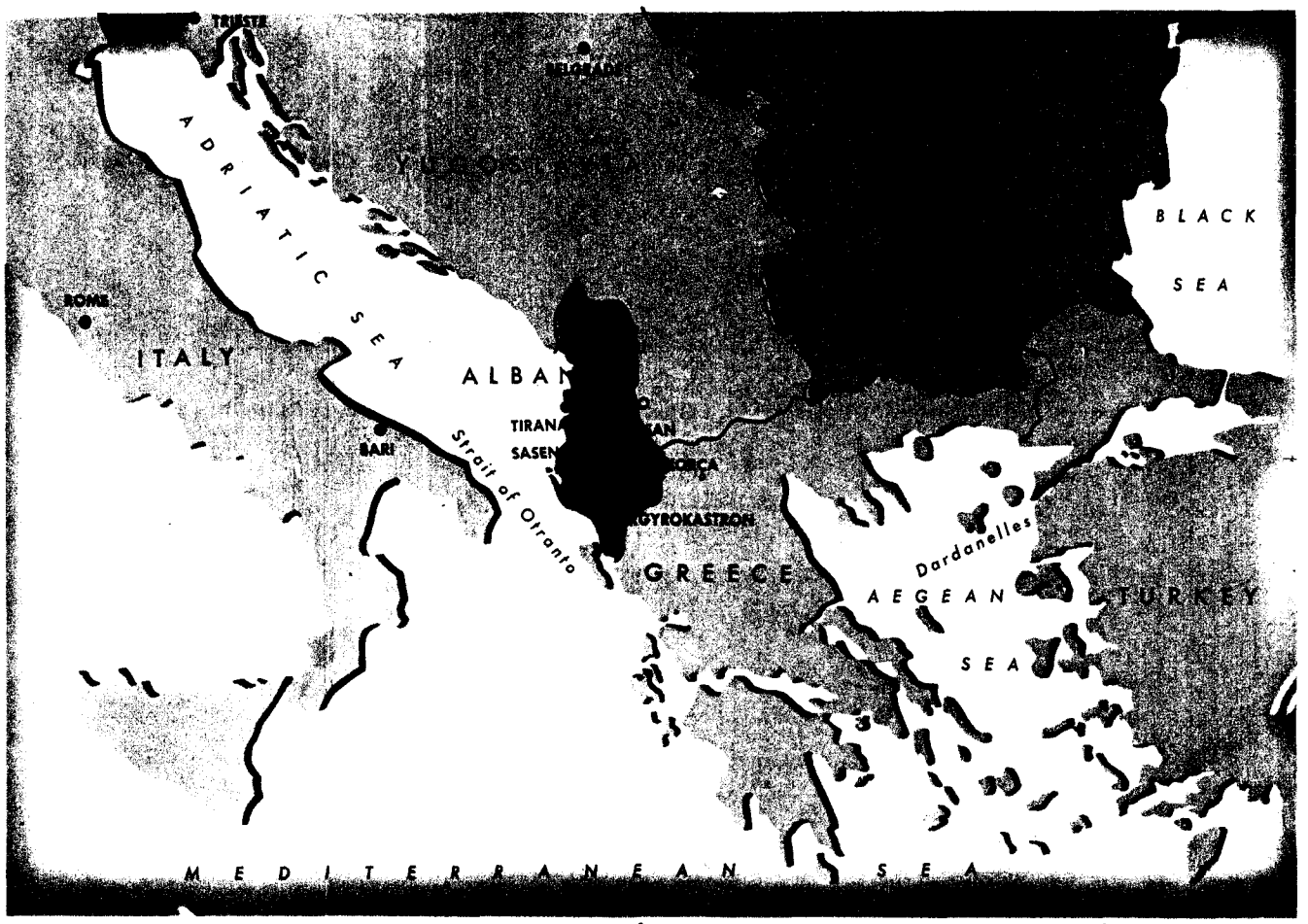
It's mainly from such desperate fugitives as these that the outside world is able to find out what's going on in this curious Soviet enclave in western Europe. For Albania's 1,200,000 people, living in an area roughly the size of Vermont, couldn't be more walled off from their free-world neighbors if they were buried in Siberia's arctic tundra.

No one from the West, except a couple of closely guarded French and Italian diplomats, has penetrated into Albania since 1946; no Albanians, except for a handful of trusted Communists, are permitted to go abroad.

This primitive, inaccessible land could well be the prototype for Lower Slobbovia, Al Capp's horrible comic-strip nation, whose citizens chant a lugubrious national anthem that goes, "Of all the countries in the world, we hate Slobbovia most."

Albania has other distinctions. Its people are economically the most exploited and politically the most oppressed of all Russia's puppet nations. (Excluding the toll taken by disease and starvation, more than 30,000 Albanians have died in purges, reprisals and concentration camps since 1945.) It is also the only Russian-ruled country that is cut off geographically from the rest of the Soviet empire. This fact, for which we can thank Tito, makes Albania the only one of the satellites which might conceivably be freed from Soviet vassalage and restored to the free world—if Western diplomats use their heads and some dollars with this end in view.

The stakes are high. A blunder might precipi-



AL TARTER

Albania and surrounding territory. Note how control of Otranto means control of Adriatic

WIDE WORLD

Glib, timorous Premier Enver Hoxha (front, right) with his brutal security chief, Mehmet Shehu (front, left), nicknamed "the Butcher"

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This Albanian shepherd, dressed in the colorful garb of his homeland, recently slipped across the border into Yugoslavia. Albanians are fleeing at the rate of 70 to 80 a month

Yugoslav town of Titograd, just across Albanian frontier, is goal of many fugitives from Communist terror. Mountains in background are in Albania; river crosses border

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tate a Balkan war, which, in turn, would certainly touch off World War III; success would eliminate a vital Russian base at the mouth of the Adriatic Sea.

Look at the map and you'll see that possession of Albania gives Stalin control of the 46-mile-wide Strait of Otranto, which American naval officers told us could be effectively mined inside of 48 hours from the Albanian side—thus virtually sealing off the Adriatic Sea, which gives Yugoslavia its only waterway to the Mediterranean. Worse, in case of war, Soviet submarines based in the bombproof pens on Saseno Island could play havoc with Allied shipping in the Mediterranean and damage our key naval bases at Malta and Taranto.

For the Kremlin, occupation of Albania, and especially of the port of Valona, represents the fulfillment of a historical aim of Russian foreign policy—an outlet to the Mediterranean. For centuries, the czars tried to force their way out of the Black Sea through the Dardanelles. They repeatedly fought the Turks—as well as the French and British in Crimea—to realize this ambition.

Russian Objective Gained Cheaply

World War II gave the Russians their chance. By clamping a Communist dictatorship on Albania in 1945, they managed to by-pass the Dardanelles and get their outlet without expending a single Soviet bullet.

No wonder the 3,000 to 4,000 Russian technicians and "advisers" in Albania are determined to stay put even if their stooges, like Moscow-trained Shehu and pudgy Prime Minister Enver Hoxha, have to hang half the population to keep the country docile. Airfields at Tirana, Durazzo, Scutari and Korça must be enlarged, and there's still work to be done at the Valona and Saseno naval bases.

Besides, there's a systematic looting operation to be supervised. For Albania has resources of raw materials such as chrome, copper, lignite and oil that are useful to its Russian masters. Mines and oil fields, the latter at Devoli, Berat and Patos, are being developed and exploited by Soviet engineers and their output shipped back to Russia in the six or seven Soviet, Polish and Romanian freighters and tankers that call at Albanian ports each month.

The approximate figure of "3,000 to 4,000" Russians shows how hard it is to pin down precise information about Albania. The exact number of Russians who have moved in since Tito's break with Stalin in 1948 is probably known to no more than a half-dozen people, among them the Soviet ambassador to Albania, blond, youthful Dmitri S. Chuvakhin, and the military attaché, Major General Joachim Sobolov of the Red Air Force.

Our figure, like most of the facts in this report, is based on the testimony of scores of recent refugees we interviewed while skirting the Albanian frontier down through Yugoslavia and around to northern Greece. We spoke to others in Bari, on Italy's Adriatic coast, and in Rome, headquarters for various Albanian political groups in exile.

We studied Western intelligence reports in Rome and Belgrade; we also talked with American, British, French, Italian and Yugoslav diplomats and officials whose business it is to know what's going on in Albania. And we even called on Skender Konitsa, Albania's Communist envoy to Italy, who gave us some government-made cigarettes, considerable double talk and a complete record of a trial involving three alleged U.S. agents captured by Shehu's police and executed last summer. (Actually, the three men were Albanians who had reentered their homeland from Italy.)

An on-the-spot report about Albania was out of the question. The West's few observers inside the country are practically blindfolded. Georges Cassin, the French minister, and Magno Santo Vincenzo, the Italian, are virtual prisoners in their Tirana legations and circulate only under heavy police escort.

"No Albanian would dare speak to us," explained Giuseppe Formentini, Italy's envoy to Tirana up to last year. "Anyone calling at our legation would be grabbed by the police. The French minister and I saw no one but each other."

M. Cassin, according to a French diplomat, dispatched an excited message to Paris not long ago, announcing that he'd finally secured permission to take his two-man staff on a picnic just outside Tirana.

The last U.S. mission to Albania left in November, 1946, a month after the British departed, and the last American was a UN employee who passed through briefly in 1948.

So what we know about Albania comes mostly from the people who are brave enough or desperate enough to risk death by escaping into Yugoslavia.

One of them is thirty-two-year-old Paulo Bernini, an Italian who was raised in Scutari, in northern Albania, where his father was a shipping agent. In January, 1945, Paulo was seized by the police and sentenced to five years' hard labor along with 28 other Italian residents accused of being "potentially subversive" (not *actually* subversive—just "potentially"!).

"We were sent to a camp near Lake Maliq," he told us recently in Rome. "We dug irrigation canals 10 hours a day, hip-deep in mud that was full of leeches. Our daily diet was soup and bread—nothing else. The sick and weak were beaten; when they died, their bodies were thrown into ditches and covered up with dirt."

There were 1,500 in the Maliq camp then; the number has trebled since.

After his release in 1950, Paulo lived for a year with his Albanian brother-in-law in Scutari. But Tonin Yakova, the young, semiliterate boss of Scutari's Communist central committee, told him that, as an Italian, he couldn't hold a job nor be issued a food ration book. Paulo decided to get out.

"It took some planning," he said. "Luckily I knew the trails better than the police, who were mostly peasants from the south."

He made it last February, via the border village of Hanihotit, and was repatriated to Italy by the Yugoslavs. But more recent refugees from Scutari told us that four friends who helped him escape were picked up a week later and shot.

Bernini is not this man's real name, for his brother is still imprisoned, like all Italians in Albania who are neither Communists nor needed technicians working at gun point in mines or factories. These two categories number no more than 100, including an Italian Communist customs official at Durazzo.

The last Italians to leave the country legally were a young woman named Anna Maria Tei and her mother, who told us in Bari they came over in March on the only Western ship allowed to touch at an Albanian seaport—the motor schooner Otranto. Since February, this ship has been putting into Durazzo for an hour once a month to pick up the French and Italian diplomatic pouches. None of the crew is allowed ashore and the schooner is escorted in and out of the harbor by Albanian patrol boats.

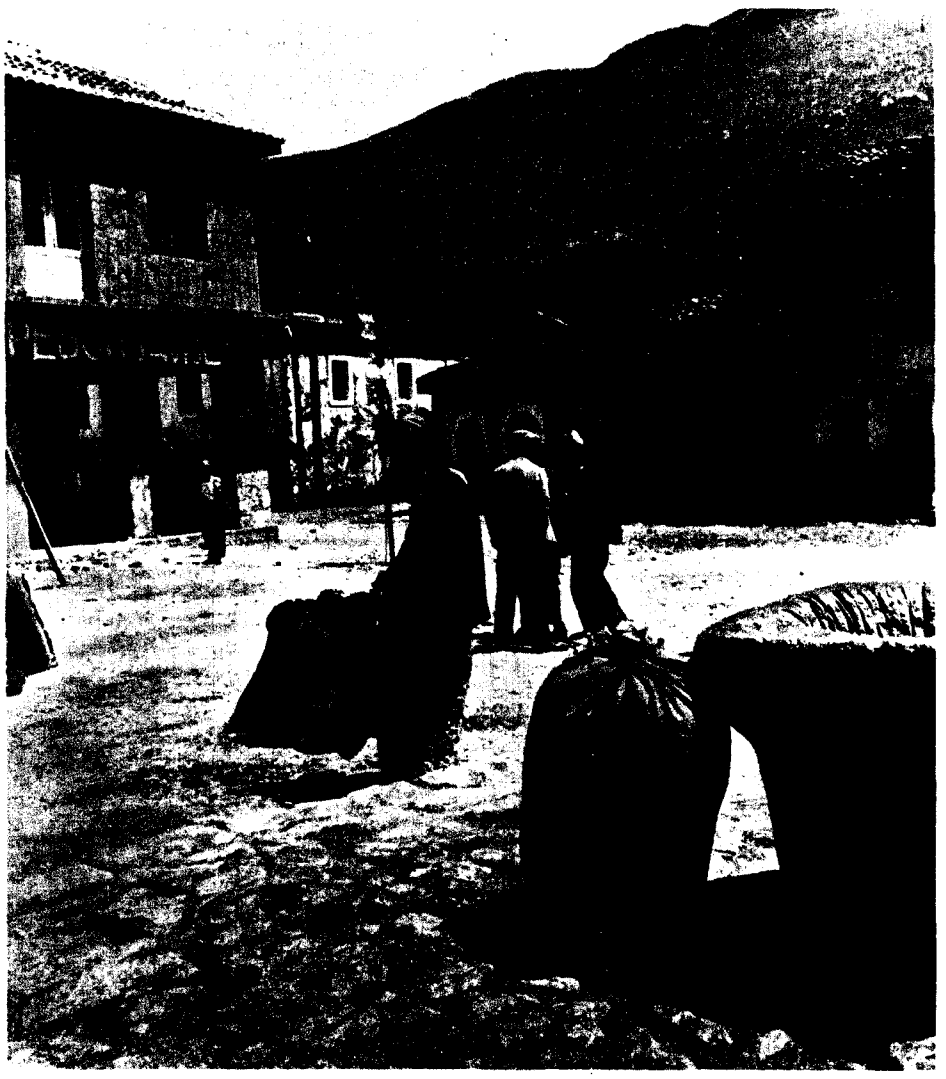
From many such refugees we got a picture of present-day Albania that makes Lower Slobbovia seem like a holiday camp:

"Internal security" is maintained by mobile companies of the 28,000-strong *Divizion i Mbrojtjes së Popullit* (Division for the Protection of the People). Attached to these units are tribunals empowered to try and execute citizens on the spot. D.M.P. informers are stationed in every village to report discontent and loose talk.

The Albanian army of 70,000 is largely composed of recruits doing their 18 months' military service. Twenty-seven Russian officers, headed by a colonel, supervise the training in each division. Even so, as a fighting force it would be no match for any U.S.-equipped Yugoslav task force. Among its officers are many ex-partisans whose sympathies still lie with their former Titoist brothers-in-arms. In fact, the regular army isn't even trusted to put down occasional outbreaks of "banditry" in the hills; the better-disciplined (and better-fed) D.M.P. is given that task.

Albania's navy—a present from Russia—consists of a gunboat, 10 sub chasers, 18 motor patrol boats, a tug and three motor schooners. The navy's job is to patrol coastal waters and keep an eye on the fishermen, who must stay within sight of shore. Two of the schooners, the Teuta and Kurvelesh, carry on a desultory trade with Bari and Trieste. On such trips, the crews are confined to the ships and if the captains go ashore they are accompanied by D.M.P. agents.

Religious persecution has hit the Roman Catholic minority hardest. Of 120 Catholic priests in Albania, 60 have been jailed or shot for "pro-Italian sympathies." Moslems, who comprise 70 per cent of the population, have not as yet been molested on religious grounds.



Village of Tuzi, barely a mile from Albania. Such proximity gives Yugoslavia best chance to win Albania over to anti-Kremlin forces

All means of production and most shops are state-owned, and economically the country is busted. Much of its meager produce—such as hides, wool, olive oil, fruit and dairy products—is exported to Russia, and the people are now subsisting on near-starvation rations.

So critical did the food problem become last winter that Premier Hoxha flew to Moscow in February and told his masters he couldn't promise to control the country much longer without help. As a result, the Russian freighter Nikolayev arrived at Durazzo in March with 10,000 tons of emergency wheat.

Hoxha's grandiose industrialization program has failed. Less than 2 per cent of the population works in mines and factories, according to official Communist figures, although exploitation of minerals needed by the Russians, like chrome, has soared 857 per cent since 1938. Albania's one railroad, from Tirana to Durazzo, has been extended 25 miles to Elbasan, a feat which was hailed as a "triumph of Socialist engineering." Elsewhere in Albania, transportation is provided by old Italian army trucks, in which places must be reserved three days in advance. Needless to say, only top party officials can own cars; some Czech Tatras were recently imported for the favored few.

Disease is widespread. Nearly 4,000 children died of typhus last November and December; 60 per cent of the children in Valona and Durazzo had malaria last year; one out of seven people are tubercular as a result of undernourishment. Medicines are inadequate and doctors scarce: too many have been killed off in the frequent purges of "bourgeois elements."

Diversions are almost nil. The only movies shown are old Soviet films; the only foreign periodicals are Russian; the principal Albanian newspaper, *Zeri i Popullit* (Voice of the People) is a crude facsimile of Pravda. Now and then, sports teams and theatrical troupes from other Stalinist countries fly in for a few days, mainly for the entertainment of Tirana's Russian colony. Radios are dangerous: the 1950 Law for the Defense of Peace makes it a crime to listen to foreign broadcasts or even discuss them. Even visiting friends is difficult; special passes are required for travel from one town to another.

The refugees we talked to all agreed that at least 85 per cent of the people hate the regime—yet overt resistance has all but died out because of savage reprisals against innocent hostages. (The only organized guerrilla fighters are led by Catholic Bishop Seke in the hills north of Mirdita.)

For example, a bomb that exploded outside the Russian Embassy on February 19th is believed to have been planted by Shehu's men as an excuse to impose a curfew in Tirana and round up "suspects." At least 600 were arrested, of whom 37 were shot, including four Italians. A second bomb that went off in the Ministry of Interior two weeks later and killed 18 people is also said to have enabled Shehu to increase Albania's forced labor population of 18,000 by several hundred fresh convicts.

Late in April, Hoxha and Shehu flew to Moscow, returning in May with new orders for keeping their unhappy country safe for Russia: As a sop to peasants rebelling against forcible crop collections, collectivization is to be soft-pedaled. Farmers may now keep part of their crop for their own use. Plans for the further industrialization of the country are to be shelved and emphasis put on stepping up the production of oil and minerals needed by Russia. Security forces are to be carefully screened and instructed to act with greater vigilance and ruthlessness against suspected enemies of the state.

Such are the facts of life in Albania right now. Is it any wonder that people are risking death and torture every day to reach the world outside?

Fortunately, refugees can rely on their fellow Albanians to help smuggle them from house to house, sometimes for hundreds of miles to safety in Greece or Yugoslavia.

"When an escape party is caught, only about half the men are executed on the spot," Yusuf Lechi, a former civil servant in Tirana, informed us in a tiny Greek village that looks down on Albania from the Grammos Mountains. "Compared with the other reprisals, escape is worth the risk."

The underground routes appear to have mushroomed without supervision and planning from outside Albania. What keeps them flourishing primarily is the tradition *(Continued on page 52)*

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY KRYN TACONIS

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Francis Wallace's 12th FOOTBALL

The Preseason All-America Eleven

McCOLL, Stanford	*End*
MUTSCHELLER, ND	*End*
WEATHERALL, Okla.	*Tackle*
MOOMAW, UCLA	*Tackle*
RICHTER, California	*Guard*
DAFFER, Tennessee	*Guard*
CATLIN, Oklahoma	*Center*
JANOWICZ, Ohio State	*Back*
REYNOLDS, Nebraska	*Back*
SMITH, Texas A & M	*Back*
PARILLI, Kentucky	*Back*

The All-America Squad

(Does not include All-America Eleven)

ENDS—R. Carey (Mich. St.); Bell (Penn); Stolhandske, Menasco (Texas U.); Howton (Rice); Thomas (Ore. St.); S. Williams (Baylor); Earon (Duke)

TACKLES—Toneff (ND); Johnson (Mich. U.); Coleman (Mich. St.); Ulrich (Ill.); Campbell (Ga.); Evans (Penn); Pearman (Tenn.); Jorgenson (Colo. U.); Prewett (Tulsa)

GUARDS—Ward (Md.); Dudeck (NCU); Cannamella (USC); Holzknecht (Wash. U.); Glass (Prince.); Michels (Tenn.); Helluin (Tulane); Donaldson (Ky.); Clark (Okla. U.)

CENTERS—Hightower (SMU); Moseley (Ky.); Bryson (Navy); Meyer (Texas A & M)

BACKS—Heinrich (Wash. U.); Vessels (Okla. U.); Olszewski (Cal.); Marlow (Ala.); Kazmaier (Prince.); Isbell (Baylor); Karras (Ill.); Lauricella (Tenn.); McElhenny (Wash. U.); Wadiak (SC); Bartosh (TCU); Benners (SMU); Hodel (Colo. U.); Rechichar (Tenn.); Hoag (Kan. U.); Pisano (Mich. St.); Townsend (Texas U.); Barrett (ND); Zastrow (Navy); Coatta (Wisc.)

Gridmen of the Year

Back of the Year
VIC JANOWICZ, Ohio State

Lineman of the Year
LES RICHTER, California

Coach of the Year
BOB NEYLAND, Tennessee

Soph Back of the Year
JOE VARAITIS, Penn

Soph Lineman of the Year
JOE KATCHIK, Notre Dame

Freshman of the Year
LARRY PARKER (Back) NCU

Nebraska's Bobby Reynolds (12) begins 81-yard TD romp against Colorado. As a soph in '50, Bobby led nation's scorers with 157 points

Collier's for September 15, 1951

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
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PREVIEW

THE shadow of the Russian Bear is long over our college stadiums, and again this fall the boys will be concentrating on military tactics while they practice pigskin maneuvers; but little short of atomic action would seem likely to mar the promise of one of the most exciting seasons in gridiron history.

Military losses have been negligible, due to our campus service units, the student deferment policy and the fact that Coach Stalin's defensive platoon was pinned in Korea's coffin corner. There is a bumper crop of sophomores; and freshmen will be eligible everywhere but in the Ivy League and, probably, the Southwest Conference, which defeated the issue by one vote in midsummer but might reverse itself before the season begins. Many of the frosh fuzz-faces entered in February and had the benefit of spring training; the September group will more than fill out the big squads required by the two-platoon system.

My detective work, of which only the high lights can be presented here, rounded up an unprecedented 812 young men of gridiron distinction; 288 backs and 311 linemen among the juniors and seniors; 172 "super-sophomores," and 41 "fabulous freshmen" before the freshman class had even registered—all seriously nominated by my 237 deputies, the best-informed people in football. But first, there are other items on the agenda of this annual convocation of pigskin patrons, during which we blithely unwind the reel of the season before the season begins.

The colleges are waging a lively war among themselves on the separate but related fronts of television, the platoon system, player help and spring practice—all embedded in the sad fact that the money honeymoon is over. Football, too, is beginning to feel the pinch—receipts down and overhead up—a significant signboard on the economic highway where this "amateur sport" has long been just about the best business there is, since advertising is free and raw material ditto or, at best, available at slave-labor wages. Twenty-six schools have abandoned the game, but only Georgetown, Duquesne, Nevada and St. Mary's of California were football "names." However, brave Brandeis is just beginning under Benny Friedman.

On the television sector, Penn's decision that it was not mightier than the NCAA sword was a Fabian retreat, rather than a surrender. This is another struggle between the Haves and Have Nots, with important legal, economic and even social issues involved. Regardless of the results of this season's testing program, or any opinion by the Department of Justice lawyers, the question of TV or not TV will again crop up at the next convention; and Penn will then have strong allies. Confidential soundings among 130 top football schools reveal that the heavy majority did favor the moratorium, apart from any rumored horse trading on the close vote which killed the Sanity Code.

Up to now the TV problem has been acute only in metropolitan sectors; but the coaxial cable reaches the Pacific Coast this fall, and will finger in other directions soon after, with cancerous possibilities for the financial health of the entire football body. The NCAA cannot expect to stop it, but the situation does call for study and reasonable remedial action.

My own long-range prediction still stands: television will eventually help the box office even more than radio did—because it will create millions of new fans and there is no real substitute for being part of the crowd; but, meanwhile, small schools will continue to be hurt, and retrenchment has already begun all along the line.

Football is finally moving toward a purge of some of its excesses, but ironically the motive is more financial than ethical. Take the two-platoon system—and a growing number would be glad to let you have it. The free-substitution rule was originally designed to help the small squad; but this noble concept was frustrated by swollen enrollments as seasoned GIs flocked to the campuses. Result: the platoon system, which so favors schools with big player stockpiles. The little fellow has been hollering murder; but it took the financial squeeze to bring him help. It is now charged that, regardless of the higher field efficiency of the platoon system, it is bankrupting all but the very rich. It costs too much in feeding, equipment, transportation, scholarships, spring training and extra coaches; that it even hurts attendance, because the fans now see shuttling automatons instead of personal heroes.

So, the platoon system, while still climbing toward its peak, is slowly falling of its own weight (as predicted here) because it has too many structural and human defects for youthful college ball—though it does fit the mature, mechanized pros. The current move against it is toward repeal of the free-substitution rule. My opinion: such action would be unwise (because it forgets the safety factor) and unnecessary. The simple and natural way to beat platoon excesses is by having first and second teams play both offense and defense—and substitute them often. This would eliminate most of the featherbedding specialists and rescue the double-duty star from having to play around the clock against waves of brutally fresh opponents.

Rule changes were minor. The fair catch has been restored, but without the old provision for a free kick. Penalty for an illegal shift has been cut from 15 to five yards; an illegal pass receiver gets only five yards. "Quickie" plays must await the ready signal.

Among the formations, the well-scouted T still predominates, but is now festooned with variations, chiefly the split-T. The move continues back toward the single wing, usually with T variations, since that old reliable last year was used by the Coach of the Year, by five of the first 10 teams and won four of the five biggest bowl games. The over-all objective, expressed by California coach Lynn Waldorf, is "single-wing power run

Jim Mutscheller, Notre Dame, End

Bill McColl, Stanford, En

Jim Weatherall, Oklahoma, Tackle

Don Moomaw, UCLA, Tackle

Les Richter, California, Guard

Ted Daffer, Tennessee, Guard

Tom Catlin, Oklahoma, Center

Vic Janowicz, Ohio State, Back

Bob Smith, Texas A&M, Back

Vito Parilli, Kentucky, Back

Sectional stars and team ratings on next two pages

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The Teams and Players Wallace

from the T." The over-all trend is toward still more speed and passing. There will be more spreads—designed to force the defense to cover the full width of the field. All this evolution is making publicized stars out of formerly faceless line-backers, defensive backs and safety men.

Since the unrealistic Sanity Code was junked at the Dallas convention, some sanity has been restored in the tired old field of financial help to players. The policing job is now in the hands of the conferences and individual schools; and in one form or another, all but the Big Ten, Pacific Coast and Ivy League have legalized the grant-in-aid plan which gives the player an education in exchange for his football labor and some other face-saving work—usually in the off season and never backbreaking. That's what I've been plugging for since 1928 and is all the great majority of coaches and players really need or want; it will now be up to the right-thinking people to penalize the flagrant cheaters. The Conference Commissioners met in late July to work something out along that line, with elimination of "tryouts" of prep players a primary objective.

Football deserves a better deal in moral leadership than it has had; and the most constructive thing the prexies could do now would be to give thought to the idea Lou Little has been hammering away at: more consideration to equality in admission standards at schools of similar classifications and less to inequality of financial help. But things are muddling forward. One Runyonesque phrase expressed it: "Nothing's changed—but there's less hypocrisy."

The opposition to spring training is growing, but is not yet important. Many would favor the sessions "if

First Flight

Holy Cross 9-1 — Navy 5-4
Penn 7-2 — Cornell 6-3
Syracuse 7-2 — Yale 6-3
Princeton 7-2 — Army 5-4

Second Flight

Columbia 4-5 — Penn State 4-5
Pitt 4-6 — Dartmouth 3-6
Fordham 5-4 — Boston College 4-5
Villanova 5-4 — Colgate 5-4

Third Flight

Rutgers 6-2 — St. Bonaventure 8-1
Boston U. 5-5 — Bucknell 7-2
Temple 6-4 — Lehigh 7-2
Harvard 2-7 — Lafayette 3-5
Brown 2-7 — NYU

New England

N. Hampshire 8-0 — Conn. U. 5-3
Williams 7-1 — Wesleyan 3-5
Springfield — Mass. U. 5-3
Maine — Tufts
Trinity — Colby
Amherst 5-3 — Vermont
Bowdoin 5-2 — Middlebury
Coast Guard — Norwich
Brandeis

STARS

BACKS: (Numbers indicate votes received where total was 10 or better. Capitals indicate all-star possibility.) KAZMAIER 54 (Prince.); MALOY 37 (HC); ZASTROW 31 (Navy); SPEARS 25 (Yale); Marchibroda 18 (St. Bona.); Turco 14 (HC); Senay 13 (Yale); Monahan 13 (Rutg.); Calvo 11 (Corn.); Kastan (BU); Hyatt (Ford.); Massucco (HC); Adams (Penn); Whelan, Engel (Corn.); Price, Hansen (Col.); Totten (Colg.); Reynolds (Pitt); Ryan (Yale); Stone, Dobrowolski (Syr.); Franco (Navy); Janotta (Prince.); Anders (Penn St.); Lowenstein (Harv.); Bishop (Bowd.); Kulsar (Wms.); Davidson (Amherst); Bettencourt (Conn. U.); Bennett (Tufts); Bowes (NH); Goralski (Trin.); Weiss (Lehigh).

LINEMEN: GLASS 49 (g) Prince.; BELL 35 (e), EVANS 23 (t) Penn; Pujo 13 (e) Corn.; Capuano 13 (e) BU; TETREAULT 12 (t) Navy; Hickok 11 (c) Prince.; Audette 11 (g) Col.; Bryson (c) Navy; Pradetto (c), Bergman (e) Lehigh; Brennen (t), Warriner (e) Pitt; D. Lill (t) Temple; Young (t) Buck.; Bomm (e) Col.; Metzler (t), Jerome (t) Corn.; Sandblom (e) Rutg.; Vesprini (c) Dart.; Douglas (g) NH; Liotta (g), Rilo (e) Villa.; Salmon (g), W. Callaghan (e) Wms.; Millette (g) HC; Roarke (e) BC; Kluckhohn (e) Colg.; McGinley (t) Penn; Brittingham (c) Yale; Anderson (t) Rutg.; Callahan (t) Wesl.; Murray (t) Bowd.; Hoover (t) Penn St.; Nolan (g-t) Mass. U.; Lupo (t) Syr.

SOPHOMORE BACKS: VARAITIS 23 (Penn); SEBALD (Corn.); Zotti, Johnson (BC); Franz (Ford.); Cornog (Penn); Schiller (HC); Ralston (Yale); Cimarolli (Pitt); Yancey (Syr.); Jennison (Dart.); Munsey (NH); Orton (Brown); Smith (Wesl.).

SOPHOMORE LINEMEN: FLECK (t), GEORGE (c) Syr.; HEGARTY (t) Villa.; Benninghoff (e) Yale; Shanafelt (t) Penn; Kasserman (c) Corn.; Smith (e) Yale; Parker (g) BC.

Coach-of-the-Year Candidates

Anderson (HC); Schwartzwalder (Syr.); Caldwell (Prince.).

First Flight

Maryland 8-1 — Virginia 7-2
N. Car. U. 7-3 — Duke 7-3
Clemson 7-2

Second Flight

Wake Forest 6-4 — Wash. & Lee 6-4
Wm. & Mary 6-4 — N. Car. St. 5-5
S. Car. 5-4 — VMI 6-3
W. Va. U. 5-5

Third Flight

G. Washington — Furman — Citadel
Richmond — Louisville — Va. Tech

STARS

BACKS: WADIAK 81 (SC); Bocetti 52 (W&L); Hair 37 (Clem.); E. MODZELEWSKI 31 (Md.); Weber 30 (W&M); Miller 26 (WF); Davis 16 (GW); Shemonski, Cianelli, Scarbath, Fullerton (Md.); Lewis (W&M); Wallace, Gantt (NCU); Field (Duke); Harding (Va.); Johnson (SC); Webster (N. C. St.).

LINEMEN: WARD 93 (g) Md.; DUDECK 52 (g) NCU; KREAMCHECK 32 (t) W&M; Bischoff 28 (e) WVU; EARON 21 (e) Duke; Miller 17 (t) Va.; Palumbo 16 (g) Va.; COSTA 15 (t) N.C. St.; Danter 10 (g) WVU; Goodwin 10 (g) VMI; Listopad (t), George (t) WF; R. MODZELEWSKI (t) Md.; Lawrence (t), Gibson (e) Duke; Smith (c) SC; Ruffin (t), Higgins (t) NCU; Scott (e) Va.; Robison (c), Petree (e) VMI; Smith (e) Clem.

SOPHOMORE BACKS: WILLIAMS (NCU); Lipski, KOLLER (W&M); Hillenbrand (WF); White (NCU); Drawdy, Gramling (SC); Felton (Md.); Kistler (Duke); Paredes (Clem.); Allman (WVU); Klonis (Va.).

SOPH. LINEMEN: Sazio (g) W&M; Morgan (t) Md.; Meadows (t) Duke; Ivanhoe (e) W&M.

FRESHMEN: PARKER (b) NC; Dean (b) Va. Tech; Barger (b), Palmer (c) Duke; Hankinson (b) Clem.; Lee (e) SC; Feamster (e) W&M; Beightol (b) Md.

Coach-of-the-Year Candidates

Tatum (Md.); Snavely (NCU); Guepe (Va.); Murray (Duke).

First Flight

Tennessee 10-0 — Alabama 10-1
Kentucky 9-2

Second Flight

Georgia 7-3 — Florida 6-4
Miami 7-3 — Mississippi U. 5-5
Tulane 7-3 — LSU 5-6
Mississippi St. 5-4 — Vanderbilt 5-6
Ga. Tech 6-5 — Auburn 2-8

STARS

BACKS: PARILLI 173 (Ky.); MARLOW 106 (Ala.); LAURICELLA 67, RECHICHAR 36 (Tenn.); SULLIVAN 31 (Fla.); WADE 24 (Vand.); KOZAR 18 (Tenn.); Hedges 17 (LSU); Hargrove 11 (Ga.); Fortunato, Rushing (Miss. St.); Leskovar (Ky.); Roshto (LSU); Kent (Tul.); Melton, McCain (Ala.); Crawford (Ga. Tech); Boykin (Miss. U.); Payne (Tenn.); Huggins (Fla.); Smith (Miami); Polofsky (Tenn.).

LINEMEN: DAFFER 99 (g) Tenn.; DONALDSON 51 (g) Ky.; HELLUIN 41 (g) Tul.; CAMPBELL 40 (t) Ga.; MOSELEY 36 (c) Ky.; Virgets 26 (e) LSU; PEARMAN 23 (t) Tenn.; Lary 23 (e) Ala.; WERCKLE 20 (t) Vand.; Pace 16 (t) Miss. St.; Principe 16 (g) Ga.; Fugler 13 (t) Tul.; Morris 10 (c) Ga. Tech; Bauer (g) Auburn; DeCarlo (e) Ga.; LaPradd (t), French (e), McDonald (c) Fla.; MICHELS (g) Tenn.; Wilhite (t) Ala.; Barfield (g) Miss. U.; Beck (g), Miller (t) Ga. Tech; Bulliard (e) LSU; Mackenzie (t) Ky.; Martin (e), Arcangeletti (g) Miami; Hayley (e) Auburn.

SOPHOMORE BACKS: CASARES 12 (Fla.); Kennedy, McGee (Tul.); Lewis (Ala.); Hardeman (Ga. Tech); Lofton (Miss. U.); Oakley (LSU); Manisera, Bratkowski (Ga.).

SOPHOMORE LINEMEN: Farris (c) Vand.; Jones (c) Ga.; Wilga (t) Ala.; Meilinger (e) Ky.; Thompson (t) Ala.; Muggler (t) Miami.

FRESHMEN: Duke (b), Luna (b) Ala.; Fournet (g) LSU; Freeman (b) Auburn; Teas (b) Ga. Tech; Brown (e) Vand.; Mason (b) Ky.; Taslay (b) Miss. U.

Coach-of-the-Year Candidates

Neyland (Tenn.); Drew (Ala.); Bryant (Ky.); Butts (Ga.).

First Flight

Texas A&M 9-1 — Texas U. 8-2
Baylor 8-2

Second Flight

SMU 6-4 — Rice 5-5
TCU 6-4 — Arkansas 4-6

Border

West Texas St. 7-2 — Tex. Western
Arizona U. 7-4 — Tempe
Hardin-Simmons 6-5 — Abilene
Texas Tech 5-5 — McMurry
North Texas St. — N. Mex. Aggies
Flagstaff

STARS

BACKS: SMITH 120 (Texas A&M); ISBELL 67 (Baylor); BARTOSH 54 (TCU); TOWNSEND 49 (Texas U.); Floyd 10 (TCU); Lary, Tidwell (Texas A&M); Musslewhite, BENNERS, W. Forester (SMU); Burkhalter (Rice); Dawson, Dillon, Jones (Texas U.); Hendrickson (McM.); Malouf, Goode (H-S); Wahlin (Tempe); Airhart (West Tex. St.).

LINEMEN: HIGHTOWER 29 (c) SMU; STOLHANDSKE 28 (e) Texas U.; HOWTON 26 (e) Rice; MENASCO 24 (e) Texas U.; ZIMMERMAN 19 (g) TCU; S. WILLIAMS (e) Baylor; PRICE 17 (t) Texas Tech; Riley 17 (e) Baylor; Meyer 15 (c) Texas A&M; H. Forester 11 (g) SMU; Griffin (c), Hanner (t), F. Williams (g) Ark.; P. Williams (e), Davis (g), Sewell (g) Texas U.; Little (t) Texas A&M; Casner (t), Athey (g), Galloway (c) Baylor; Duca (t) Tempe; Donarski (g) Ariz.; Walls (t) McCurry (e) Rice; White (e) SMU; Kelley (c) West Tex. St.; Crockett (t), Little (g) Rice.

SOPHOMORE BACKS: Coody (Baylor); Norton (SMU); D. Johnson (Rice); Fowler (TCU); Meeks (Texas U.); Troillett (Ark.); Mayeaux (Texas A&M); Fenstemaker (Rice); Shiffman (Ariz.).

SOPHOMORE LINEMEN: Chapman (t) Rice; Black (e) Baylor.

Coach-of-the-Year Candidates

George (Texas A&M); Sauer (Baylor); Price (Texas U.); Meyer (TCU).

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Puts on His 1951 Map

everybody did it." A working compromise would be elimination of the expensive spring drudgery and an earlier opening, by 10 days or so, of fall practice.

Major bowl games will be televised because they do not interfere with seasonal attendance; and the video bonanzas will make possible bigger splits, which the NCAA demanded and is now getting for its competing members.

Answers to my questions on gambling indicate no fear of what happened in basketball; but the sentiment

(Continued on page 66)

Bowl Prospects

Rose Bowl
OHIO ST. over WASH. U.

Sugar Bowl
TENNESSEE over OKLA. U.

Cotton Bowl
TEX. A&M over ALABAMA

Orange Bowl
NEBRASKA over KY.

First Flight

Oklahoma 9-1 Tulsa 11-0
Nebraska 9-1 Kansas U. 7-3
Colorado U. 6-4

Second Flight

Missouri 5-5 Iowa St. 2-7
Okla. A&M 5-5 Kansas St. 2-7
Detroit 6-5 Wichita 5-4
Houston 6-4 Drake 4-5
Bradley

STARS

BACKS: REYNOLDS 147 (Neb.); VESSELS 79 (Okla.); HOAG 61 (Kan. U.); HODEL 29 (Colo. U.); BRIGHT 21 (Drake); J. ROBERTS 19 (Tulsa); JORDAN 17 (Colo. U.); MORRIS 15 (Tulsa); Shannon (Houston); Romero (Wich.); Horwath (Det.); Shelton (Colo. U.); McPhail, Crowder (Okla.); Mayer (Kan. St.); Wren (Mo.); Helwig (Tulsa); Fiss (Kan. U.).

LINEMEN: WEATHERALL 76 (t), CATLIN 43 (c) Okla.; JORGENSON 37 (t) Colo. U.; PREWETT 32 (t) Tulsa; CLARK 17 (g) Okla.; Mrkonic 10 (t) Kan. U.; Beasley (c), Matuszak (g) Tulsa; Gish (c), Schaake (e) Kan. U.; Campbell (g) Iowa St.; Edmiston (c) Wich.; Hampel (e) Mo.; Mullen (t), Husmann (g), Regier (e) Neb.; Kerins (t) Detroit; Keller (e), Janes (t) Okla.; Miller (t) Houston; Mosher (e) Colo. U.

SOPHOMORE BACKS: CARODINE, Bordogna (Neb.); Konek, Sabatini (Kan. U.); Switzer (Kan. St.); Novak, Vogt (Neb.); Gaynor (Okla.); Johnson (Colo. U.); Cindrich (Kan. U.); Babers (Okla. A&M).

SOPHOMORE LINEMEN: Nelson (t) Okla.; Minnick (t) Neb.; Gillioz (t) Houston.

FRESHMEN: Dudley (b) Kan. St.; Bernardi (b) Colo. U.

Coach-of-the-Year Candidates
Wilkinson (Okla.); Glassford (Neb.); Brothers (Tulsa); Ward (Colo. U.).

First Flight

Best: Wyoming 9-1
Utah U. 7-4 Colo. A&M 6-4
Denver 7-3 Montana U. 5-4

Second Flight

Brigham Young 4-5 Colo. State
N. Mexico U. 4-7 Idaho State
Utah State 3-7 Western State
Colo. College 6-2 Colo. Mines
Montana St.

STARS

BACKS: GELDIEN 51 (Wyo.); HILL (N. Mex. U.); Oliverson (BYU); Garrett (Utah St.); Etcheverry (Denver); Branham (Utah); Mikkelson (Colo. A&M); Byrne (Mont. U.).

LINEMEN: Gardner 17 (c) Utah; McConnell 12 (e), Martin 11 (t), Schlidgen (t), Reeves (c) Wyo.; Cooper (e), Nanni (g) Denver; Samera (g) Idaho St.; Clove (t) BYU; Antonich (g), Miller (t) Mont. U.

SOPHOMORE BACKS: Cross, Cowley (Utah); Mohorcich (Colo. A&M); Heath (Mont. U.).

SOPHOMORE LINEMEN: Viner (e) Wyo.; Lindley (e) Utah St.

Coach-of-the-Year Candidates
Wyatt (Wyo.); Curtice (Utah); Shipkey (Mont. U.).

First Flight

Washington U. 10-0 Calif. 9-1

Second Flight

Stanford 7-3 Santa Clara 6-4
UCLA 6-3 San Francisco 7-2
Southern Cal. 5-4 Loyola 7-3
Oregon State 5-5 Oregon U. 4-6
Washington State 5-5 Idaho 4-5
College of Pacific 7-3

STARS

BACKS: OLSZEWSKI 114 (Cal.); McELHENNY 103, HEINRICH 101 (Wash. U.); KLOSTERMAN 40 (Loy.); Narleski 21 (UCLA); Matson 21 (SFU); Carmichael 21 (USC); Macon 17 (COP); SPRAGUE 15 (Wash. U.); BAKER 14 (Ore. St.); Brown, Scudero (SFU); Kerkorian (Stan.); Earley (Wash. U.); Sears, Gifford (USC); Robison (Cal.); Charlton (Wash. St.); Kaplan (S. Clara); Sabol, Weisstein (UCLA); Christian (Idaho); Edwards (Ore. U.).

LINEMEN: McColl 98 (e) Stan.; RICHTER 97 (g) Cal.; MOOMAW 69 (t) UCLA; CANNAMELA 24 (g) USC; TOLER 18 (c) SFU; THOMAS 18 (e) Ore. St.; HOLZKNECHT 16 (g) Wash. U.; Rotticci 16 (c) S. Clara; Karpe 13 (t) Cal.; Nipp 13 (g) Loy.; NAGLER 12 (e) S. Clara; Gillis 11 (e), Mangan (t) Wash. U.; Messinger (t) Wash. St.; Ringe (t), Douglas (g) Idaho; Snyder (e), Cheatham (t) Loy.; Stockert (e) UCLA; Harris (c) Cal.; Manoogian (g), Mathias (e) Stan.; Clark (t) Ore. St.

SOPHOMORE BACKS: MANN 10 (Ore. St.); Garrett (Stan.); Cameron (UCLA); Williams (Cal.); Stalwick, Stits (UCLA); Seivert (Loy.); Contratto, Koch (USC); Hinton (Cal.); W. Anderson (Ore. St.).

SOPHOMORE LINEMEN: Gant (t) Stan.; Ane (t), Weeks (t) USC; Dutton (g) Cal.

FRESHMEN: Salsbury (g), Peterson (c) UCLA; Larson (b) Cal.; May (b) USC; Shaw (b) Ore. U.

Coach-of-the-Year Candidates
Odell (Wash. U.); Waldorf (Cal.); Sanders (UCLA); Taylor (Stan.); Hill (USC).

First Flight

Ohio State 9-0 Illinois 7-2
Notre Dame 9-1 Wisconsin 7-2
Michigan State 8-1 Michigan 6-3

Second Flight

Northwestern 5-4 Minnesota 3-6
Indiana 4-5 Purdue 4-5
Iowa 4-5

Third Flight

Miami 10-0 Ohio U. 6-3
Cincinnati 8-2 Kent State
Marquette 5-4 Youngstown
Xavier 7-3 Toledo
John Carroll 6-3 Ohio Wesleyan
Dayton 6-3 Muskingum

STARS

BACKS: JANOWICZ 127 (Ohio St.); KARRAS 73 (Ill.); BARRETT 36 (ND); ROBERTSON 28 (Ind.); Bailey 28 (Miami); COATTA 21 (Wisc.); Pont 21 (Miami); ATHAN 16 (NW); KLEVAY 15 (Ohio St.); Samuels 15 (Purdue); Reichardt 12 (Iowa); PISANO (Mich. St.); Stevens, Boerio (Ill.); D'Achille, Gedman (Ind.); Curcillo (Ohio St.); Petitbon (ND); Putich (Mich. U.); Maccioli (Purdue); Denning (Iowa); Gregory (Minn.); McAuliffe (Mich. St.); Hlay (Ohio St.); Recker (Dayton); Finnell (Xavier); Delaney (Cinc.).

LINEMEN: JOHNSON 36 (t) Mich. U.; TONEFF 34 (t) ND; ULRICH 28 (t) Ill.; CAREY 27 (e) Mich. St.; COLEMAN 19 (t) Mich. St.; Talerico 17 (t), Anderson 17 (e) Ind.; MacRae 15 (g) NW; Middendorf 13 (c) Cinc.; WITTMAN 11 (t) Ohio St.; Huizinga 10 (t) NW; SUGAR 10 (e) Purdue; ROBINSON 10 (c) Minn.; Campanella (t), Gandee (e), Armstrong (e) Ohio St.; MUTSCHELLER (e), Burns (g) ND; Carinci (c) Xavier; Green (t) Miami; GABLE (g), Felker (e), Faverty (e) Wisc.; Knitz (c) Purdue; Perry (e), Kinyon (g), Zatkoff (c) Mich. U.; Scheider (t) Ohio U.; Thomas (g) Ind.; Towner (c), Johnston (t) Iowa; Hamilton (e) Ohio St.; Raiff (t) Dayton.

SOPHOMORE BACKS: CARL (Wisc.); Balzhiser (Mich. U.); Holzbach (Ind.); LATTNER (ND); O'CONNELL (Ill.); Paterra, Worden (ND); Hague (Ohio St.); Wells (Mich. St.); HOLME, Giel (Minn.); Williams (Iowa); Pagna (Miami).

SOPHOMORE LINEMEN: MERRELL 11 (c) Ohio St.; KATCHIK (e) ND; Knutson (e) Mich. U.; Jagielski (t) Ind.; Takacs (g), Jacoby (t) Ohio St.; Saidock (e) Mich. St.; Ferrari (c) Ind.; Collier (e) NW; Fenton (e) Iowa; Mavraides (e) ND.

FRESHMEN: GOODSELL (b) Ohio St.; HEAP (b), Szysmanski (c), Lee (g) ND; Bolden (b) Mich. St.; McHugh (b) Ill.; MacDonald (b) Mich. U.; Ameche (b) Wisc.; Toth (b) Xavier.

Coach-of-the-Year Candidates
Munn (Mich. St.); Hayes (Ohio St.); Leahy (ND); Williamson (Wisc.); Smith (Ind.).

Top Twenty Teams

National Champion: **TENNESSEE 10-0**

2.	OHIO STATE	9-0	12.	MARYLAND	8-1
3.	WASHINGTON U.	10-0	13.	WYOMING	9-1
4.	OKLAHOMA U.	9-1	14.	TULSA	11-0
5.	NOTRE DAME	9-1	15.	BAYLOR	8-2
6.	CALIFORNIA	9-1	16.	KENTUCKY	9-2
7.	TEXAS A&M	9-1	17.	TEXAS	8-2
8.	MICHIGAN STATE	8-1	18.	ILLINOIS	7-2
9.	ALABAMA	10-1	19.	PENNSYLVANIA	7-2
10.	NEBRASKA	9-1	20.	PRINCETON	7-2
11.	HOLY CROSS	9-1			

POSSIBLE BREAK-THROUGHS: Wisconsin 7-2; Georgia 7-3; Syracuse 7-2; Virginia 7-2; Clemson 7-2; Michigan 6-3; Stanford 7-3; North Carolina U. 7-3; UCLA 6-3; Miami (Fla.) 7-3

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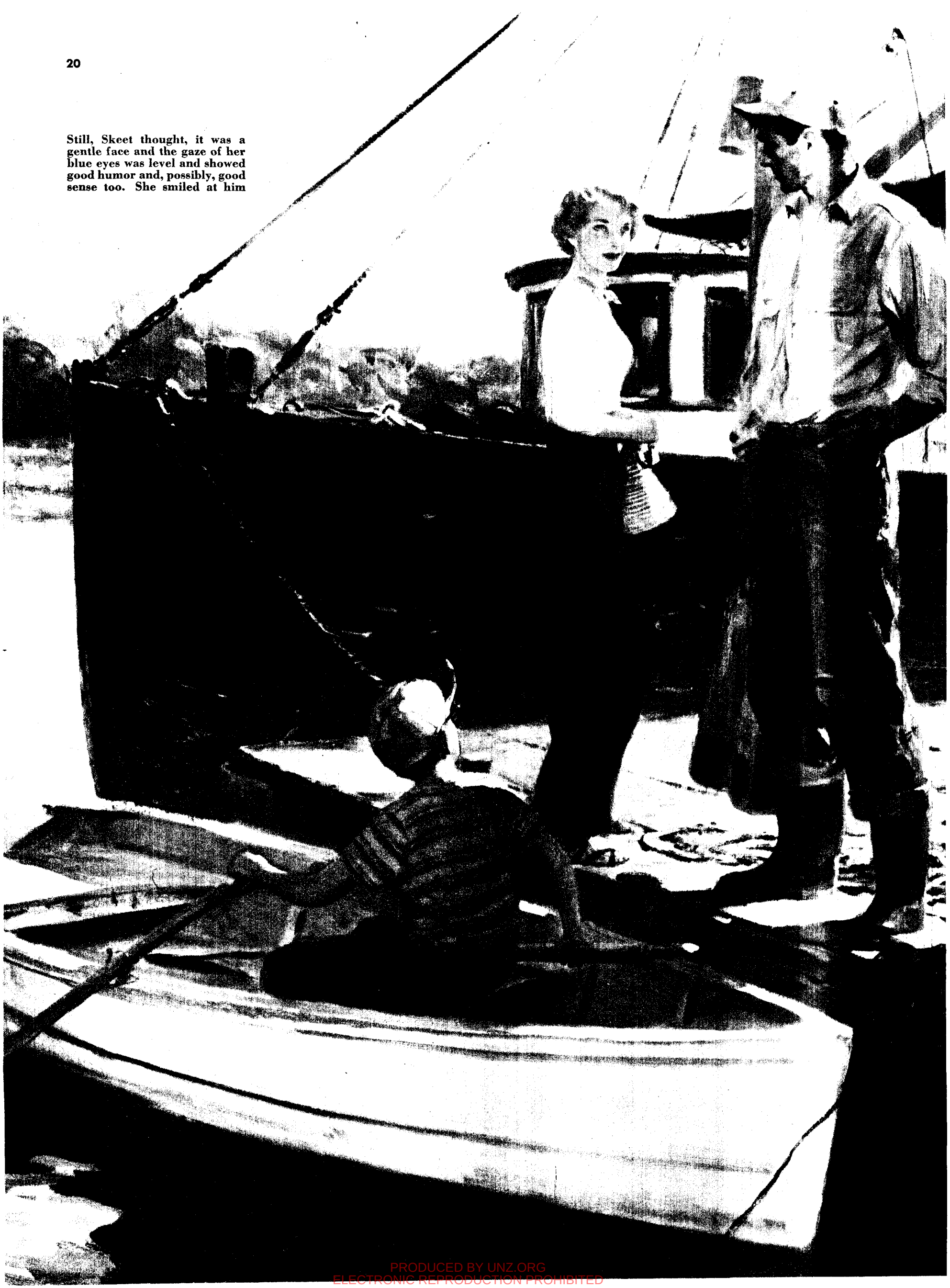
Still, Skeet thought, it was a gentle face and the gaze of her blue eyes was level and showed good humor and, possibly, good sense too. She smiled at him



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The Five-Pound GOLDFISH

Suddenly, Skeet found himself listening for the sound of a woman's step, and waiting for a glimpse of her bright hair. And he understood then why Johnny told the stories he did

By EDWIN LANHAM

THE summer season ended, arbitrarily, with Labor Day, and the Connecticut shore was left in peace in the finest September weather. Tautog still were plentiful and school stripers were being taken on the flood tide at the mouth of the creek, but there were few fishermen around now and it was tranquil at the small dock at the bend of the tidal creek.

These were gentle September days, and they should not make a man lonely, Skeet Moore thought; there was no reason for the spirits of a man to fade with the season. He set to work cleaning flatfish, raising his eyes occasionally to the cottage across the creek for a glimpse of the woman who had moved in that morning.

Oscar, his helper, had come in after the turn of the tide with a respectable catch from the lobster pots, and he was sitting on a bench against the wall of the fishhouse, in the warm sunshine. It was Oscar who first saw her as she came to the doorway of the cottage that stood on stilts across the water. She had a scarf tied around her head, hiding all her hair, and a broom in her hand. At once she began to make the dust fly.

Oscar turned to Skeet, his dark eyes bright in his bony, seamed face. "Looks like we got a new neighbor, Skeet," he said.

Skeet Moore grunted, without looking up from the stained board on which he was filleting flounder with precise sweeps of his knife blade. "Saw her move in a couple of hours ago," he said. "Woman and a kid, maybe ten years old. Got pretty hair, ain't she?"

"Can't see her hair," Oscar said. "Can't see a thing for the dust over yonder."

Skeet looked out the unscreened window at the cottage across the way, with the brown salt marsh behind it. The cottage was the only tenanted one of three that stood with their shore ends anchored on firm ground and their water ends resting on stilts sunk into the marsh. The porch of each cottage was a small dock.

"A woman like that must talk a lot," Skeet said, feeling an unreasonable resentment as he watched the strokes of the broom in the sunlight. "You ever noticed that, Oscar? Those busy women work so much because they got nobody to yap at. I bet she works her tongue like she works that broom when she gets a chance."

"I don't know," Oscar said contentedly. "I always like to see a woman work."

All summer, fishermen came to Skeet Moore's fishhouse to rent boats and buy bait and consult with Skeet on tides and lures and the lie of the wind, and as a man who must constantly answer questions with patience and give opinions with authority, he affected an easygoing but cynical point of view.

"A woman like that," he told Oscar, "is like a lobster pot. A lobster crawls into the pot and he figures it's as easy to get out as it was to get in. He don't know it, but he's trapped for keeps."

"You're right," Oscar said, with quickened interest, "she *has* got pretty hair."

Across the way, the woman had laid her broom aside and had taken the scarf off her head. In the warm September sunlight her hair shone golden, and now, as she leaned idly against the rail of the dock, her figure seemed seductively relaxed.

"Like I said," Skeet said thoughtfully, "she's a lobster trap, that one."

He was a tall man with a weather-reddened face and gray eyes that had a companionable shine. His long upper lip made his smile seem remote, even frosty, and it was a surprise to find that his eyes were smiling, too. He stood now, with a flounder flattened under the palm of one hand and the knife poised in the other, and there was yearning in his expression, lobster pot or not.

"A tidy house is a good thing," Oscar said. "Now, if I had a wife—"

He broke off as a boy stepped onto the dock from the land side of the fishhouse, a thin boy with freckles and eyeglasses. The boy said, "Hi," and peered in through the open window at the flounders reflecting iridescent colors from their tough brown skins. His eyes came up to Skeet's, and he asked, "What's them?"

"What's them?" Skeet said. "Them is flounder, boy."

"Catch 'em around here?"

"That's right."

The boy watched Skeet slice off the rays of fin, lay back the skin, and divide the fish into four fillets. As Skeet tossed the fillets aside and reached for another fish, the boy asked, "Catch any goldfish around here?"

Skeet Moore was not an easy man to surprise. He had lived *(Continued on page 72)*

ILLUSTRATED BY TOM LOVELL

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Circular bar at Toots Shor's Manhattan restaurant is a meeting place for sports figures, entertainment folk, writers, visiting firemen from Washington, and other celebrities from all over the nation—including, of course, Toots and the Missus. To identify those you don't recognize, consult the numbered diagram opposite

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My Life with Toots

To his wife, the world's best-known restaurant owner (if you don't believe it, ask *him*) is a constant source of despair and delight—mostly delight (if you don't believe it, ask *her*)

By MARION "BABY" SHOR with TOM MEANY

IT COULD be that you don't know my husband. Maybe you never even heard of him, which would come as quite a blow to his pride. I am married to a man who wears a size 48 stylish-stout suit, usually more stout than stylish. His first name is Bernard but nobody knows it. Everybody calls him Toots and he operates a restaurant —spelled s-a-l-o-o-n—in midtown New York City which he likes to think of as a rendezvous for people from the sports and entertainment world. "Hangout" would be a more apt term.

If you don't know Toots I can forgive you, even if he can't, because there are times when I'm not so sure that I know him myself. Even if you live as far away as Dubuque or Albuquerque you may have read about him, because he is often mentioned in the columns and sports pages, sometimes even in a complimentary manner.

Because Toots was once a bouncer and because he usually is calling somebody a crumb-bum, he makes a shining target for critical comments. Any man who weighs 240 pounds and conducts ordinary conversations in the tones of a side-show barker hardly can expect to enjoy a private life. He not only lives in a goldfish bowl—he built it himself, and he loves it.

At various times, Toots has been reported insulting this customer or that, ranging all the way from Louis B. Mayer to one of the Radio City Music Hall ushers. Actually, that is merely his idea of being informal. When he greets a customer by pounding him on the back, or shouting across the bar that he is losing hair or gaining weight, Toots is merely making him feel at home. His familiarity, his natural exuberance, his roaring laugh and his loud voice (on a clear night you can hear him in Des Moines) have caused a great many people to assume that he is a brash, conceited, hardhearted, hardheaded extrovert.

This always comes as a great surprise to Toots. His restaurant to him is not merely a place of business but a home away from home. Since most of his customers are his personal friends, he feels no hesitancy about butting into their conversations, offering unsolicited advice or debating a sports question. He usually manages to do all three simultaneously and at the top of his voice. It has never occurred to him that somebody might enter the place for the sole purpose of eating or drinking and might desire privacy. He takes it for granted they are present to visit him.

The Shor voice has to be heard to be appreciated. At our apartment he once challenged Bing Crosby to a singing contest. Toots sang Bess You Is My Woman Now and claimed he won the contest because he sang *louder* than Bing.

Maybe Toots is the loudest man I know, but I'd like to get the record straight on him. He also is the most sentimental and considerate man I've ever met. And, after I tell you something of my life with Toots, I think you'll agree that I'm not prejudiced simply because I happen to love the guy.

One evening in 1946, shortly after our second daughter, Kerry Frances, was born, Toots came home visibly shaken. He couldn't trust himself to speak for a minute or two and was so upset that I thought the restaurant had burned down. Then he told me that the late Bob Hannegan, then Postmaster General, had asked to be the godfather of the baby. The tears were actually rolling down his cheeks as he said, "Imagine a Cabinet member asking to be the godfather of my kid!"

Those who think Toots is swell-headed should have seen him then. It wasn't simply pride that a national figure had shown this intimate interest in his family but a deep humility that he, who had been on his own since he was a kid in Philadelphia, had such a close personal relationship with a man in Bob's position. And, as it was with Bob, so it is with dozens of others. These people are his friends, not because they happen to be in the public eye, but because they like him and he likes them. Toots doesn't cultivate people for their prominence.

So much for his sentimental side. I could tell you a hundred stories about his considerateness, but a couple will suffice. I think Toots visits more hospitals than the Gray Ladies. And when he can't get there himself he sends me. Last spring, Jackie Gleason, the television comedian, was hospitalized and Toots had to go out of town for a few days. I was under orders to phone Jackie daily to learn if he expected visitors. "And if he hasn't got any," said Toots, "go up and see him yourself. Guys get lonesome in hospitals."

One night, just before Christmas in 1948, Toots and Garry Schumacher, promotion director of the Giants, were flying back from St. Louis, where they had attended a dinner for Sam Breadon, retired Cardinal owner. I met Toots at the airport and he looked as rumpled as I've ever seen him, which is saying a lot.

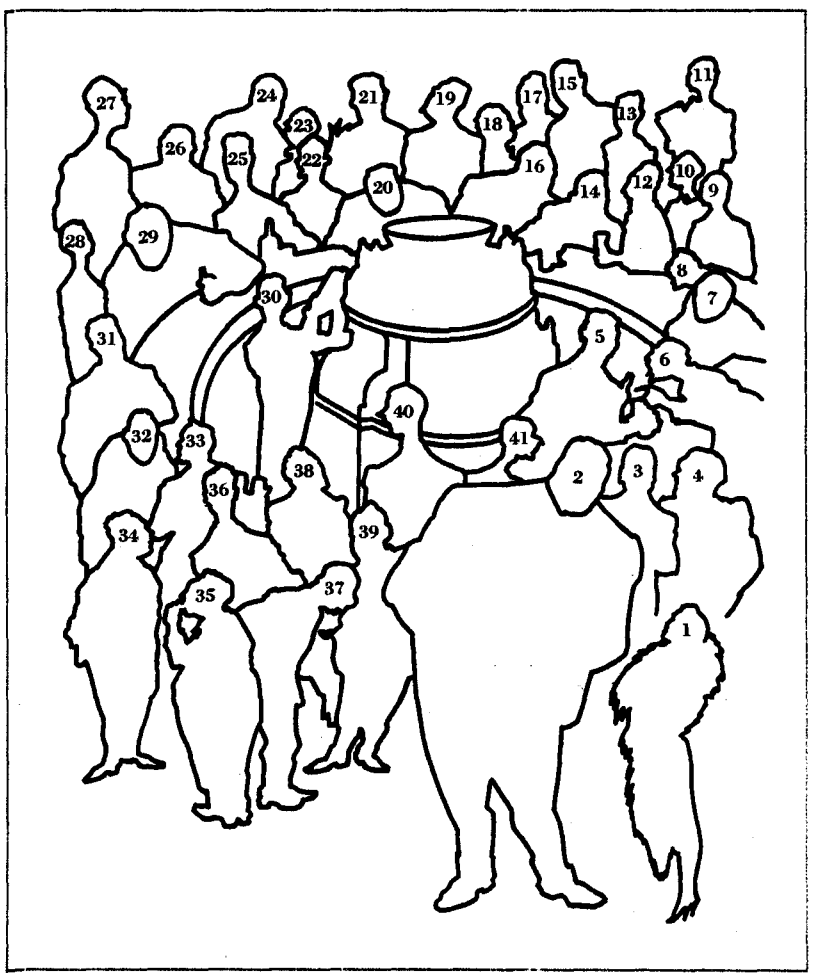
"What happened?" I asked as we started home. "You look as if you walked here from St. Louis."

"Garry and I were seated together," he explained, "and almost as soon as we took off he fell asleep. He flung his arm across my face and kept it there. I could hardly breathe all the way in."

"Why didn't you push his arm away?"

"Gee, Baby, I couldn't do that," he said. "I might have woken Garry up."

Toots is the only man I know who says "Jiminy crickets" in the midst of a heated argument, and he never gets into any other kind because of his short temper. He can spot a *(Continued on page 61)*



1. Baby; 2. Himself; 3. Columnist Earl Wilson; 4. Movie star Pat O'Brien; 5. Bartender Zigmund (Ziggy) Krajewski; 6. Giant manager Leo Durocher; 7. Author Gene Fowler; 8. Sportswriter Jimmy Cannon; 9. Sportswriter Frank Graham; 10. Sportswriter Red Smith; 11. Headwaiter Joe Harrison; 12. Baseball's Ford Frick; 13. Columnist Leonard Lyons; 14. Columnist Bugs Baer; 15. Maj. Gen. Emmett J. (Rosy) O'Donnell; 16. Adman (and ex-grid coach) Jimmy Conzelman; 17. Giants' owner Horace Stoneham; 18. FBI director J. Edgar Hoover; 19. Comedian Bob Hope; 20. OPS director Mike Di Salle; 21. Sportswriter Joe Williams; 22. Crooner Bing Crosby; 23. Comedian Pat Harrington; 24. Attorney Joseph Nunan; 25. Actor Don Ameche; 26. Kentucky Derby's Bill Corum; 27. Playwright Robert E. Sherwood; 28. Jockey Eddie Arcaro; 29. Football coach Herman Hickman; 30. Bartender Dick Andrews; 31. Golfer Jimmy Demaret; 32. Collier's Tom Meany; 33. Cartoonist Willard Mullin; 34. New York's Mayor Vincent R. Impellitteri; 35. Sportscaster Russ Hodges; 36. Sportscaster Mel Allen; 37. Columnist Louis Sobol; 38. Sportscaster Red Barber; 39. Comedian Joe E. Lewis; 40. Baseball star Joe DiMaggio; 41. Turf executive Robert Fulton Kelley

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLARD MULLIN

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I'm Scared

. . . because a struggle against the barrier of time is already taking place; time is breaking down. I think it's important that you should know about it

By JACK FINNEY

I'M VERY badly scared, not so much for myself—I'm a gray-haired man of sixty-six, after all—but for you and everyone else who has not yet lived out his life. For I believe that certain dangerous things have recently begun to happen in the world. They are noticed here and there, idly discussed, then dismissed and forgotten. Yet I am convinced that unless these occurrences are recognized for what they are, the world will be plunged into a nightmare. Judge for yourself.

One evening last winter I came home from a chess club to which I belong. I'm a widower; I live alone in a small but comfortable three-room apartment overlooking lower Fifth Avenue. It was still fairly early, and I switched on a lamp beside my leather easy chair, picked up a murder mystery I'd been reading, and turned on the radio; I did not, I'm sorry to say, notice which station it was tuned to.

The tubes warmed, and the music of an accordion—faint at first, then louder—came from the loud-speaker. Since it was good music for reading, I adjusted the volume control and began to read.

Now, I want to be absolutely factual and accurate about this, and I do not claim that I paid close attention to the radio. But I do know that presently the music stopped and an audience applauded. Then a man's voice, chuckling and pleased with the applause, said, "All right, all right," but the applause continued for several more seconds. During that time the voice once more chuckled appreciatively, then firmly repeated, "All right," and the applause died down. "That was Alec Somebody-or-other," the radio voice said, and I went back to my book.

But I soon became aware of this middle-aged voice again; perhaps a change of tone as he turned to a new subject caught my attention. "And now, Miss Ruth Greeley," he was saying, "of Trenton, New Jersey. Miss Greeley is a pianist; that right?" A girl's voice, timid and barely audible, said, "That's right, Major Bowes." The man's voice—and now I recognized his familiar singsong delivery—said, "And what are you going to play?" The girl replied, "La Paloma." The man repeated it after her, as an announcement: "La Paloma." There was a pause, then an introductory chord sounded from a piano, and I resumed my reading.

As the girl played, I was half aware that her style was mechanical, her rhythm defective; perhaps she was nervous. Then my attention was fully aroused once more by a gong which sounded suddenly. For a few notes more the girl continued to play falteringly, not sure what to do. The gong sounded jarringly again, the playing abruptly stopped and there was a restless murmur from the audience. "All right, all right," said the now familiar voice, and I realized I'd been expecting this, knowing it would say just that. The audience quieted, and the voice began, "Now—"

The radio went dead. For the smallest fraction of a second no sound issued from it but its own mechanical hum. Then a completely different program came from the loud-speaker; the recorded voices of Bing Crosby and his son were singing the concluding bars of Sam's Song, a favorite of mine. So I returned once more to my reading, wondering vaguely what had happened to the other program, but not actually thinking about it until I finished my book and began to get ready for bed.

Then, undressing in my bedroom, I remembered that Major Bowes was dead. Years had passed, half a decade, since that dry chuckle and familiar, "All right, all right," had been heard in the nation's living rooms.

WELL, what does one do when the apparently impossible occurs? It simply made a good story to tell friends, and more than once I was asked if I'd recently heard Moran and Mack, a pair of radio comedians popular some twenty-five years ago, or Floyd Gibbons, an old-time news broadcaster. And there were other joking references to my crystal radio set.

But one man—this was at a lodge meeting the following Thursday—listened to my story with utter seriousness, and when I had finished he told me a queer little story of his own. He is a thoughtful, intelligent man, and as I listened I was not frightened, but puzzled at what seemed to be a connecting link, a common denominator, between this story and the odd behavior of my radio. The following day, since I am retired and have plenty of time, I took the trouble of making a two-hour train trip to Connecticut in order to verify the story at firsthand. I took detailed notes, and the *(Continued on page 78)*

ILLUSTRATED BY DAVID STONE MARTIN

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"This guy shows up in the middle of the street, gawking at the cars and signs like he'd never seen any of them before"

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Continuing Herbert Hoover's Memoirs of Public Life

ADVISING THE BIG

Peace after World War I left much of Europe in chaos. Transportation broke down, typhus broke out, the Reds spread dissension. So Allied leaders turned to the Food Administrator for help

By HERBERT HOOVER

VI

AMERICANS have always thought of "relief" and "rehabilitation" in terms of the case-worker methods of our city charities. On the contrary, the relief and rehabilitation work which I directed in Europe immediately after the first World War was akin to a gigantic and constantly shifting jigsaw puzzle.

In the midst of continent-wide chaos, we had, day by day, to find and buy huge quantities of food in eight countries from over seven seas; to find the cash or credit to do so; to fight for shipping, and to program it to keep the flow of supplies constant to a score of countries; to unload, store, distribute and account for these supplies; to dispute with dumbbells and listen to hourly advice from the well-meaning but uninformed; to conciliate the hurt feelings of our Allies; to co-ordinate supplies with them and the neutrals; to temper the ideas of the military authorities; to rebuild ports, railways, communications and coal resources; to restore jobs; to stiffen weak governments in countries where the frail plant of democracy struggled to survive.

Somehow, our Paris headquarters always seemed mechanical and inhuman. In that converted apartment house at 51 Avenue Montaigne there were 50 offices full of men, mostly in American Army and Navy uniform, working a 112-hour week amid the clatter of typewriters, adding machines and telegraph instruments. There were the walls covered with ocean maps on which, each morning, little flags showed where our hundreds of ships were, and where they were going. There were the charts of a score of countries, showing their food stocks and what they would need in the next month.

There were no photographs of starving children, no evidences that all this machinery had to do with human suffering, the future of nations, hopes of freedom and prayers for peace.

Yet beyond the dull routine of administration, our fight against famine, pestilence, and political and economic degeneration was made up of a thousand human stories.

Across our reconstruction stage—always against a backdrop of starving and destitute people—marched a sort of unending, formless procession of conspirators, kings, queens, soldiers, revolutionaries, terrorists, and sometimes idealists. There was liberalism, imperialism, Socialism, Communism; wanton execution, murder and suicide; invading armies and falling ministries. There was tragedy—and sometimes comic relief.

No nation had ever before undertaken a mission such as the United States now faced. Many of our Americans were men who in civil life had never dealt with governmental problems. Yet they showed a grasp and a common sense which won respect and personal affection wherever they went. Many of them decided the fate of millions, always to the benefit of those millions. Never was there such an exhibit of the power of the American way of life as these 2,500 inexperienced men displayed.

One aftermath of total war was total railway chaos, especially in the vanquished states. The Central European railways had been built as consolidated government-owned systems within the old Austrian, German and Russian Empires. Now they were chopped up into 18 systems under as many governments. At the birth of the new states with the Armistice, each government had created a Minister of Railways, whose chief mission was to grab all rolling stock he could lay hands on.

No government would allow cars and locomotives to go over frontiers for fear they would never come back. Some states had too big a share, some too little. Some cities in a given country could not be reached from other parts of the same country without the crossing of new foreign boundaries. All tracks and rolling stock were run-down.

We tackled this problem early in January, 1919, by organizing a Railway Section under Colonel W. G. Atwood, with other Army men who in private life were experienced railway men.

We assigned one man to each of the 18 liberated and enemy governments, and requested each government concerned to allow its cars, and in some cases locomotives, to move over frontiers to the destination of their loads. I undertook to guarantee return of the rolling stock. They all accepted this guarantee; to assure the return, we placed at each frontier crossing an American officer who checked the cars passing in each direction.

Our next move was to get surplus cars and locomotives in one country sold to other countries which were short. Some of these trades were carried out, but the quality of rolling stock delivered

INTERNATIONAL

Romania's Queen Marie accused Mr. Hoover of slighting her nation, abused him in a letter

The American Relief Commission for Czechoslovakia, photographed with samples of food donated in U.S. Mr. Hoover established relief and rehabilitation organizations in 28 countries

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FOUR

and the reliability of the undertakings to pay were equally doubtful. Where there was no credit, and currency was no good, our men arranged payment in commodities. One day I received a telegram from Vienna: "Have arranged to sell Galicia ten locomotives for eggs. How many eggs go to a locomotive?" Our Communications Section laconically replied: "Does not matter. We have no confidence in the age of either."

Despite the efforts of these men, our supplies began to pile up in the ports. Cities were starving. Coal movements had so slowed down that municipal services were being suspended. The people were not only hungry, but cold and in the dark.

Original Forgotten Man Turns Up

I took these woes to the "Big Four," then meeting in Paris. I urged that maintaining human life and preserving order depended not only on food but on rehabilitating internal transport and organizing some economic unity in these states, so that they could exchange and distribute whatever local supplies there were, including coal and everything else.

I proposed that as a first tryout all states in Central and Eastern Europe contribute to me definite amounts of rolling stock. We would add to this from the American Army's surplus rolling stock, which General Pershing had made available to us, and mark all of it as usable solely for our purposes. We would then establish regular freight service; trains would move regardless of boundaries. We wanted the railway employees of each nationality placed under my direction to conduct this new system, with my American officers in command. I asked that a certain part of every port likewise be placed at our exclusive disposal. This plan was adopted and the necessary orders issued.

Our men soon had traffic moving, and gradually became the motivating power in the management of all these railways. When the peace was signed, I informed the nations concerned that our job was over. Some of our men had done so well that the Council of Railway Ministers of the Central European states protested at their leaving and asked them and their staffs to remain in their joint employ. They offered to allow me to set the salaries. I put those of the leaders at $25,000 per annum and those of the subordinates at lesser sums. When they left some years later, it was with governmental expressions of regret.

We thought that we had called in all the Americans engaged in this service, except those hired to remain. But months later I received a plaintive letter from an American lieutenant at Bentschen, a German-Polish railway crossing, asking if he could be relieved. He was still taking the numbers of all cars that went each way and reporting them to our empty offices in Paris.

He was undoubtedly the original forgotten man.

The division of the old Central European empires into new states was as bad for coal as it was for the railways. And coal was no less essential than food. Aside from warming human beings, it was needed to run railways and municipal services. Not only were nations separated from their old sources of supply, but those without coal had no money to buy it.

The miners were inefficient from hunger, and Communism was making great progress. Suppressed wars were going on in which the various states were attempting to get possession of important coal fields. The Big Four were undecided as to who would get certain fields, and the rivals were trying the old game of *fait accompli* by occasional seizures. Contending governments sent agents in to start strikes, riots and murder.

One case in particular was the duchy of Teschen, where Czechoslovakia and Poland were antagonists for possession of the coal fields, with Germany hoping on the side lines that it might come to her.

We tried to solve the problem by getting up agreements between coal and noncoal areas for specific deliveries. We also tried to arrange exchanges of commodities to pay for such deliveries. But production and deliveries kept falling off. A typical report from one of the Prime Ministers in the Teschen dispute indicates the situation:

"The whole district is in an uproar. About 80 per cent of the miners are on strike and the situation is getting worse every day . . . The only authority in which any part of our people have any confidence is the American *(Continued on page 36)*

RICHARD BEATTIE

Mr. Hoover with his secretary, Bernice Miller, in his New York City apartment. Miss Miller has been with him 17 years. Painting shows Mt. McKinley, Alaska, which he visited in 1923

INTERNATIONAL

When Communist Bela Kun seized Hungary, Mr. Hoover pleaded for a people's government

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The Long-haired Shortstop

By JOSEPH PETRACCA

It's fine to save money, but why did Papa have to do it by cutting our hair and soling our shoes himself? And why did he have to pick the day of the game to try his barbering on me?

DURING that summer of the long layoff, Papa was not an easy man to live with. To save money we got a penny instead of a nickel for the Sunday collection and when the basket came around you had to keep your hand over the coin while you dropped it, making believe you were interested in what was going on at the altar and hoping that the penny sounded like a nickel.

Then, as the layoff lengthened, Papa started soling our shoes. The leather he used was so cheap and tough that it made your shoes curl up in front, and when you stood still you could feel yourself rocking. But the worst of it was his haircuts.

I managed to stay out of Papa's way, even though my hair was hanging over my ears like awnings, and everything was going along nicely until the day Petey Curcio, our pitcher-manager, came running into the lot and said, "Well, guys, Saturday is the big day. I just booked a game with the Skillman Cubs at Park Circle!"

Park Circle! The words had in them the magic of Ebbets Field. Here we were, the Wallabout Tigers, a brand-new team in our first season together, and already we were stepping out into the big time. For most of us, who had never played there before, Park Circle meant a lot of things. It meant a big crowd with a paid umpire, a diamond with grass growing where it was supposed to, a screen backstop behind the catcher, and real sacks for bases instead of cobblestones. Not only that, but we were playing the Cubs, an organized and uniformed team with a great reputation in the neighborhood. But we'd show them, even though we only had red caps with a yellow T on them.

"Okay," Petey said, clapping his hands to hustle us, "we got a whole week to practice—so let's get going!"

That afternoon we had a fast workout in the infield. Petey hit scorchers to me that would have been real grass-cutters at Park Circle, but I stopped them all. Once, on a hard-hit bouncing ball to my left, I ran deep behind second base, scooped up the ball with my gloved hand, and, almost before the ball touched my glove, I had shoveled it to the second baseman, Dominick Bianchi, who took the ball on the run, pivoted over the base, and whipped the ball to Stretch Amato at first. That's the kind of zip we had all afternoon.

"That's the way to do it, Joey!" Petey yelled.

We practiced every day that week from morning until it got dark. At night I sat in my bedroom, olive-oiling my glove to take the stiffness out of the fingers so that by Saturday afternoon they would be soft and flexible. My cap, which was large when the club bought it, now, with my hair long, fit snugly on my head. The days and nights just inched along. . . .

Finally Friday came. After a rough workout and a light supper, which was all you could expect since Papa was out of work, I went into the front room and stood in front of the big mirror, practicing with one of Mama's curtain rods to correct my swing. My right elbow was hitching and I wasn't getting enough drive in my wrists. I tried holding the rod shorter; and as I studied myself, swinging in slow motion, Mama came in and watched me. When I saw her in the mirror, I dropped the curtain rod on the sofa, took a rubber ball out of my pocket, and began squeezing it to get some strength in my fingers.

Mama squinted her eyes at me. "Joey, whatch you do?"

"Nothing. What do you think I'm doing?"

"Why you squeeze the ball? You nervous?"

I turned my back on her, because it would take you a month of Sundays to explain the first thing to her or Papa about baseball. She came up behind me and riffled the hair over my ears, letting it run between her fingers.

"Joey, you need a haircut," she said.

"I don't need one yet," I said, knowing that if Papa got hold of me, my head would look like a cheese-grater when he got done with it. In two or three weeks, I figured, he would be working again and then I could get a real haircut from Tony, the barber, whose business it was to cut hair so that it had a graduated look, not a chopped-off look, the way Papa's haircuts did.

"It's come in front of you eyes," Mama said.

I pushed my hair back. "It's all right."

"It's all over you ears."

"So what?"

"The long hair makes bugs."

"I got no bugs. Mama, leave me alone, will you? I got important things to think about!"

"What's import'?"

"We're playing our first big game tomorrow."

"Bazeball?"

I got excited all over again, even telling Mama about it. "At Park Circle—in front of a whole lot of people!"

I should never have told her that.

IT WAS early when I got up the next morning and the first thing I felt for was my glove, which was on a chair next to my pillow. I sat up in bed, rolling the tips of my fingers gently in the palm of my glove. It had a nice smooth feel and it glistened from Mama's olive oil, which had worked itself right into the leather.

I dressed quickly, wanting to get breakfast over with and then call Dominick Bianchi, who lived underneath us. We could be getting some practice in the back yard with the old taped ball he had. Before I went into the kitchen, I slipped my glove on and fielded a few imaginary grounders, tossing easy outs to the first-base bureau. After some knee-bends and some shoulder-stretching exercises, I went to the window and breathed deeply, filling my lungs with the blue and yellow morning. It was a beautiful day.

Papa's longshoring hook wasn't on the nail in the kitchen door, and that meant that he hadn't come back from the early morning shape-up at the docks in the Wallabout Basin. My two sisters and my kid brother were sitting around the table, watching Mama beat eggs with a fork in the *minestra* bowl. I couldn't waste any time with food. I pulled on my cap, spit into my glove, and started out.

"Where you go, Joey?"

"I'm going downstairs to call Dominick."

Mama kicked the door shut with her foot, still beating the eggs. "Oh, no! You eat first!"

I sat down at the table.

"Take off you hat. I told Papa about you hair, but he's go to look for work."

WHEN Mama put the eggs and coffee on the table, I forced a little food down quickly, brushed my mouth off with the sleeve of my sweat shirt, and ran downstairs to see Dominick. He had finished his breakfast hours ago and was trying to act casual, as if the game with the Cubs was just another corner-lot game, but I knew that underneath he was just as excited and nervous as I was, no matter how he tried to put on. I noticed that his glove was just as sleekly oily as mine.

"Come on, Dominick," I said, grabbing the taped ball out of his hands. "Let's go down in the yard and toss the ball around."

In the back yard we threw underhanded grounders to each other for an hour or more, limbering up for the game, and then we sat down on the sloping cellar door to rest. The sun was hot and I was sweating right down to the roots of my hair. We stretched our legs along the door and talked about our plans for the game: how to play each man on the Cubs, where to play for their right-handed and left-handed batters, how to cover the bag when a man was on second. Dominick got up.

"It must be getting late," he said. "We better start."

"Let's go!" I said, jumping to my feet; and just as we started out of the yard, Papa stuck his head out the window upstairs and called down:

"Joey, come up here!"

I looked up, holding my glove over my eyes to shade them against the sun, which by now was nearly overhead. "What for, Papa?"

"Never mind what for! Come up when I'm tell you!" he yelled down, and he went back in. I spit into my glove, half-angry, and punched the pocket with my fist.

"He probably wants me to go to the store."

"You better hurry up," Dominick said. "It'll take us nearly an hour to get to the Circle."

"Wait for me, Dominick. I won't be long."

"Well, get going," Dominick said. "Petey and most of them are leaving at twelve sharp on the corner of Franklin Avenue."

"I'll be there. Don't worry."

Upstairs in the kitchen, *(Continued on page 46)*

ILLUSTRATED BY BARBARA SCHWINN

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"GOOD OL' JOEL"

In moniker-conscious Hollywood, that's Joel McCrea's only nickname. And what else can you say about an easy-going gent who'd rather be a rancher than an actor and rarely utters a harsh word, even to a cow?

JOEL McCREA never has been called Hollywood's best actor and in all probability he never will. He has won no Academy Awards, or even nominations. His income, while impressive, still is far short of the top-bracketed 10, and maybe 20, male stars. His fan mail imposes no great burden on the clerks of the Hollywood post office. He has not been asked to embed his footprints in the lobby of Grauman's Chinese Theatre. He is a very happy man.

When he was thirteen, Joel was graduated from the Hollywood School for Girls. That's right—"for Girls." This potentially unnerving experience left him in a state of utter mental calm. For years he was aware that most of the pictures which came his way had first been submitted to—and rejected by—Gary Cooper (if they were Westerns) or Cary Grant (if they were comedies). Far from being resentful, he claims Gary and Cary among his best friends.

He has no ulcers. Unlike Coop, Bing, Bogey and Ty, Joel doesn't have a Hollywood nickname. No one even calls him Mac. For a time, it is true, Cooper privately dubbed him McPhee for reasons neither now recalls, but the name didn't stick. Samuel Goldwyn, his employer for five years, habitually referred to him as "Joe McCreal" under the Goldwynish delusion that this was how Joel spelled it. An aide once attempted to correct the producer about this misplacement of the "l", but he got nowhere. "Who put Joe McCreal under contract at $3,000 a week, you or me?" snapped the boss, and there the matter rested.

So McCrea remains McCreal to Goldwyn, but to the rest of the movie colony he is "Good ol' Joel," a title conferred upon him out of fondness, respect and the tolerant amusement folks reserve for any strange bird hatched out of the family nest. Joel grew up in Hollywood and was acting in pictures before he could shave, yet he conforms to none of the town's behavior patterns.

He smokes and drinks so seldom that only a purist would refuse to call him a teetotaler. Producer Preston Sturges guiltily admits his responsibility for Joel's last debauch, a full 10 years ago. Celebrating the near completion of Sullivan's Travels, Sturges invited his stars for dinner before the windup shooting and, since it was an occasion, urged McCrea to join them in a drink. Joel had two old-fashioneds and tied the lid on with an after-dinner cigar. An hour later he was green in the face and so miserably sick that the company had to wait until midnight to tackle the final scene.

Sturges was properly remorseful, but it wasn't until the next day that the ashes really were heaped on his head. Joel came tottering into the studio bringing a silver cigarette lighter inscribed with the producer's name and the appropriate expressions of good will and deep appreciation.

"Meant to give you this last night," he said with a wan smile, "but something came up to make me forget."

Sturges still carries the lighter and feels a guilty twinge each time he uses it.

One day, about 18 years ago, Joel was lunching in the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer commissary when his producer pointed to a vivacious, dark-haired, green-eyed young actress sitting across the room and said, "Joel, there's the perfect girl for you." Joel studied the brunette at long range over a period of weeks. He noted that her usual luncheon companion was a writer celebrated for his wit, his charm and urbanity. Joel dolefully rated himself zero on all three counts. He observed that the couple never seemed at a loss for words and that the young woman obviously thrived on the thrust-and-parry of their verbal fencing duels. McCrea glumly recognized his own preference for quiet, placid women.

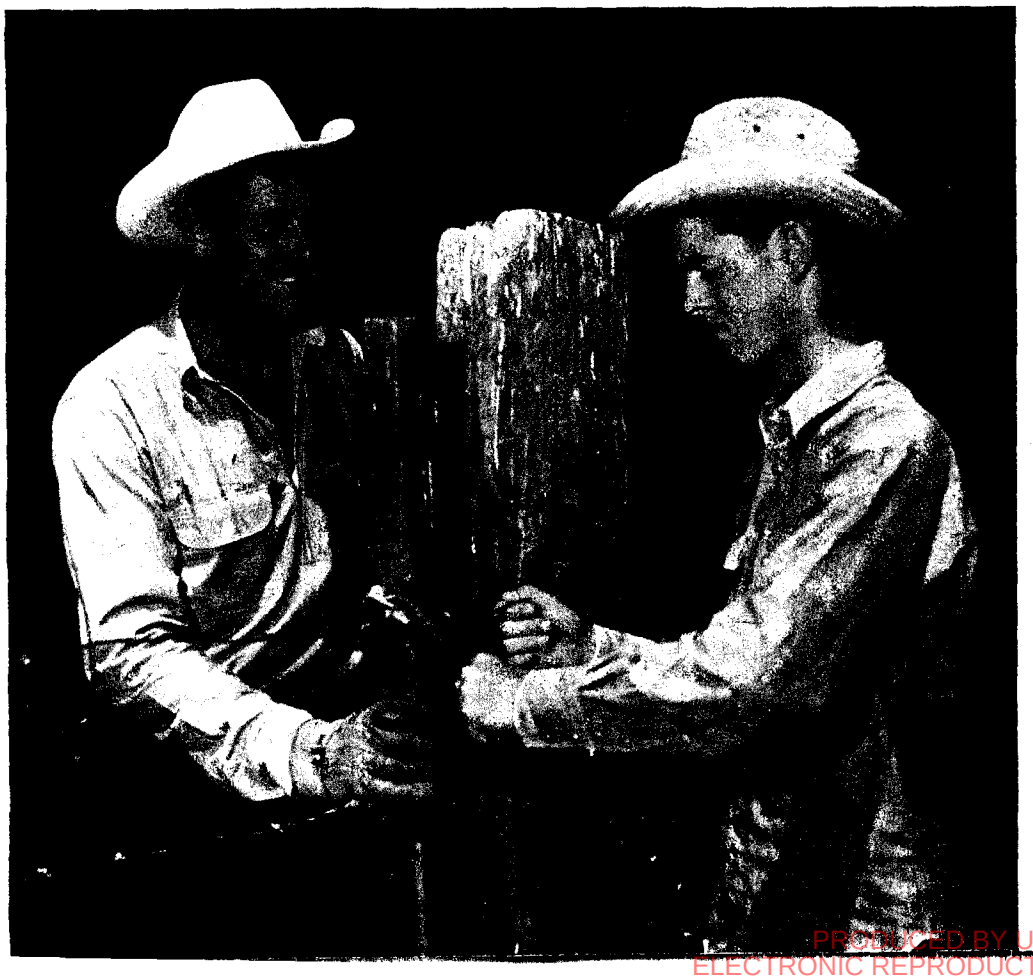
Discreet inquiry around the studio produced several other ominous facts: the brunette was a big-city girl from Chicago who loved the stage, night life, the roar of traffic, the tinkle of cocktail glasses. McCrea's own dream of paradise was a ranch house in the middle of nowhere.

Three months later he and that brunette, Frances Dee, were married, and were building their own ranch house in the middle of nowhere. Today they have two six-foot stripling sons, argue like mad and reach for shotguns if anyone accuses them of being a perfect couple. They get along fine.

At forty-five, Joel stands six feet three and weighs 190 pounds, of which perhaps six ounces may be fat. When he is not riding the fences on his 2,300-acre working ranch near Moorpark in the Santa Rosa Valley, he gets his exercise playing volleyball on the public beach at Santa Monica. For years he captained a beach club's volleyball team, competing against picked squads of lifeguards, cops, firemen and suchlike muscle men. Joel did all right. Today he complains of slowing down, but his teen-age competitors haven't noticed it. Among the beach crowd, Joel is not thought of as a movie actor but as a volleyball shark. He antes up his two bits for root beer and a hot dog along with the rest of them.

The beach seems to be the only place where Joel enjoys throwing his weight around; in his movie work he is as tractable as a contented cow. He never fusses with a make-up man, for the simple

Joel, helped by son David, 14, fixes barbed-wire fence on his big ranch in Santa Rosa Valley. McCrea lists occupation as "rancher"



McCrea first saw actress Frances Dee at distance, sadly decided they weren't right for each other, married her anyhow. That was in 1933

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By FRANK S. NUGENT

reason that he uses no make-up. He is so relaxed on the set that he generally cat-naps between takes. During the making of Four Faces West, his producer, Harry Sherman, impishly ordered a studio photographer to sneak candid shots of Joel whenever he caught him snoozing. The resulting portfolio showed Joel asprawl in a wagon bed, drowsing on a rock pillow, stretched out between two camp chairs—a dozen slumbering studies in all. Sherman inscribed the album to "The Laziest Actor in Town."

Never one to make a fetish of anything—including the avoidance of personal publicity—McCrea dutifully attends his previews when so ordered and from time to time is sent off on good-will junkets and personal-appearance tours. He bears these with equanimity and uses his time to good advantage—catching up on his sleep on the train, talking crops, weather and cattle prices at rural sidings and getting out of the big cities as fast as he can without hurting the feelings of press and public.

Always Glad to Escape Broadway

McCrea bears a special antipathy for New York, has little or no interest in the theater, deplores the profanity of most Broadway plays and hurries home after a day or two with a sense of almost miraculous escape.

Joel goes out so seldom that his appearance at a party is apt to set off some such celebration as must have greeted Lazarus on his return from the dead. Leonard Goldstein, a producer at Universal where Joel made his recently released film, Cattle Drive, dragged him along to one Hollywood shindig recently.

"The hostess was so proud of me, I felt like Frank Buck," Goldstein recalls. "Later I asked Joel how long it had been since he had been to one of these big parties. He thought a while and figured it must have been 10 years. How do you like that!"

Joel evidently likes it. The trouble with Hollywood parties, he says, is that everyone talks shop; if he must listen to shoptalk, he would rather it be about cattle feeds and breeding. Today, after 50 pictures—including such notable ones as The More the Merrier, Foreign Correspondent, and The Palm Beach Story—McCrea lists his occupation as "rancher," his hobby as "acting."

An agent of the Bureau of Internal Revenue took exception to this designation a few years ago and threatened to disallow the operating expenses of his ranch.

"On what basis?" Joel asked him. The agent hauled out the lawbooks and cited a court decision against a Kansas City dentist who had deducted the expenses of a farm although he lived on it less than two weeks a year and did none of the work himself.

"You're a little confused, mister," Joel said calmly. "I live on my ranch 40 weeks of the year. It's my only home. Santa Rosa is where I get my mail and where my boys went to school. I vote there and pay my taxes. As for working it, look at my hands! I didn't get these calluses from acting."

The agent shoved the lawbooks aside. "You win," he said.

H. M. Warner, of the producing Bros., could have told the income tax man that Joel is no ranching dilettante. A pretty slick rancher himself, Warner had some purebred Hereford cattle to dispose of a couple of years ago. He passed the word to a few actor-ranchers and named his price, $350 a head. Actors are reluctant to haggle with a studio owner over a few dollars. Sight unseen, they wrote their checks. Not Joel.

He dropped over one morning and Warner took him out to the corral to show him the remaining stock. "Kinda runty, aren't they, H.M.?" Joel remarked. H.M. was aghast, *(Continued on page 56)*

COLOR PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY BOB LANDRY

CHARLES SCOTT WELBOURNE

One of filmdom's most noted cat-nappers, Joel was caught on location in a variety of candid photos like this one. They were bound into album and presented to "Laziest Actor in Town"

Above, McCrea (left) with Henry Brandon in latest picture, Cattle Drive. Scene below is from 1930 film, Lightnin', with Will Rogers and Luke Cosgrave (right). McCrea and Rogers became good friends; it was largely at cowboy philosopher's urging that Joel bought ranch

CULVER

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Work is basis of education at School of the Ozarks: teen-agers like Edwin Wilson, of Milo, Mo., earn credits by sweat of their brows

Collier's COLOR CAMERA

Bright Promise in the Ozarks

Lola Braswell and Dick Walker, of Arkansas, pause on campus between classes and chores

THE School of the Ozarks near Hollister, in southwest Missouri, has spent most of the past 44 years proving that physical labor is the foundation of education. It may seem like a tough policy, but to the 300 or so boys and girls who come to the school every year from lean Ozark mountain farms, it is a policy of promise.

Founded in 1907 by the Reverend J. F. Forsythe, a Presbyterian home missionary, the school followed a more or less conventional pattern until 1921, when Dr. Robert M. Good became its president. Dr. Good has an almost religious belief in the value of work. Only students without money are accepted in his school. Their need for an education and a chance to prove to themselves that there's no such thing as "lack of opportunity" are their only entrance requirements.

Each week from September to June, boys and girls in The School of the Ozarks devote 30 hours to the classroom and put in 18 hours of physical labor. Further, most of their spare time is taken up with maintaining the school plant itself. They work in the fields, the machine shops and the print shop. They weave cloth, repair furniture and plumbing, and attend to the scores of jobs necessary to running a school which lies on 800 acres and has, in addition to regular classrooms, a hospital, two dormitories, several cottages, a general and a dairy farm, a stone quarry, a library, a chapel and a cannery with a daily capacity for 20,000 cans of fruits or vegetables. They work during summers, too.

Despite the productive labors of his students, however, Dr. Good has always had to depend on donations and endowments to keep the school going. Much of the money comes from interested Missourians who recognize the high caliber of the school's alumni. Among the institution's prime benefactors are Ozark's native L. Wilk Hyer, member of the board of the J. C. Penney Company, and Missouri-born chain-store owner J. M. McDonald, of Cortland, New York. Though most graduates remain in Missouri, many go out of the state to become everything from engineers, like Bill Shopp, who now lives in California, to medical men, like Dr. Gordon Stewart, who built the first hospital in Mount Ida, Arkansas.

By the standards of modern, progressive education, The School of the Ozarks may seem old-fashioned in approach, but it is cutting through generations of immobility to help hill-country boys and girls get off their unyielding farms. It is putting native Ozark intelligence and energy into the main stream of national endeavor, and giving the region's youth a new and wider view of the abundant democracy into which they were born.

H. H. SMITH

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY TOWNSEND GODSEY

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Robert M. Good, president of school, receives many requests to enroll wealthy children. He refuses them

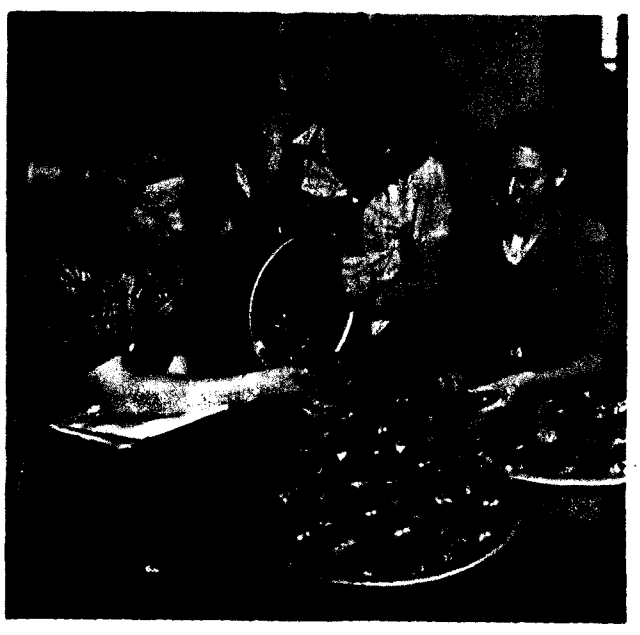
Grooming prize Jersey for a show, Don Rhodes and Blaine Elmer learn dairy farming by working at it

School includes subjects like weaving to help preserve the old-time Ozark arts

The boys of the school operate their own fire department, not only for safety but to gain experience in handling automotive equipment. Such work prepares them for employment away from profitless farms

Labor after regular hours is credited toward purchases in the school stores

In the school's working community, the pupils make everything from bread to desks, and select careers



Though most of students' products are not for sale, canned goods, like tomatoes, bring in needed cash

Real time clock behind cornhuskers is symbol of school's stress on efficiency

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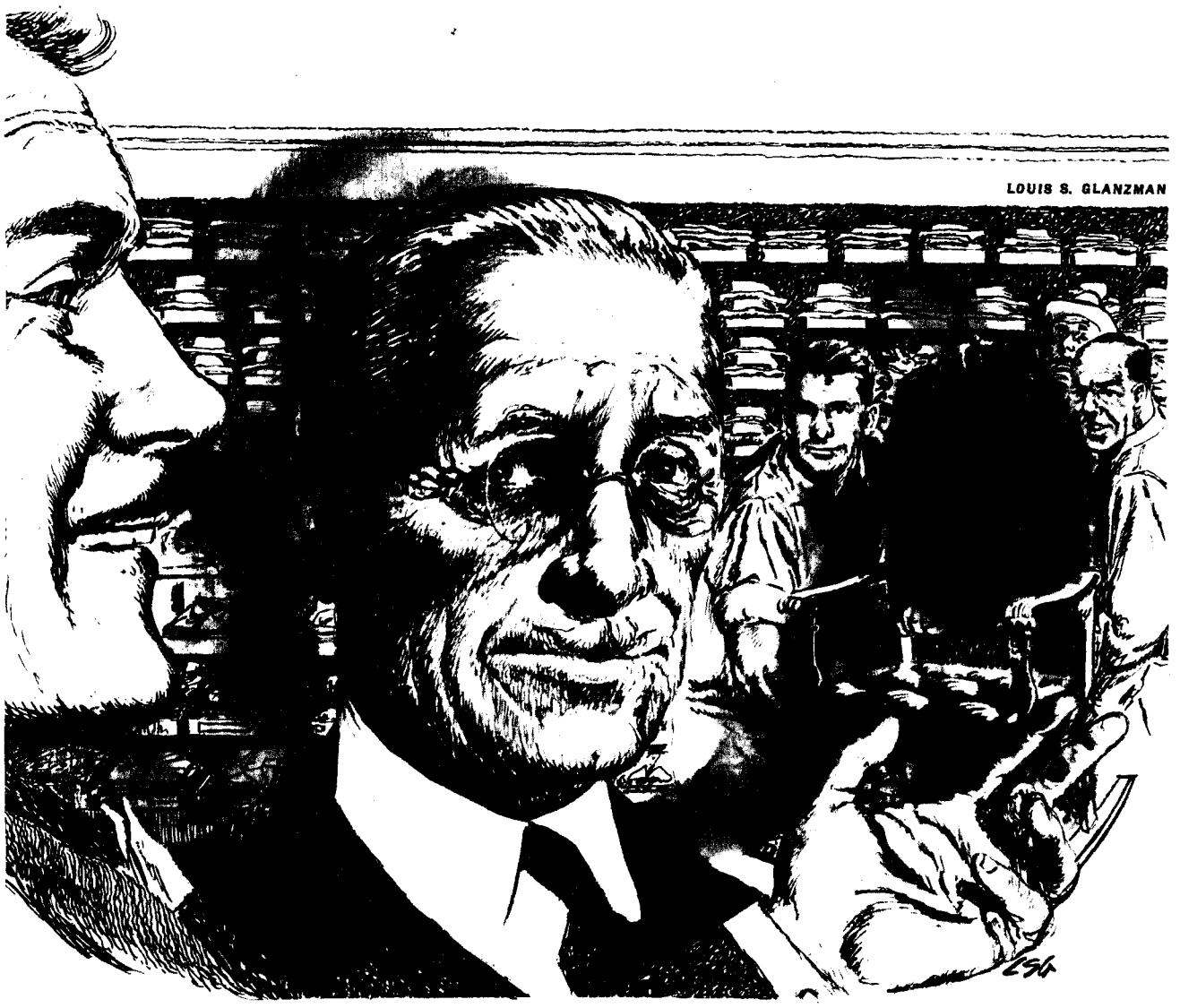

"We are presenting this chair in appreciation of your years of service"

Pop Jessup

By ANN H. NOXON

THE little group of executives approached the men's furnishings department. There was Ramsay Youngdahl, the president, beautifully dressed, and Didier, the credit manager, and Murray Weitz, the general manager, and a sprinkling of buyers from the main floor. They were followed by two delivery men, carrying a large rocking chair handsomely upholstered in red plush. They headed for Pop Jessup. Pop was sixty-five and he was retiring today. The group stopped in front of him and was quickly augmented by curious shoppers.

Pop was busy selling shirts, but the crowd elbowed his customer aside. Pop apologized to her, but none of the executives or their entourage did. They were intent on putting on a show, and it struck the customer, Belle Eastman, as she watched it, that it was a cheap spectacle. She didn't know what she'd expected a big store to do when an employee reached retirement age—call him up to the office for a hearty handshake and a gold watch, perhaps—but not this. This was like a radio give-away show.

Mrs. Eastman didn't know Pop Jessup personally, but he'd sold men's and boys' clothes at Parradine's to two generations of children. They remembered his face with affection; he was always on their side, and he convinced their mothers when they couldn't. He seemed to know which shirt or tie or jacket they wanted, and his eyes would twinkle and he'd pick that one out and say, "Now, this design will be as good next season as it is this year; it's just becoming popular. And feel of the goods," he'd say to the mother, "feel of the goods. That's from a topflight mill.". . .

Ramsay Youngdahl was saying, "We are presenting this comfortable chair in appreciation of your many years of service and association with this store and so that you can rock in comfort for the rest of your life." He paused, then he added whimsically, "And if you get too feeble to rock it yourself, Parradine's will install a motor in it to rock it for you."

There was general laughter and applause. Pop Jessup forced himself to grin and said, "Thanks a lot, Mr. Youngdahl." He didn't break down—no tears, no tremors—though he thought that was what the little group expected. It wasn't leaving Parradine's that hurt; it was just that this presentation brought it home to him forcefully that he was old.

Then handsome Mr. Youngdahl thought of something else to say. "And if you live long enough," he said, "we'll let you trade it in on a new model in twenty years."

Again there was laughter and applause and shouts of "Fair enough! That's fair enough!" Pop Jessup's customer waited patiently until the embarrassing little scene was over. Then she said, "I'll take those two striped ones, Mr. Jessup." And as she walked away, Belle Eastman was thinking that working in a department store is like being in a glass case with the merchandise. I'm glad it wasn't my father being put through that, she thought.

Mrs. Eastman had another errand. She'd promised her twelve-year-old son that she'd look at a storm coat in Kimberley's window, but since Kimberley's was the best men's store in the city, she was afraid the coat would cost more than she could afford. It was while she was looking at the coat that it occurred to her that Mr. Jessup would be very much of an asset to Kimberley's. That would show those smart talkers with the red plush rocker that Mr. Jessup wasn't anywhere near the shelf. Mr. Jessup at any age would be better than this bored young man waiting on me, she thought. While she was buying the coat, she made up her mind to suggest Mr. Jessup's services to Mr. Kimberley.

On the way to Ned Kimberley's office, she stopped in front of a mirror and adjusted the small navy veil on her hat, and she looked complacently at the Kimberley package in its handsome plaid wrapping paper. That should lend a little weight to her recommendation. A secretary took her name, and in a moment she was in Mr. Kimberley's office and Mr. Kimberley stood up and motioned her to an armchair facing his desk.

"Mrs. Eastman?" he said.

She didn't know what to say, so she just started in at the beginning and told him how she was in Parradine's and . . .

Kimberley leaned back and listened. Mrs. Eastman was mad and she told the story well.

"Jessup?" he said finally. "Why, I know him. He's been over there at Parradine's for years. Didn't think he was sixty-five, though. He doesn't look it."

"No, he doesn't, and that's what gave me the courage to ask you if you couldn't use him here. I was buying a coat for my son," she explained, motioning to the box at her side, "and I just looked around at those young salesmen you've got down there on the street floor and it struck me what a splendid thing it would be all around if Mr. Jessup could work over here. There are plenty of good years left in him and he has a mighty following of mothers and children in this town. That performance over there made me see red."

"It certainly was a commentary on human nature and on department stores," Mr. Kimberley agreed. "Those salesmen of mine you so aptly described are 'one-at-a-time' boys. I could use someone like Jessup with years of department-store experience who would encourage people to buy more than they came in for."

Belle Eastman stood up, and Kimberley handed her her package. "Good-by," he said cordially. "You've done your good deed for today, Mrs. Eastman, and it will always be a pleasure to see you."

WHILE he looked over some swatches of tweed that a salesman had left, Kimberley's mind kept wandering from the samples, going back to that red plush rocker performance. Why wait until tomorrow to get hold of Jessup? He put on his hat and marched around to Parradine's Seventh Street entrance.

Mr. Jessup was waiting on a mother and son. The mother had four shirts clutched in her left hand while she fingered a fifth.

"I guess I'll take that one, too. Will you charge and send them, please?" she said.

Another salesman, much younger than Mr. Jessup, went by. "Well," he said to the customer, "Pop won't be here much longer. He's retiring tonight."

"Why, Mr. Jessup," the woman exclaimed, "I didn't know that. I'm just going to miss you so." And then, impulsively, she put out her hand, across the counter, across the shirts. "Thank you for all the times you've helped us and been patient with us," she said. She didn't even look at the younger salesman.

To Kimberley, that was recommendation enough. The customer thanks *him*, he said to himself. After she'd gone, he walked up to Mr. Jessup, and Pop looked up and smiled. "Show you some shirts, sir?"

There was a game old boy doing his best for Parradine's right up to the last minute, Kimberley thought. He said, "You know me, Jessup?"

Pop looked at him hard. "Why—uh—I know who you are. You're the Mr. Kimberley has the store, aren't you?"

"That's right. Heard you were leaving here. I'd like to get you to come to work for me. Start tomorrow, if you say the word."

Pop Jessup leaned heavily on the counter for a moment. A delighted smile spread slowly over his face.

Kimberley said, "Informal way to ask you, but I thought you'd like to get it settled, and so would I. I'll pay you as much as you get here. What do you say?"

"I say fine. I'd like it."

"Good," Kimberley said. "You come over to my office in the store tomorrow." He turned to leave.

The present of the rocker hadn't broken Pop, nor the laughter, nor the applause. But now the tears stung his eyelids. He straightened his shoulders and started to put away shirts. Then Kimberley's voice made him turn around again.

"Forgot to tell you to bring your chair with you," Kimberley called, "and we'll let Youngdahl come over and rock in it sometimes while you sell shirts." THE END

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Easy way to build a drink. Pour Four Roses over a couple of ice cubes (adding a twist of lemon and splash of water, if you like) . . . and you have a drink that's now an American favorite. It's called "*Roses-on-the-rocks*"—a drink that *truly* brings out the superb flavor and supreme quality of Four Roses.

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Advising the Big Four

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27

Commission. They are the men who can bring us back to good order again, if they have the power to interfere . . ."

I did not want to take personal possession of the whole of Central Europe. I hoped to return to America someday. Finally I arranged with the Big Four that I would accept a "mandate" on all Central European coal. I set up a Coal Section in our organization, and asked General Pershing "for the best coal man in the world, who is in the Army." He assigned Colonel Anson Conger Goodyear, in civil life both a railway man and coal operator.

A Dukedom for the Colonel

Colonel Goodyear was a cheery person, and on his arrival at my office the conversation ran something like this. Introducing himself, the colonel said, "Thank goodness, somebody dug me out of this dead Army and gave me to you. So what can I do?"

I replied, "For one thing, I have appointed you Duke of Teschen."

"Where is the duchy? However, I accept the dukedom, wherever it is."

I told him he had the general job of getting coal in motion over all Central Europe. The colonel wanted to know: "What are the duke's powers?"

"A letter from me to the Prime Minister of each country, asking for full co-operation of their government officials and everybody else."

Goodyear seemed a little unconvinced as to the potency of these powers, but I suggested that if the countries concerned did not co-operate, their food supply could be stopped on a telegram to us from him. Or it could be increased if needed. He brightened up at once, and opined that the duchy might be worth having.

Goodyear was so charming and genuine a soul that all the governments proved anxious to co-operate with him. He went into Teschen with his aides and found the whole district not only on strike but the three nations involved waging internecine war. With firmness, food and fair treatment he quickly got this district into action. And he succeeded equally with other fields in Poland, Czechoslovakia, Austria, Serbia and Hungary. In one month, in fact, the colonel and his men doubled the coal production of Central Europe.

One day he wired me: "Sending $25,000. Send me that much tobacco." Sending real money out of Central Europe and expecting tobacco from us were both new angles in relief. I asked for details. It appeared that the colonel had found $25,000 in American gold certificates in banks of the coal region, held since before the war. He replied, "These poor devils haven't had a genuine smoke for a year and you know a miner cannot work unless he gets a smoke." My mining sympathies stirred at once.

We got the tobacco from American Army stocks and the colonel issued a tobacco ration, conditional upon increased coal output. The banks received local currency from the sale of the tobacco ration in exchange for their American money. Goodyear got the coal.

So much did Goodyear's officers endear themselves that many were engaged as coordinators of the many conflicting racial and labor elements after the peace, again at the salaries I stipulated.

The combination of American disinterestedness, intelligence and technical skill was the thing needed amid these seething hates. The people realized it and held on to it as long as they could.

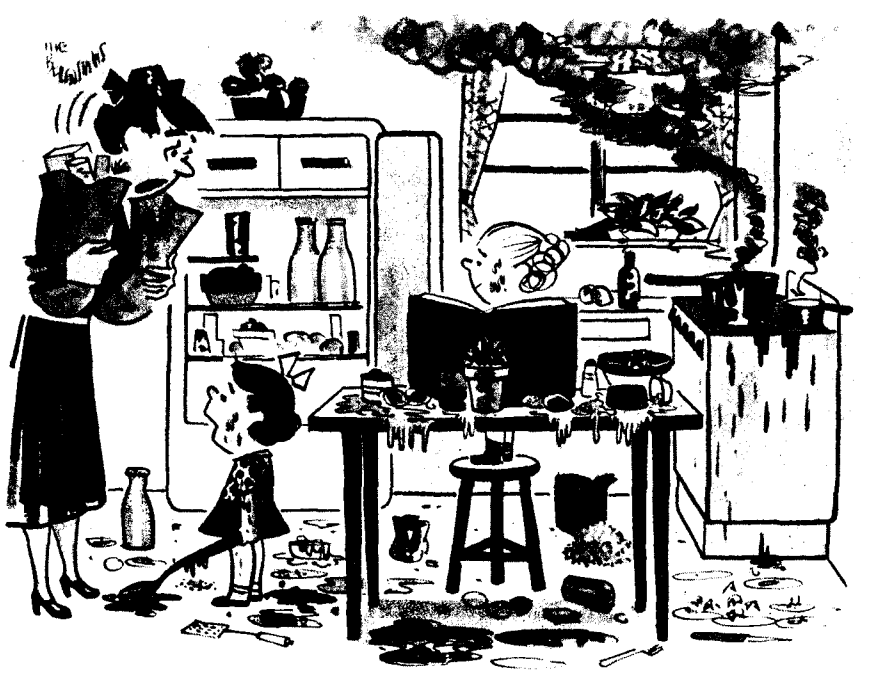
Vital Commodities Bartered

Having secured the independent movement of trains across frontiers and the exchange of coal between states, we began also to arrange for the barter of other vital commodities. For instance, we shipped 200 carloads of tannin (used to tan hides and make ink) from Serbia to Poland in exchange for 200 carloads of oil products —escorted by American corporals. A trainload of manufactured goods was sent from Vienna to Galicia in exchange for 42 cars of eggs and other food. These are only specimens of the job.

We did not bother to incorporate these transactions into our accounts or statistics, as no American money was involved, but they ran into many hundred thousands of tons of great money value.

Early in April, 1919, the Big Four were besieged by wires from eastern European governments depicting the alarming spread of typhus along the old Russian front from the Baltic to the Black Sea. Lithuania, Poland, Romania, Serbia and the Ukraine

SISTER



"We were going to make you something real nice, but there were too many hard words . . ."

COLLIER'S

STANLEY & JANICE BERENSTAIN

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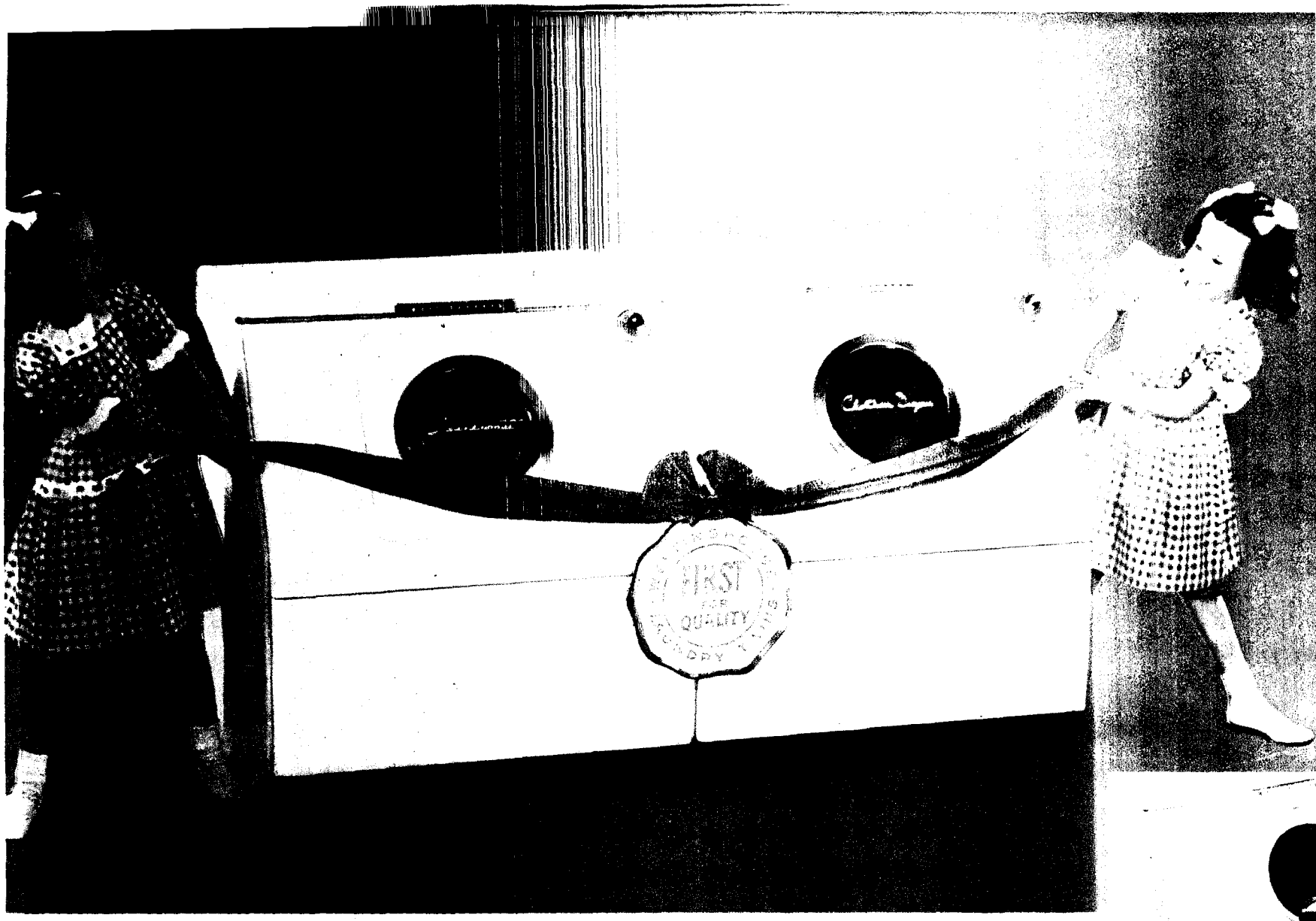
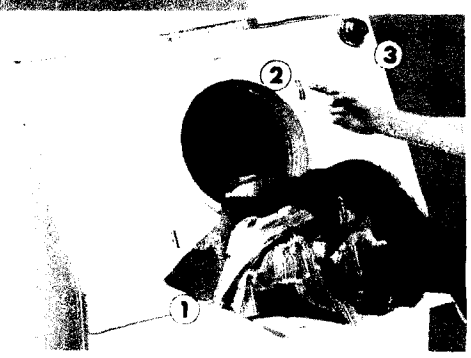


...of course, it's electric!



WEIGHS YOUR CLOTHES TO SAVE YOUR MONEY

Exclusive WEIGH-TO-SAVE Door assures soap and water savings. (1) Weigh clothes on door. (2) Then read load size on scale. (3) Set Water Saver for size of load shown on scale.

America's Favorite Twins

Westinghouse

LAUNDROMAT® AND CLOTHES DRYER

AUTOMATIC WASHER

First for quality . . . first for savings . . . yes, and first in the hearts of women! From one end of the country to the other, happy, satisfied owners write glowing letters of praise about their Westinghouse Laundry Twins. And small wonder!

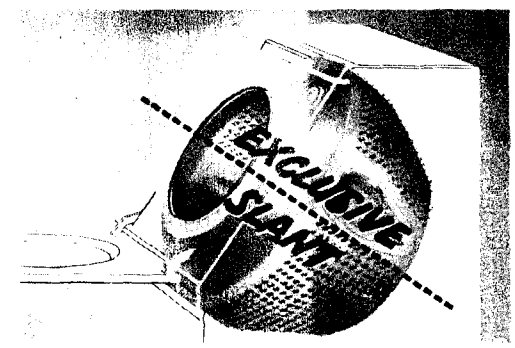
Actually, no other washer made . . . automatic or conventional . . . has the universally thorough washing action of the Laundromat. Thanks to its exclusive WASHaway—RINSEaway washing action, your clothes are lifted up and out of the water . . . turned over . . . washed inside and out, again and again and again. Then triple-rinsed in fresh clean water . . . equal to 1,500 hand rinses. Every speck of soil and soap is flushed out . . . and *stays* out. Dirty wash and rinse waters are drained away from your clothes . . . never through them. That's the secret of why the Laundromat gets white clothes whiter and colored clothes brighter. And it's all so easy—the whole job is *completely automatic.*

The Laundromat saves work, saves time and, with the exclusive WEIGH-TO-SAVE Door, saves precious hot water and soap, too.

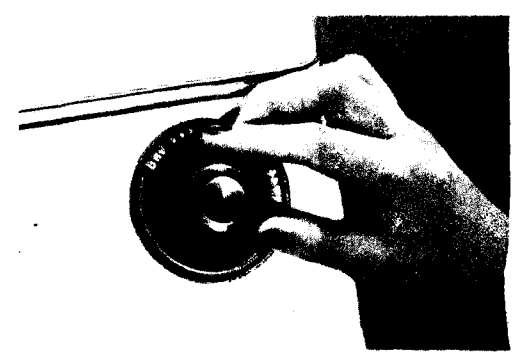
As for drying your clothes . . . just turn the dial and that's all. The new Westinghouse Clothes Dryer dries clothes exactly as you want them—damp-dry for ironing or bone-dry for storage. Regardless of the weather, your clothes come out soft, fluffy, sweet-smelling as a summer breeze.

HAVE A LOAD OF YOUR CLOTHES WASHED AND DRIED FREE

Phone your Westinghouse retailer. Arrange to watch a load of your clothes washed the easy, Laundromat way. Dried in the Clothes Dryer, too. It's free. Westinghouse Electric Corporation, Mansfield, Ohio.



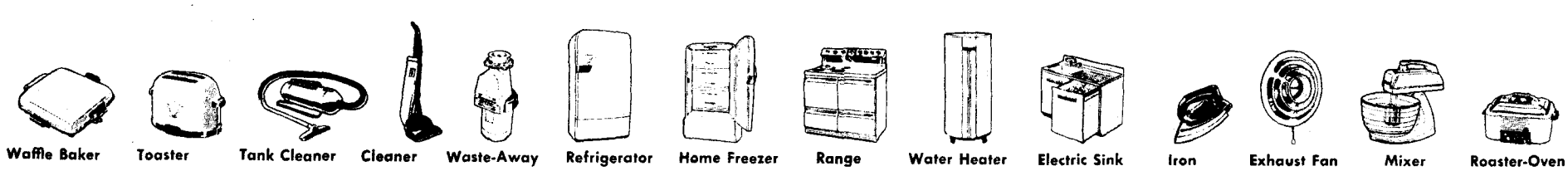
WASHAWAY—RINSEAWAY ACTION... gets dirt out, keeps dirt out. Only Laundromat has it.



AUTOMATIC DRY-DIAL on Clothes Dryer... dries clothes bone-dry or damp-dry, as wanted.

LOOK TO WESTINGHOUSE FOR TV's TOP ENTERTAINMENT... Exclusive Telecasts of Outstanding COLLEGE FOOTBALL GAMES... plus WESTINGHOUSE "STUDIO ONE" every week

YOU CAN BE SURE... IF IT'S Westinghouse



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Velvet Voice Radio

TOPS FOR TONE AND COLOR

—in 6 heavenly hues

Cherry · Flame · Citron · Avocado
Pebble · Ivory

A color for every room and every decorating scheme

Arvin Model 540T **$18.95**

ARVIN brings you charming color accent to match the mood of any room . . . the Arvin Rainbow, in your choice of six gay House & Garden colors, in the latest mode.

In a restyled shatterproof cabinet, conveniently compact, this mighty mite delivers a world of amazing radio performance that has delighted more than three million owners! Perfect to own and a wonderful gift!

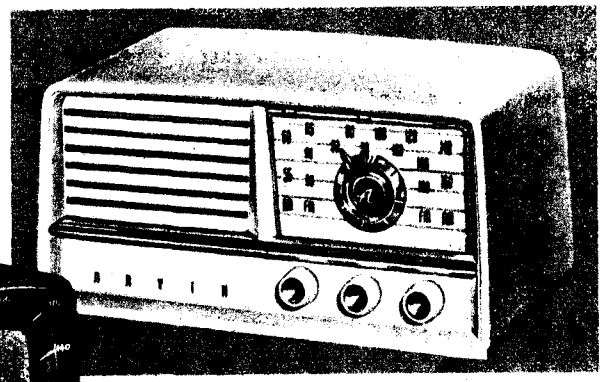
This is an ideal Arvin for the away-from-home student, the traveler, the hospital patient. Tucks easily in a suitcase, fits any nook or corner.

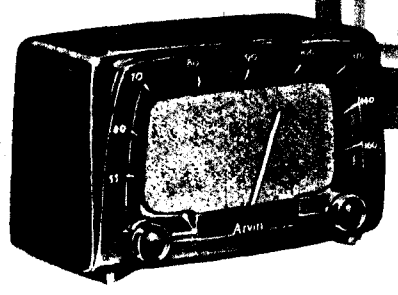
Make this Arvin the personal radio for your small fry, for Mother's bedside table or Dad's den. Backed by Arvin's 32-year reputation for quality and top-value. Arvin Industries, Inc., Columbus, Indiana. (Formerly Noblitt-Sparks Industries, Inc.)

Also makers of Arvin TV, Electric Housewares, Car Heaters, Metal Furniture and Ironing Tables

Superb Performance in a Modernistic Styling

Arvin Model 553T (below) is a new achievement in range and tone, housed in handsome rosewood plastic with sweep pointer of touch-o-gold richness. Improved AC/DC superhet circuit, Velvet Voice tone, Magna-Bass amplifier. Give it to someone you love! **$24.95**





Latest Word in Outstanding FM/AM Performance

Arvin Model 580TFM (above) in Rosewood, Sandalwood, Willow Green or Ivory, combines all the static-free, tone-true beauty of FM with super-power to reach out for your favorite AM programs. Exclusive Arvin Velvet-Voice tone; straight AC; edge-lighted dial. See it, hear it, and you'll realize its outstanding value! **$59.95**

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were particularly affected. Our men in those areas had already been bombarding our Paris office for help.

Typhus is a louse-carried infection, and people got lice partly because they ate all the fats and therefore soap was scarce. The situation was of course contributed to by the generally short rations, debilitation and filth due to destruction of homes and consequent overcrowding in hovels.

The Big Four asked my advice. I recommended that the American Red Cross undertake the job. But that organization replied that it was just too big for them.

Appalling Typhus Death Toll

The pestilence had begun to move westward like a prairie fire, with people trying to flee before it. Finally I concluded that we would have to take on the job. The Big Four thought so too. I asked the Ministers of Health of the countries concerned to come to Paris. Their reports indicated possibly 1,000,000 typhus cases, with more than 100,000 deaths a week.

I secured the delousing equipment of the American Army, together with large quantities of hospital beds, supplies, soap and discarded clothing. The Army also gave us 1,500,000 suits of underclothes, 3,000 beds, 10,000 hair clippers, 250 tons of soap and 500 portable baths. In addition, I got as a gift the delousing equipment and medical supplies of both the British army and of the former German army. General Pershing loaned to me Colonel H. L. Gilchrist, 20 officers and, ultimately, 1,000 men of the Army Medical Corps for the operation.

In front of the typhus area we drew a line hundreds of miles long—a "sanitary cordon." With the aid of local police, we stopped all traffic over this line except to persons with certificates indicating that they had been deloused. Then, with the aid of health authorities, we gradually deloused, disinfected and reclad the people, village by village, in a general movement eastward. Soon we extinguished most of the fire.

Once, Dr. Vernon Kellogg, one of my associates, got on the wrong side of the "cordon." In spite of his expostulations he was deloused by the efficient American doughboys. For many years he proudly exhibited his certificate.

Problems of pestilence, famine, finance, transport and many others were matters which cut across national boundaries. But within each country were separate problems calling for separate solutions.

In one way or another our relief and rehabilitation program concerned a total of 29 countries: our allies in the war—Britain, France, Italy, Greece and Portugal; the neutrals—Sweden, Norway, Denmark, Holland, Switzerland and Spain; the enemies—Germany, Austria, Hungary, Bulgaria and Turkey; and those nations liberated from enemy domination — Albania, Armenia, Azerbaijan, Belgium, Latvia, Lithuania, Estonia, Czechoslovakia, Finland, Georgia, Poland, Romania and Yugoslavia.

From an American point of view, the British, French and Italians were, during the 12 months after the Armistice, as much on relief as Poland or any of the others. There was no food shortage or suffering among them, as they had a priority on world supplies, and so far as their foreign exchange permitted, they bought food in the Southern Hemisphere and India. But they also had to draw enormous quantities from the United States, they had to be loaned the money to do so—and there was no probability that they would repay the loans.

The neutrals came within our purview in that we had to co-ordinate their food supplies with those of other nations. We had a number of amiable cross transactions with them, as at times we loaned food back and forth.

The problems of the enemy and liberated countries were entirely in our hands, and vastly different problems they often were.

Germans Had Plenty of Gold

A problem peculiar to Germany, for example, was the way in which she paid for the food we sent in—once the Allies agreed to let her have any food at all. Obviously the Germans could secure no credits until after the peace, or export goods during the post-Armistice blockade. But they did have gold in their bank reserves, and this was the only medium they could use to buy food immediately.

The gold arrived by the carload in boxes and bags. I had it deposited in bank vaults in Amsterdam, Rotterdam and Brussels. I had no way of knowing whether the boxes and bags contained gold coin or iron washers. We had some bags opened, and found that a considerable part was American gold coins, also French gold coins paid by the French as part indemnity for the Franco-Prussian War of 1871.

Finally I arranged that the New York Federal Reserve Bank take possession of the gold and advance us 92 per cent of its

VIP'S WAR

COLLIER'S "But, Kelly. What if *everyone* overslept?" VIRGIL PARTCH

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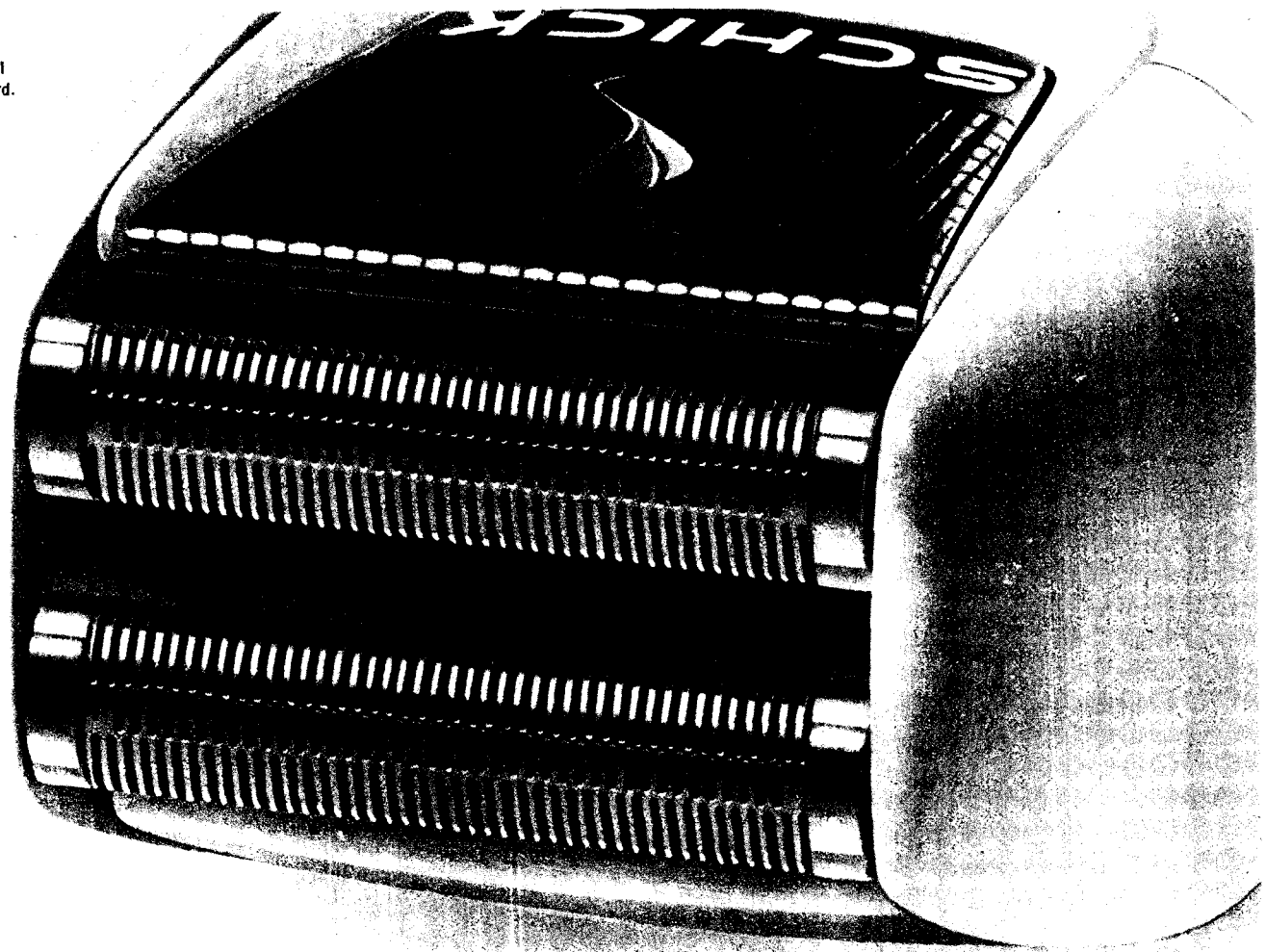
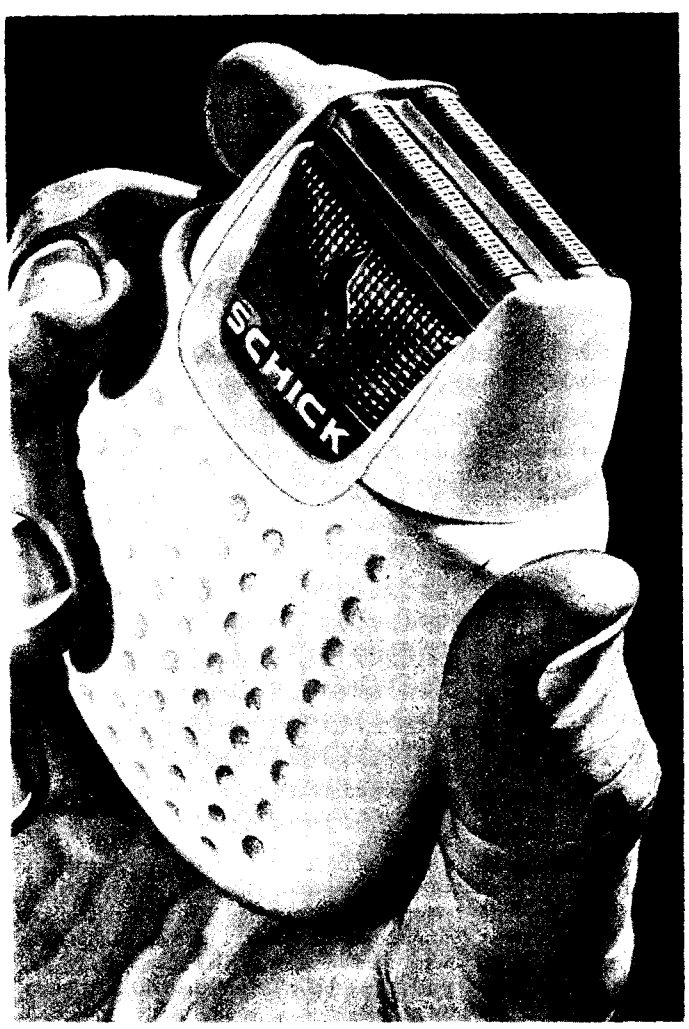
For styling the Schick "20," Carl Otto won the 1951 Industrial Designers' Institute Award.

We Microscope All Hi-Velocity Heads— to insure precision fit between inner and outer cutters. Exclusive Schick design. Precision-made. Sharpened and honed. Comb edges guide whiskers into slots. Curved interceptor bars pick up stubble.



No wonder it shaves you so close so easily



THERE are two ways to make an electric shaver.

One is to bat out as many as you can as fast as you can. The other is the way we do it.

We consider a shaver a fine precision instrument. So we fashion the Schick "20" with microscopic precision from head to cord.

Take this Schick's exclusive Hi-Velocity Heads, for example. We turn out each one as though it were a jewel.

We swage the edge of the inner cutter to make it self-sharpening, to give you skin-close shaving. We curve the interceptor bar to ease each whisker into place, to crop it at skinline. And we microscope every head individually to be sure its edges are set to thousandths of an inch.

Is all this worth it? You have to shave with a "20" to believe it.

You have to snap its handy Stop-Start Button—square the Hi-Velocity Heads against your face—and shave away.

You have to feel those heads glide over your face—feel them being driven by the fistful of force that's Schick's real rotary motor—a palm-sized powerhouse that delivers 17,000 shaving strokes a minute.

And then—you have to see the end results—see how well you're shaved, how quickly—with nothing left on your face but skin as smooth as a boy's.

So head for the nearest dealer, and ask for a Schick "20" in its handsome new Caddie Case. Admire the handsome styling, heft its new lightness, its balance. Then—take it away and treat your face to "the finest shaving instrument of all time." Also see the Schick Super and Colonel. Schick Incorporated, Stamford, Conn. Service offices in principal cities.

Schick "20" $24.50 • Schick Super $22.50 • Schick Colonel $17.50

Schick "20"

MORE MEN USE SCHICK ELECTRIC SHAVERS THAN ANY OTHER MAKE

—better-built for better shaves

See Rudolph Halley! Crime Drama on Schick's Big New Weekly TV Show

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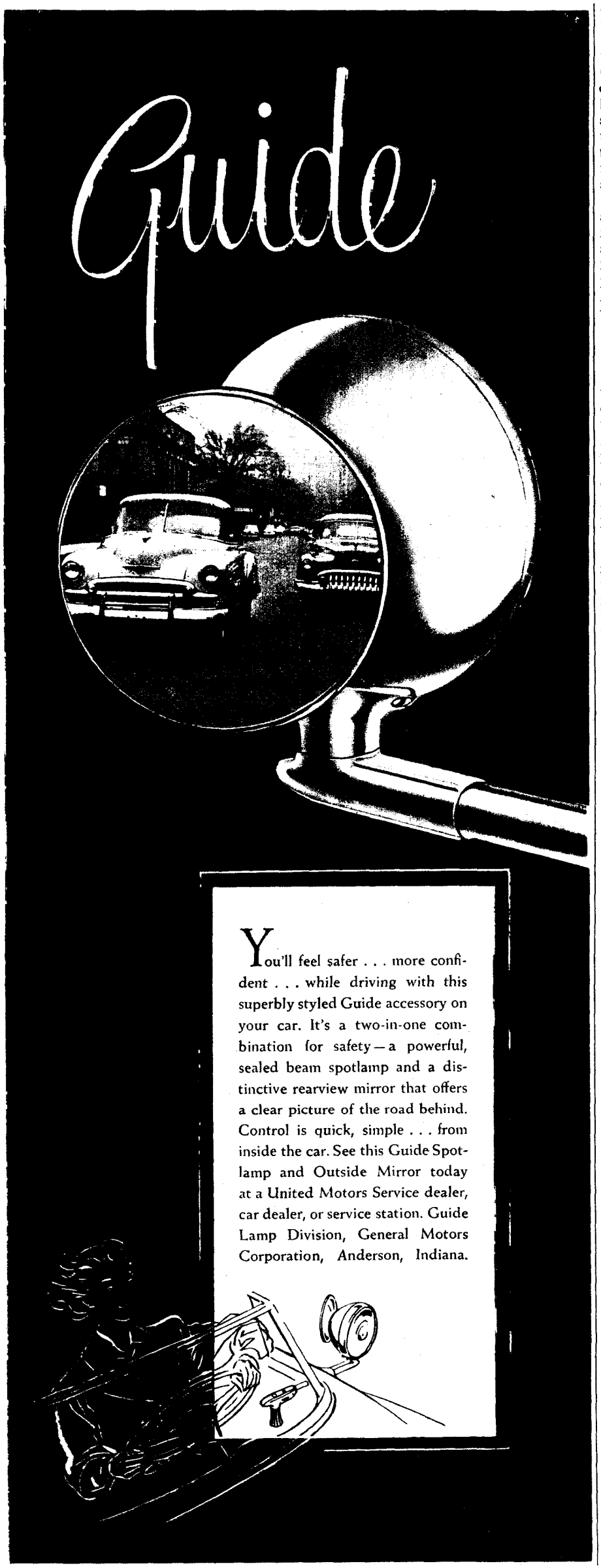
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estimated value at once and the balance when it was melted at the American mints.

The Brussels Agreement, under which the Allies lifted the food blockade against Germany, had provided that the Germans could purchase foodstuffs only with the gold handed me, or with certain salable neutral securities which they also turned over. But the mints would require months to melt all the gold. I did not want to hang around Europe or the United States with unsettled accounts.

I therefore proposed to the Germans, after the peace treaty had been signed, that if they would at once accept as final our auditors' statement, based on the estimated 92 per cent of the gold value, I would later pay the residue, when realized, into some American bank which would then be authorized to spend it on food for them.

An Offer Plus a Warning

We warned the Germans that if they would not give us a release on all future claims or arguments over accounts, we would hand the whole business over to the Allied Reparations Commission to settle. I pointed out no doubt the commission would keep some of the 8 per cent gold residue. The Germans needed the food; they accepted my proposal with alacrity, completely accepted our accounts, and gave us a quittance of all future claims.

The residue payments were subsequently made, and in fact the gold realized more for the Germans than anticipated. I received no thanks from Germany or the Germans. Neither did President Wilson, who saved them from being torn to shreds.

Yugoslavia, one of the liberated nations, presented us with a special problem based on the fact that with the Armistice, it had either occupied or acquired by Allied order large slices of Austria, Hungary and all of Montenegro; together with the old kingdom of Serbia, this made about a 15,000,000 population for the new state. However, the sections taken from the old Austrian Empire were more advanced in the arts of living than the Serbs and aspired to liberal government. Serbia had been an agricultural country with honest and rugged officials, but devoted to a monarchical system. The combination did not move smoothly.

When it was announced at the Armistice that food would be sent to "enemy" peoples, the Serbs bestirred themselves and sent me the most impressive statements of starvation and need, with the suggestion that their people would never understand it if food were sent to the enemy first.

However, Dr. Alonzo Taylor, one of my associates, investigated, and found that there was a considerable food surplus in the Serbian areas, and that the real famine was in Yugoslavia's new Adriatic provinces. We decided for convenience of transport to use the Serbian surplus to help provision Hungary, Austria and Czechoslovakia, and to import supplies from America into the famine areas, which were easily accessible from the sea.

We had some trouble inducing the Serbs to accept this plan, as they did not like the kind of money which the other states initially offered for the Serbian surplus. They also remembered that they had repeatedly been ravaged and defeated by Austro-Hungarian armies. Old hates were vivid and vocal. However, our men solved it all by exchanges of coal, oil and goods which Serbia needed, and by getting it gold payments from Hungary for food sent there.

If Serbia was responsible for some of our bigger headaches, it must also be credited at least partially for one moment of humor.

Within a month after the Armistice, the Serbs clashed with Italy over Dalmatia, and civil war broke out there in January, 1919.

Sometime later one of the junior American Army officers on our Serbian staff asked special leave to come up to our Paris office on an urgent matter. Lewis Strauss, my secretary, came in to me, urging that I listen to the lieutenant with a straight face.

The officer—a splendid type of effective, earnest American—told me that he, with two trucks of food and two American doughboys, had come under fire on the mountain road above Cattaro. He had stopped, investigated, made contact with the general of the first army and expressed indignation that they did not know that the war was over. He found that the general of the army liked neither his war nor his immediate situation. Our American offered to negotiate an armistice. It was promptly accepted.

With a guide, the lieutenant had then made his way around the mountain trails to the headquarters of the opposing army. He found the same attitude in the commanding general there. But neither side would surrender to the other, or admit defeat.

Being of a direct mind, the lieutenant decided to draw up in writing a surrender of each general and his army to the United States of America. But when he came to put it down on paper he became fearful that he was taking responsibilities on behalf of his government far beyond his powers. Finally he had solved matters by making out the surrender to me as United States Food Administrator. He demanded formal surrender of the generals' swords but allowed the men to keep everything else except machine guns and artillery.

The lieutenant, being short of labor to unload a food ship in the harbor, hit on the idea of offering a wage in flour and bacon if one of the armies would unload for him. This was promptly accepted, and he marched them down the mountains to the harbor under command of one of his doughboys. The other army, hearing of this, also wanted jobs. So he put one army on the night shift and one on the day shift, and they got along all right. There were about 300 on each side.

But when our young American thought it all over he became greatly worried for fear he had used my name wrongly. It had worried him for weeks, so he had decided to come to Paris to explain, and take whatever was coming to him. Anxiety was written on his face.

Sharing the Generals' Swords

Without cracking a smile, I asked him what had become of the two swords. He said he had brought them along. I told him that if he would give me one and keep the other for himself I would tell nobody in Paris.

Later I wrote him a note saying that he was of the stuff which had made America great.

Probably the aptest example of the complications of our dealings with special national problems was the case of Hungary vs. Romania. Hungary was an "enemy" state, Romania an "ally," but their history and our relief activities were inextricably mixed.

In Hungary, as in the rest of Central Europe, there had been a post-Armistice revolution which proclaimed a liberal government. The Hapsburgs were dethroned, and a parliamentary government was established under Count Michael Karolyi, a liberal thinker, but no man of action.

As Hungary was an "enemy" state, under existing American law I had no financial resources with which to finance imports of supplies. But we found that the Hungarians had substantial gold reserves in their National Bank. With this we arranged for a shipment of food from Trieste, and also, as mentioned previously, I moved some of Serbia's surplus into Hungary. These arrangements served to get the Hungarians by for a time.

In February, 1919, the Peace Conference announced preliminary boundaries for Hungary, which gave Slovakia, Serbia and Romania chunks of undoubtedly Hungarian population, and denuded Hungary of industrial and agricultural areas vital to her national existence. This at once gave impulse to Communist agitation and greatly weakened the Karolyi regime. Karolyi apparently got the notion that if the country went Bolshevik, it would frighten the Peace

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Conference into stronger support of Hungary's claims. The second revolution came on March 22d.

Bela Kun, a Hungarian, had, as a prisoner of war in Russia, been indoctrinated by Lenin and sent back to his own land to agitate. He seized "the power," installed the Soviet form of government, inaugurated a Red terror with typical sadistic liquidations and executions without a semblance of trial, and decreed the seizure of all private property.

French Hold Up a Food Train

At the outbreak of this revolution we had 25 carloads of food on the way to Budapest. The train was held up by the French military at the Serbian frontier. I was in a quandary as to what to do but, as the shipment had been paid for by the Hungarian National Bank and was mostly special food for children, I protested to the Big Four. Premier Clemenceau on April 3d ordered release of the train. We arranged with the Communists that the supplies be distributed under American control, and indeed continued feeding Hungary's children during most of Bela Kun's regime—although under great difficulties, owing to the arrest and executions of some of our Hungarian committee members.

Bela Kun had a busy time. He won the support of some of the old military elements by remobilizing a small army and occupying a piece of Hungary ceded to Czechoslovakia. He threatened to do the same to Romania. Seeming to have some time left over, he also organized a Communist movement in Austria.

Allied military representatives there urged that Allied armies occupy Budapest to stop the executions, wars and spread of Communism to adjacent areas. However on May 2d the very considerable Romanian army took the matter in its own hands and advanced into Hungarian territory, undoubtedly with French encouragement.

On July 5th, the Big Four—where Frank Polk now represented President Wilson, who had gone home—asked me to state my views on the then "confused" situation. I recommended that they so define Allied policies for the future of Hungary that it would raise opposition to Kun inside the country. I felt that if Hungary were offered decent treatment by the Allies she might throw off the Communist regime. Instead, the Peace Conference further reduced Hungary's boundaries and ordered Romanian and Hungarian armies to move back into these limits.

On July 16th General Boehn, an officer of the old Hungarian regime who was now commander of Bela Kun's small army, resigned and came to Vienna, where he got in touch with Captain T. T. C. Gregory, head of our mission there. Boehn offered to organize a counterrevolution to Kun if he were made "head of state." I reported the facts to the Big Four and directed Gregory to have nothing to do with such conspiracies. At the same time I urged the Big Four to make a policy declaration which would stimulate the anti-Kun forces inside Hungary.

At their request I submitted a draft which without substantial alteration was issued on July 25th:

"The Allied and Associated Governments are most anxious to arrange a Peace with the Hungarian People and thus bring to an end a condition of things which . . . defeats any attempt to secure supplies for its population. These tasks cannot even be attempted until there is in Hungary a Government which represents its people, and carries out in the letter and the spirit the engagements into which it has entered with the Associated Governments. None of these conditions is fulfilled by the administration of Bela Kun, which has not only broken the Armistice to which Hungary was pledged but is at this moment actually attacking a friendly and Allied Power. . . . If food and supplies are to be made available . . . if peace is to be settled it can only be done with a Government which represents the Hungarian People and not with one that rests its authority upon terrorism."

Bela Kun Takes to Flight

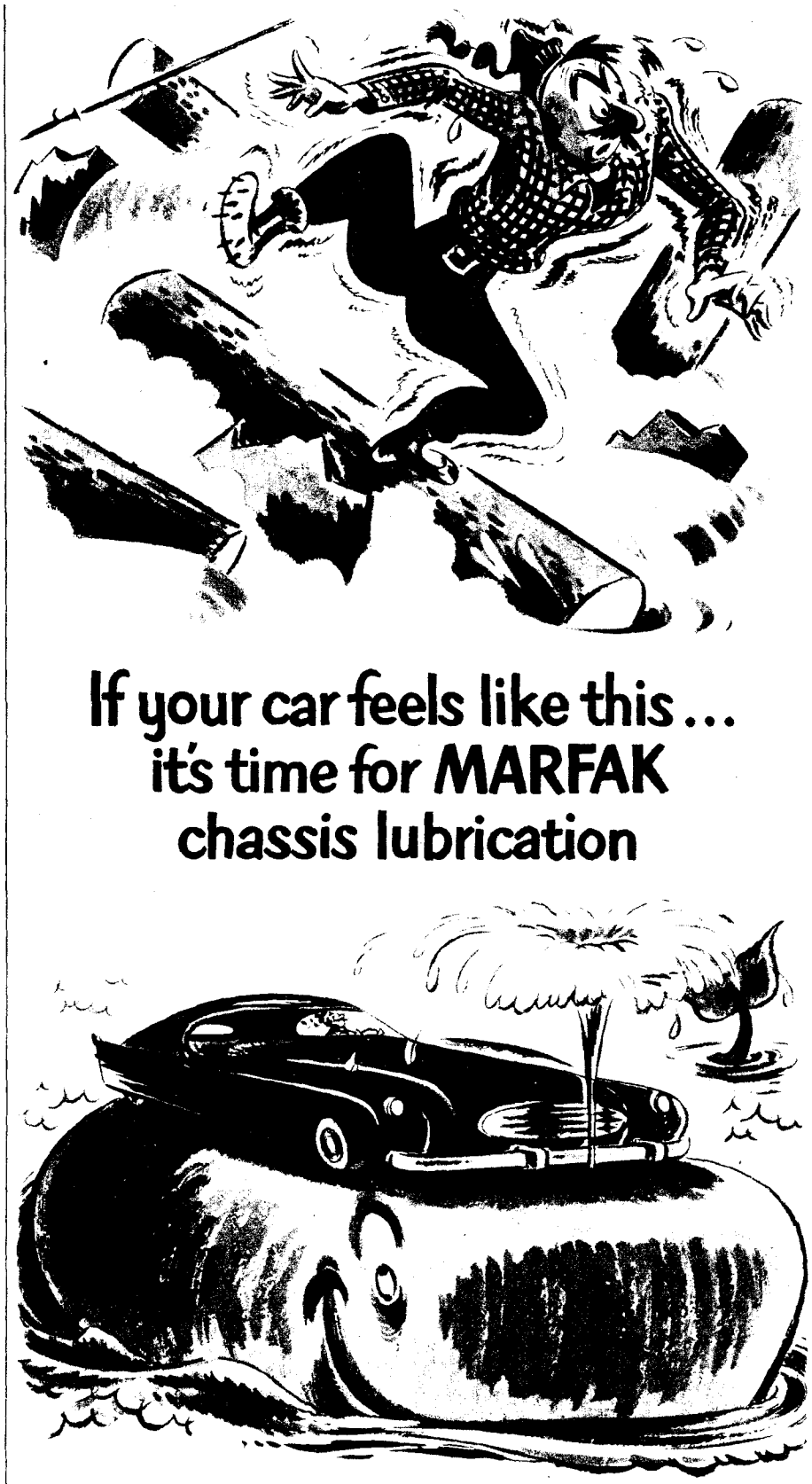
On August 1st, after 100 days of government, Kun was overthrown by trades' union leaders, who brought about a revolt in his little army. Kun fled by plane, and a government largely of trades' union leaders took "the power" with the usual liberal proclamations. This was Hungary's third revolution. Immediately I ordered large food shipments sent in, in accord with the Allied promise.

As Kun's army had dissolved, there was now no possible resistance to the invading Romanians, who then decided to occupy Budapest. The Big Four issued orders to the Romanians to stop, and reissued them again on August 4th. That day I protested to the Big Four at the Serbians' holding up food which we had arranged to be sent from them to Hungary. On August 5th the Romanian army occupied Budapest in defiance of direct orders of the Big Four.

Then began a regime equally as horrible as Bela Kun's. The Romanian army looted

"Well, if it ain't doll-face back from passing the buck—let's hope you brought back some *change* this time"

COLLIER'S — HENRY PIEPER



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the Hungarian capital in good old medieval style. They even took our supplies from the children's hospitals. They looted art galleries, private houses, banks, railway rolling stock, machinery, farm animals—in fact, everything movable which Bela Kun had not previously collected.

The Romanians finally gave an ultimatum to the Hungarians, ordering them to deliver at once 20,000 carloads of food for Romania. That is where I came in again. On August 6th the Allied representatives, at the inspiration of Captain Gregory, who was in Budapest, made a strong joint protest, and I sent a vigorous protest to the Big Four.

Still Another Revolution

That same day, with the undoubted help of the Romanian army, the Archduke Joseph (a Hapsburg) threw out the trades' union government and seized "the power" —thus bringing about by *coup d'état* the fourth Hungarian revolution. I always suspected the influence of the Romanian Royal House—part of the trade-union of kings.

Now we were confronted with three problems in Hungary: the looting by the Romanian army, the return of the Hapsburgs to power, and food supply. It seemed an ironic consequence of a war directed at putting the Hohenzollerns and Hapsburgs out of power. All the surrounding new states began to shiver in their boots. They raised a cry to Paris of "No Return of the Hapsburgs."

The Big Four appointed four generals to proceed to Budapest "to examine and report," and also, on August 7th, asked the Romanians if they intended to defy the Allies. Then they rested for some days from further exertion. And while the generals were filing documents, the 1,000,000 people of Budapest were desperate for food; children were dying; the Romanians continued to seize all food coming to the city from the countryside.

My men brought in 250 tons of food which Captain Charles Leach distributed to 25,000 children on August 10th.

The four generals, meanwhile, discussed, reported and examined, discussed and reported, and finally issued ultimatums, reprimands and indignations to the Romanians.

The Romanians continued to plunder the city. On the morning of August 21st, I was called by the Big Four to give further advice. I told them that trains carrying the food requisitioned by the Romanians were passing out of Hungary as fast as possible, and that I felt that this could be prevented only if Allied military missions sent agents to frontier points to stop the shipments. I urged that the requisitioned supplies be turned back to Budapest to feed its people.

I also suggested that the Big Four instruct its representatives in Budapest to call the Archduke Joseph before them and say that his government could never be accepted or recognized. Such action might induce the archduke to step aside and invite the social democrats to form a coalition government.

I was asked to draft such an instruction, which I did with zest, and presented it at the afternoon session of the Big Four. There was some hesitation about adopting it for fear that it was too direct and that the archduke would defy the Big Four. I countered by saying that he was probably still under the impression that the Allies had armies of 10,000,000 men and that his Romanian military support was a weak reed. Finally I was directed to send a telegram over our own wires to Captain Gregory for delivery to the archduke in person.

Archduke Asked to Resign

The message read in part: "In the interests of European peace the Allied and Associated Governments must insist that the present claimant to the headship of the Hungarian State should resign, and that a Government in which all parties are represented should be elected by the Hungarian People."

At this point the advantages of our organization's special communications system came into full play. Since telegraph and telephone connections between former enemy areas and Allied areas were not

COLLIER'S

"I want just enough chopped beef to give three cups of bread crumbs some flavor"

CHARLES PEARSON

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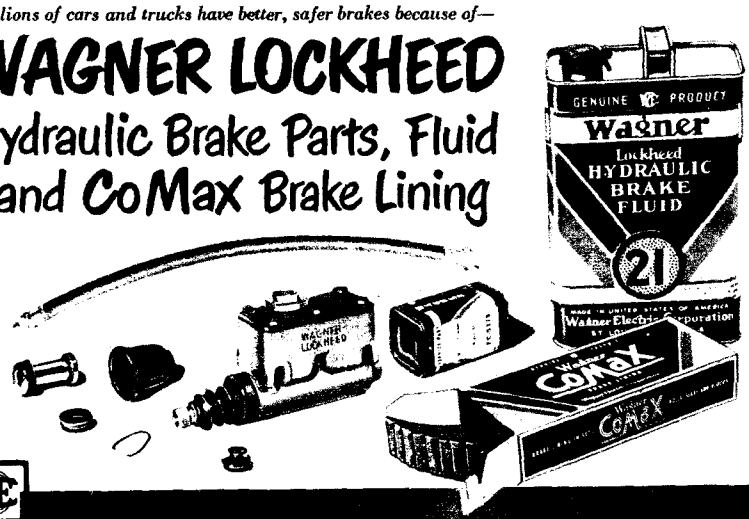


Wagner

really re-established until after the peace, during the Armistice telegraph messages, if possible at all, had to be sent to a border—in many cases, walked across—paid for, and relayed to the next frontier.

It sometimes took a week to get a message from Paris to Warsaw—if it arrived at all. Each government was suspicious of the others and maintained a host of censors.

I had asked the Allied, neutral, liberated and enemy governments to assign to us telegraph circuits between capitals, ports and other major points, to be operated by American doughboys. As suspicion and censorship were still fully alive, I pledged that all our telegrams would be *en clair* and that their officials could read the whole lot at their leisure.

Every government responded at once except the French, who insisted that our communications go to and from the French frontier through their regular system, including censorship. As that system was slower than mail, we had been stumped until General Pershing as usual solved our problem by using his own men to build a line connecting our offices in Paris with his French headquarters, which had its own line to Cologne, Germany. At Cologne, we connected with all our Continental circuits.

Thus we could reach every important city from Helsingfors to Constantinople in a few minutes, while also dodging the delays of the French censor.

New Use for American Slang

But the *en clair* provision rose to create trouble for us. Our men needed to transmit to me confidential material from government officials all over Europe, and to express their own candid opinions of such officials. As a result, they resorted to American slang of the Army, baseball, football, colleges, stock markets and service clubs.

Slang dead for 50 years came to life. One American Minister became Casey, in tribute to his usefulness at the bat. Another lives in the record as "the Cocktail Eater." Two European statesmen figured as "Mutt and Jeff."

Captain Gregory's slang amplification of *en clair* language topped them all. On August 23d, replying to my message of the day before suggesting the Hungarian archduke's exit, he wired:

"Archie on the carpet 7 P.M. Went through the hoop at 7:05 P.M."

I had this message translated into more formal language and sent to Premier Clemenceau, chairman of the Big Four. Our messenger showed the Old Tiger the original, commenting that this was the decline and fall of the last of the Hapsburgs. Clemenceau, having been a reporter on a New York newspaper, needed no translation. He seized the original as a war "memento."

A new and representative ministry was set up in Budapest. This was Hungarian revolution number five in eight months.

As the 1919 harvest was now coming in, our mission in Hungary was finished. When we recalled our staff, the four generals were still arguing with the Romanians over continued plundering.

There were two subsequent echoes. On September 23d, the Big Four ordered a blockade of Romania until its army withdrew from Hungary and accounted for their plunder. They withdrew, but the accounting for plunder was mostly words. In any event, they had, in eastern European morals, full justification for it in view of the ravaging of Romania by Germany and Hungary during the war.

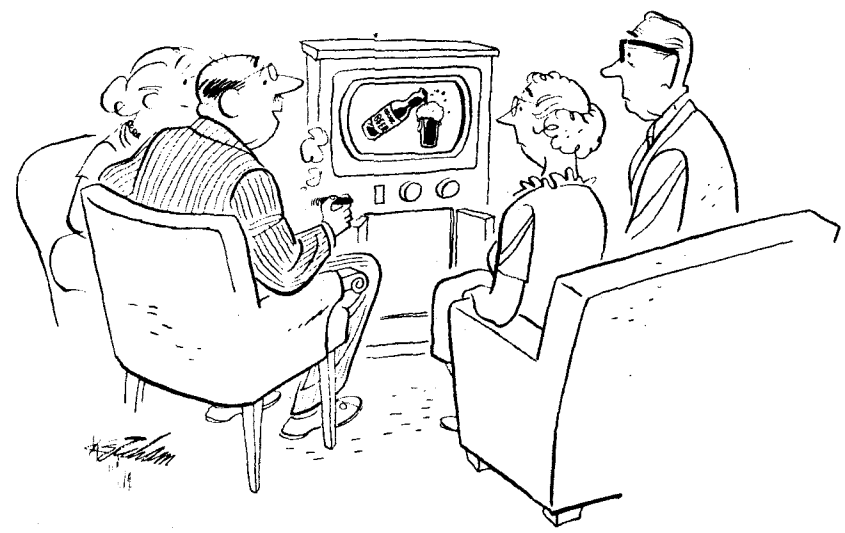
Queen Marie Waxes Indignant

At the last stages of the German-Hungarian retreat from Romania before the Armistice, those armies had carried off the Romanians' food, their animals, their industrial equipment, and practically all their railway rolling stock. I often wondered how amiable Americans would have been to an enemy if we had suffered in this fashion. Such thoughts certainly might temper our judgment of the Romanians. But at that time we were furnishing railway equipment and food to Romania, and certainly I was glad enough that they recovered more railway rolling stock from Hungary.

And now comes a queen across this stage. After I had left for the United States, a 1,200-word letter reached me in New York from Queen Marie of Romania. The letter was written wholly in longhand; the ink itself sputtered her indignation. She accused me of being a traitor to the Allied cause, siding with Hungary against Romania; she was long in her explanations of her own righteous conduct and my evil mind. The letter may someday become a collector's item.

The use of reprisal-by-plunder by her supposedly civilized country, the deaths that flowed from it, the weakening of that decency which we so hoped would be the reward for America's sacrifice, went unmentioned among the lady's views.

Some time later, in the twenties, when the queen visited Washington on an advertising tour and the hope of raising a loan for Romania, she did not invite me to call. Thus I did not have to refuse. That journey, however, had some high lights. She paid few of the bills for her special train and for hotels. Her advance agents implanted the idea in each city visited that it was customary for visiting queens to receive some memento of the visit. She



COLLIER'S

"It makes me thirsty, too. How about a glass of water?"

HANK KETCHAM

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COLLIER'S

"Come in, sir! Come in! Glad to meet ya! Insurance is my line! Happen to have a day off, but maybe I can interest y'in . . . !"

CHARLES SHARMAN

received many watches, rings and solitaire stones.

At Philadelphia, at a gala reception of the best gowns and dress suits in the city, the mayor with great feeling presented her with a beautifully beribboned box. With girl-like enthusiasm, she untied its wrappings, only to discover that it contained a smaller and beautifully beribboned box. Again a smaller box, and so on until a final and very small box. That contained a splinter of the floor of Independence Hall. The mayor glowed and expounded his conviction "of how" she would value it above all "jew-ells" because of the ties of liberty, freedom and humanity which bound our two countries. I have never heard that the queen blamed this on me.

In preparing this description of our operations throughout Europe I refreshed my mind by looking at the dusty files of those days—thousands of dossiers on different subjects and incidents, reports, telegrams, letters, figures, memorandums—a medley of dead and dry information.

It came over me again and again that Americans have never seen real famine in their homeland. It is impossible for one who has never seen the real thing to picture it: the pallid faces; the unsmiling eyes; the thin and bloated children; the dead pall over towns where children no longer play in the streets; the empty shops; the listless movements and dumb grief of the women; the sweep of contagious diseases and the unending procession of funerals.

Old Papers That Come to Life

In the midst of all these old records, the tendrils of memory begin to clothe them with life. These frayed papers throb with messages of human emotion. They portray vividly courage, sympathy, tenderness, horror, determination, pride of accomplishment and hope.

But I fear that such a response can come only to me. For I alone can today draw emotion from a dry telegram from Lieutenant George P. Harrington saying, "This special train of food has encountered blown-up tracks and bridges. Will be delayed some days."

That is all that the record shows, but I see that long-delayed train en route to save a half million lives in Riga. I see Harrington, with two American sergeants, urging the train along. I see the flatcar, which they were pushing ahead of the slow-moving train for safety, jumping the rails. I see them rushing for help to repair the track. I see them and their crew shove the pilot car over the embankment. I see them hurrying to gather carts from the villages and farms, passing through the actual fire of a raging battle. And I see Harrington in an empty boxcar, by the light of a guttering candle, slowly picking out on his typewriter, with one finger, this very telegram.

The Men Who "Suggested"

And from the dry words of many men—"I visited," "I called upon," "I suggested,"—I know that the way Colonel Goodyear, Colonel William R. Grove, Captain Chauncey McCormick, Colonel William N. Haskell, and Captain John C. Groome stopped renewed fighting in Europe was not by politeness. For, knowing the men, I know that when they "suggested" there was no mistake in somebody's mind as to what they meant. I know the language they really used.

Somehow, when Americans get into Army uniform, the human spark goes out of their written reports. Yet sometimes even they break over the peculiarly stilted style of the services. Captain John C. Miller's long-hand says: "Hell has been to this place. It is still here. Twenty-five per cent of the children in this town have died in the last two months." Or Captain Gregory's summary: "Anybody who likes Communists, Germans or war in general ought to come here." Or Colonel Groome's message: "It makes me sick to go on the streets and see these kids." Or this from A. E. Peden: "We can count food in calories but we have no way to measure human misery." But perhaps all this means little to anyone else.

And yet within all this mass of paper, thousands of little items give evidence that we succeeded, that starving people had not held out their hands in vain. This makes these old yellowing papers live.

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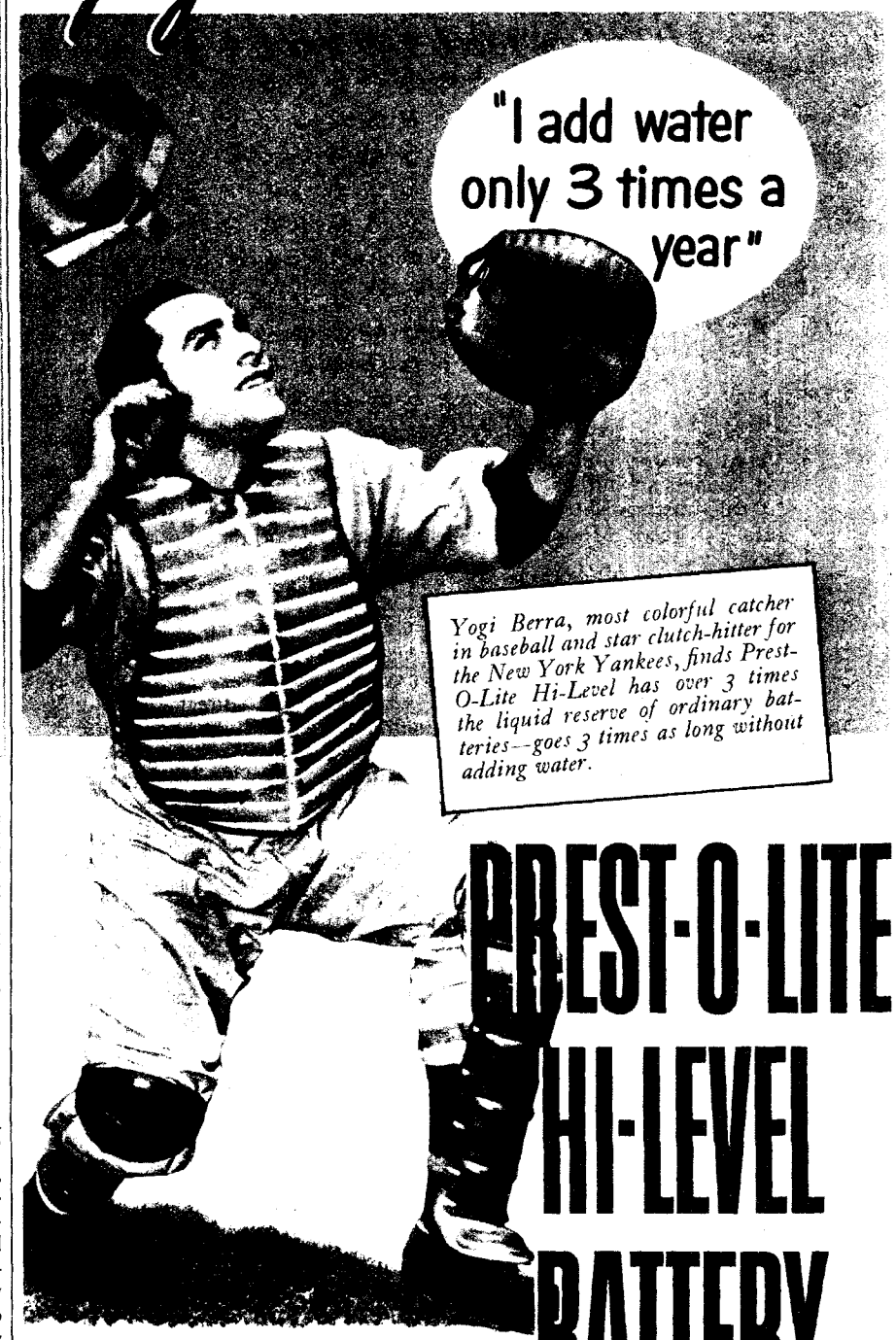

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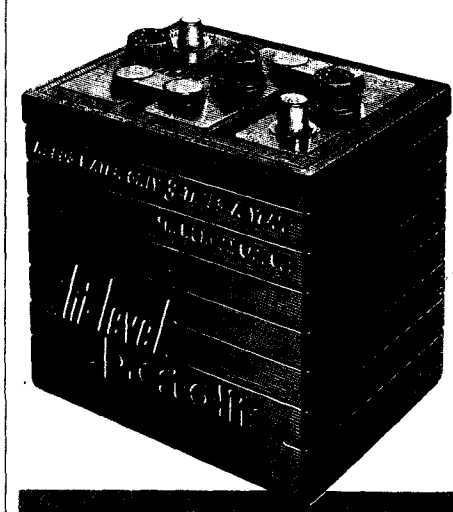

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The Long-haired Shortstop

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 28

Papa was arranging a chair by the window, and I noticed that the shade was all the way up. There was a safety pin in his mouth, and when he turned to face me, he reached out two fingers like a pair of scissors to measure the length of my hair. It was long, all right. Papa nodded to himself.

"You mother was right," he said, talking *with the pin in his mouth.*

"About what?" I asked him.

Papa took the pin out of his mouth. "You need a haircut, that's about what."

"Not today, Papa," I said, backing away. "We got a big game on."

"Sit down here," Papa said, not paying any attention to me, and he brushed the chair off with the napkin he was going to pin around my neck. I put my cap and glove on the table and glanced up at the clock. I sat down in the chair, knowing it was useless to argue with Papa. It would only make matters worse. I would have to go to the game by myself.

AFTER he'd pinned the napkin tight around my neck, he sharpened Mama's big sewing scissors on the Carborundum stone. He made a few experimental snips at the air, and the scissors clicked slowly, not with the swift, chattering rhythm of Tony the barber's. He turned the chair around and then twisted my head till my left profile faced the window and the light.

"We do the left side first," Papa said. He untangled my hair with the comb and squinted at my head, planning his strategy. He snipped a big cluster of hair over my ear, but it pulled and made me jump.

"Sit still!" Papa yelled, hitting me with the back of his scissors hand. "You want I'm cut your ear off?"

I sat there with my hands in my lap. Papa came at me again, snipping, the scissors a pair of tongs that kept pulling my hair out by the roots. He was working his way up my head. In a little while it felt cool around my ear, and the floor was covered with tiny black fans of hair.

"All right," Papa said, running a brush over the bristles that stuck to his shirt. "Turn around. Now we do the other side."

I turned around in my chair, letting the light hit the right side of my face. I stretched my neck. There wasn't enough room for a little finger between the napkin and my neck, and I could feel the blood being squeezed up. While Papa undid the pin and snapped the napkin out the window, I felt my head. Where Papa had just finished cutting, it felt stubby, as if a thousand needles were sticking my fingers; on the other side it felt shaggy.

"It feels better now, huh?" Papa said. "And you think a barber cuts it better?"

I didn't say anything. I looked down at my shoes that Papa had half-soled a couple of weeks before, the toes pointing up at me and mocking me. Like his shoe-soling, there was always the stamp of amateurishness and poverty about one of Papa's haircuts.

"And these barbers want a quarter!" Papa went on, scoffing. "For what?"

I still didn't say anything, because when Papa gets started on how much money we waste for movies and church, for candy and food, and for barbers and cobblers, there's nothing you can do but make out you're listening and think about something else.

"You know what a quarter is?" Papa asked; and while he was pinning the napkin back around my neck, he told me: a quarter was a pound of salami, two pounds of macaroni, three pounds of peppers; it was the rent for half a day, and it was the light bill for a week. "That's what a quarter is!" he ended, picking up the comb and scissors to start on the other side.

He clicked the scissors over my head a few times, trying them out, but before he could snip off the first cluster of hair, Mama opened the door and came into the kitchen. She was all dressed up.

"No job, Patsy?" Mama asked Papa, taking off her gloves.

"No," Papa said, frowning at her, looking her up and down, from the shine in her patent-leather shoes to the feather in her black hat. "Where you was?"

"I went to church," Mama said.

"Church? For what? For confess?"

Mama turned her back and laughed, taking off her hat. "I went for a job."

Papa looked crossways at her, suspiciously. "A job? Whatch you mean?"

"I lit a candle for you—to get a job."

"A candle!"

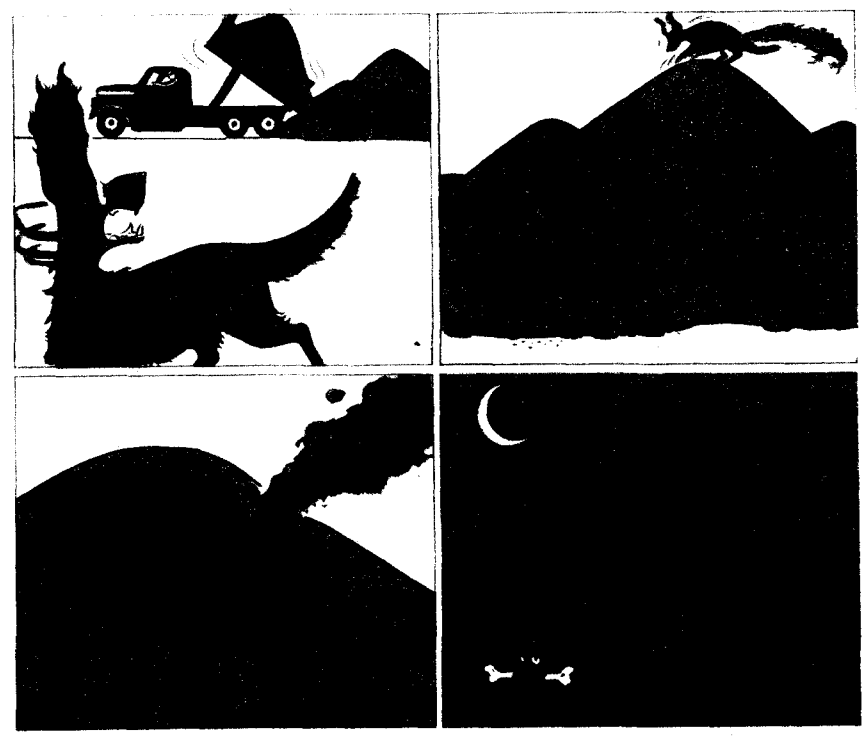
"A small candle," Mama said, showing him with her fingers how little it was.

"I'm no need a candle to get a job! I get my own job!"

"But is a whole month now, Patsy."

"So what I care is a whole month! And

CLANCY



COLLIER'S JOHN RUGE

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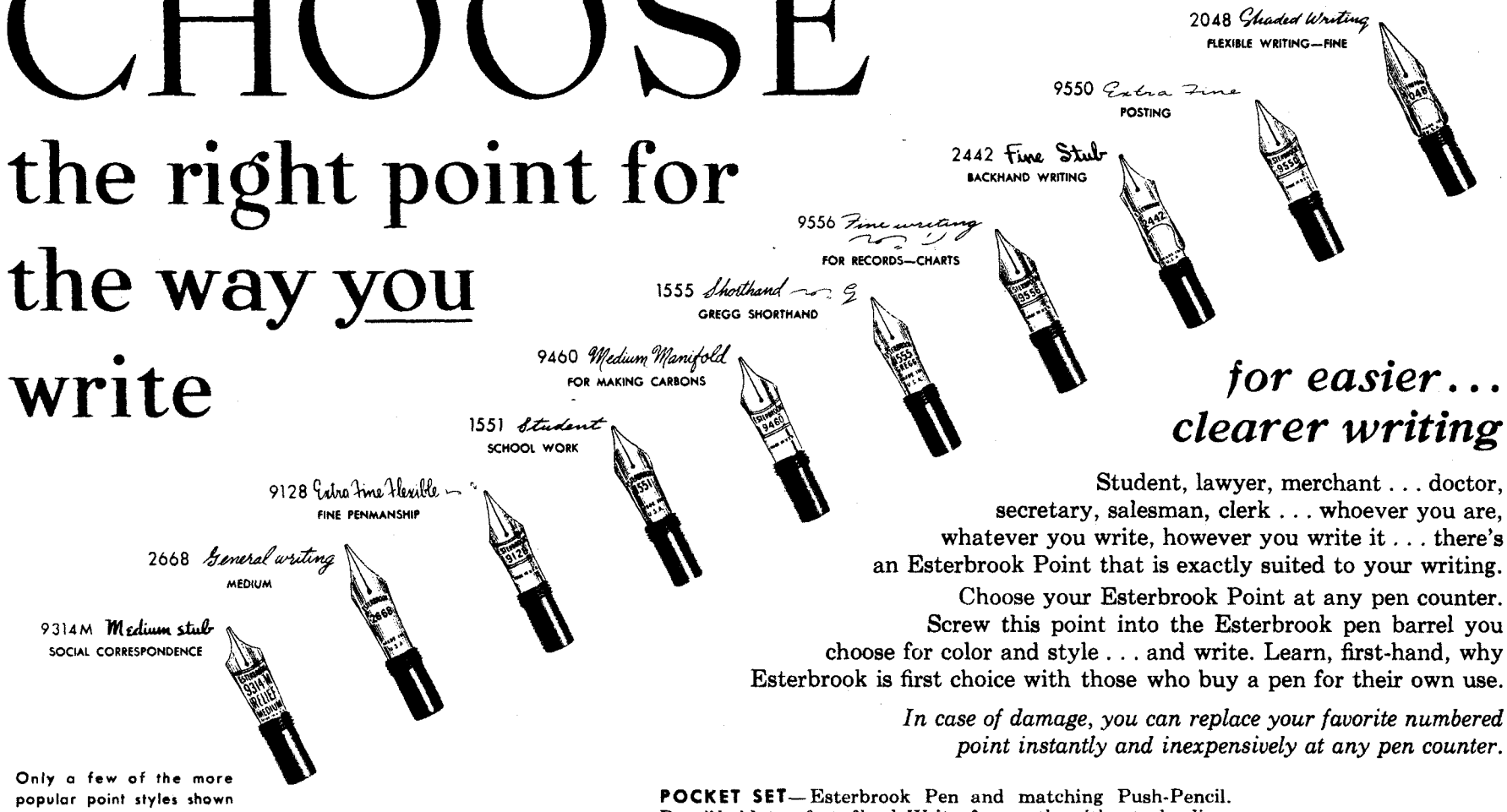

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now you think the candle get me a job? You craze!"

"We see who's craze," Mama said.

"We see nothing!" Papa shouted; and then, as if the idea had suddenly come to him, he walked over slowly to her and said, "How much you pay the candle?"

"How much?"

"How much, *managgio il diavolo!*"

"Patsy, no curse. I pay a quarter."

"A quarter!" Papa flung the comb to the floor. If Mama had said fifty cents, or even a dollar, it wouldn't have been so bad, but Papa had just got through telling me all about the power of a quarter. Mama sat down at the table to take off her good shoes, ignoring Papa, which was the only sensible thing to do in the situation.

"Sangue di la Madonna!" Papa yelled, flinging his hands in the air; and while I sat there itching and choking, with one side of my head looking like a convict's and the other like a sheep dog's, Papa stormed up and down the hairy kitchen floor, cursing every saint in the calendar; and finally, when he ran out of saints, he threw the scissors through the dining-room doorway and they pinwheeled all the way into the front room before they stopped. Then, without looking at me or Mama, he flew out of the kitchen, slamming the door so hard that his longshoreman's hook fell to the floor at Mama's feet.

"He's be all right when he gets a job," Mama said, shaking her head.

"Mama," I cried, kicking my hair all over the kitchen, "is Papa coming back?"

"Sure, he's come back. He's go to the café."

"I mean is he coming right away!" I yelled, pulling my long hair to show her. "I got a ball game today. How do you expect me to play like this!"

I rushed to the mirror over the sink, and I looked even worse than I'd thought. There was no hair at all on the left side, and the right side looked even longer than it had before, on account of the contrast.

"No worry, Joey," Mama said. "I fix it."

"You don't know how to cut hair, Mama!"

"I cut it," Mama said, and she started off for the front room to look for the scissors. I punched my glove, wishing it was Papa's face. What did he care about me or about a baseball game? Money—that was all he ever thought about. And Mama—why did she have to go and spend a quarter on a candle at a time like this? I stood in front of the mirror, fixing the cap over the left side so that Papa's butchery wouldn't show too much. With the cap way over, you couldn't tell a thing. The cap, without all the hair, felt loose on my head.

"Joey," Mama called to me from the front room, "help me look the scissors."

"I got no time now, Mama. I gotta go." I took off my shirt, which was full of hair and itched, put on a clean one, and ran out of the house.

THE Franklin Avenue trolley was crowded with people going to Coney Island and Prospect Park. I stood on the back platform, holding my cap against the strong breezes that blew when the trolley got going on the long streets of Flatbush. Standing alongside of me were a few kids in baseball suits, some of them with varnished bats and spiked shoes over their shoulders. One of the kids must have been a pitcher: one of the toes was reinforced with metal, like Petey's. I pulled my cap over more, took a stick of gum out of my pocket, and chewed it big, like a big-leaguer with a chunk of tobacco in his jaw. No one seemed to notice my hair.

At Park Circle I got off with the other kids and began looking around for my team, going from diamond to diamond. There must have been more than a dozen games going on, all at the same time, with hundreds of people watching each one. At last, way off on the other side of the grounds, I spotted the dull red caps of the Tigers and the bright scarlet caps of the Cubs, and I started to run toward them, hoping that the game hadn't started. When I got closer, I was relieved to see that it was only practice—and Benny Sennella, a little sawed-off runt who couldn't hit a slow basketball, was throwing them to first on a bounce from deep short. Petey saw me coming on the run.

"Come on, Joey!" he called through his hands. "We're starting in five minutes!"

I stopped in front of Petey, all out of breath.

"What held you up?"

I WAS about to tell him about the haircut, but I thought better of it. For something like this, the kids can rib you for the rest of your life and you wind up with a permanent nickname like Two-Head or Hair-Ball, or something like that that you can never live down. "I had to go to the store for my old man," I said.

"Well, get in there at short," he said, pushing me into the field and waving Benny in at the same time. Benny passed me on his way to the bench; he was mad that I'd showed up, because he was our only substitute and the only chance he had to play was when somebody didn't show. His pants were streaked with dirt from too much sliding, which was all Benny was good for. But it takes a lot more than sliding to win a ball game, and Petey knew it. And we had five bucks, all the club's funds, riding on the game.

"Okay, Joey," Petey yelled, batting a ball right at me. It was a topped ball, and I trapped it smoothly, moving one step to my left and tossing easily to Stretch Amato at first. Petey slashed the next one over the pitcher's box and I started to charge the ball, but the sudden motion nearly blew my cap off and I let it go through to the outfield.

"Get the lead out, Joey!"

Petey hit another one to me, and one more to each of the basemen, and then the Cubs took over for the last practice. Since they were the ones who had got the permit from the Parks Department to play, they were the home team. They looked good in their uniforms, but some of them looked like they were already shaving and awfully old to be playing on a kids' team. Lefty Fischetti, the Cubs' string-bean pitcher, came over to Petey rubbing a baseball between his hands.

"Would you like to bet two bucks on the side, Petey? A little umpire money?"

"You're on," Petey said, and Lefty walked back to the box, winking back at Ange Claro, his big catcher.

Sitting on the bench, I noticed the crowd for the first time. There must have been two hundred people watching us, maybe three hundred, and for all any of us knew, there might be a scout from Brooklyn among them, just happening to be looking things over. Cokey Benson, an old-time minor-league ballplayer, was standing behind Lefty, watching him slant them in. . . .

"Play ball!"

These were the most magical words in baseball, and now you could feel the excitement and tension on the team. This, our first time together against an organized club, was the most important game of our lives. We knew we were only a warm-up game for the Cubs before they tackled the stronger opposition around the neighborhood, but they were going to be in for a big surprise. Petey put his arm around my shoulder.

"You lead off, Joey. But wait Lefty out a little so we can see what he's got on the ball."

"Right, Petey." I picked up two bats and started swinging them, and before I stepped up to the plate, I quickly made a sign of the cross. Now a steady chatter sprang up from the Cub infield.

"Right behind you, Lefty boy, Lefty boy . . . One away, Lefty boy, Lefty boy . . . Right in there, Lefty boy, Lefty boy . . ."

SHOULDERING my bat and crouching slightly, I watched the ball, loose in Lefty's fingers. Lefty nodded okay to the signal from his catcher, his right leg came up, and the ball shot in, breaking into me close. It was inside by a foot, but Cokey's right arm was up in the air.

"Strike!"

I started to make a beef, but nobody on our bench was up to support me and I kept quiet. The chattering in the infield got worse and Ange Claro was halfway up to the pitcher's box, his mask on top of his head, shouting something to Lefty and making a confident fist with his hand. Lefty calmly looked around at his outfield, rubbing the ball between his hands and taking his time.

He was trying to rattle me with his semipro tricks and so I stepped out of the batter's box to worry him a little. I'd show him he wasn't pitching to Benny Sennella. I hit the sides of my shoes with the handle of the bat, as if they were cleated and full of mud, and walked back to the batter's box. I tugged the cap tighter on my head, waiting. Lefty's next pitch nearly hit me on the wrists.

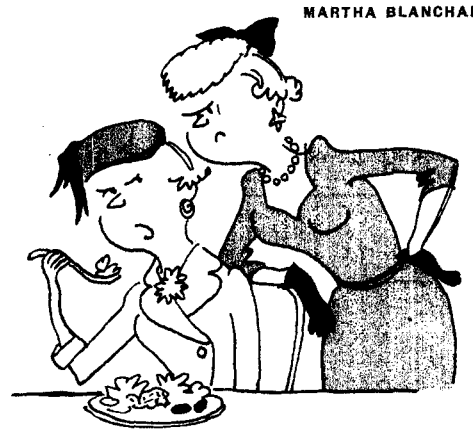
"Ball!"

Now my side was shouting encouragement to me. I knew I could hit Lefty, but I was going to wait him out the way Petey had asked me to. The next two pitches were in the dirt, but the one after that was right through the middle. It was three-and-two, the end of the string.

Both teams were yelling now. The bat felt slippery in my hands and I stooped down to pick up two fistfuls of pebbly dirt. The pay-off pitch was coming up, and I knew I could hit it. Now I had forgotten all about my half-haircut, about Papa's cheapness, Mama's extravagance—everything. Only the game counted now.

I dug in, spinning a hole into the ground with my right toe for leverage. Lefty's leg came up and I choked my bat to meet his pitch, starting my swing at the instant the

MARTHA BLANCHARD



Fountain Lunch

Madam, please remove your pallid
Features from my chicken salad,
It is understood this high chair
Will be *your* chair after *my* chair,
But I cannot see that beating
On my neck will spur my eating,
And despite your "ho" and "humming,"
I've got chocolate layer cake coming,
May I say statistics show where
***Battery* will get you nowhere,**
Yesterday, need I remind you,
You ate lunch with me behind you!

—LYLA BLAKE

● Anything that punctures your tube must go *through* your casing. You have the tube repaired, but what do you do about the FIRST hole . . . the one in the casing? Never neglect it!

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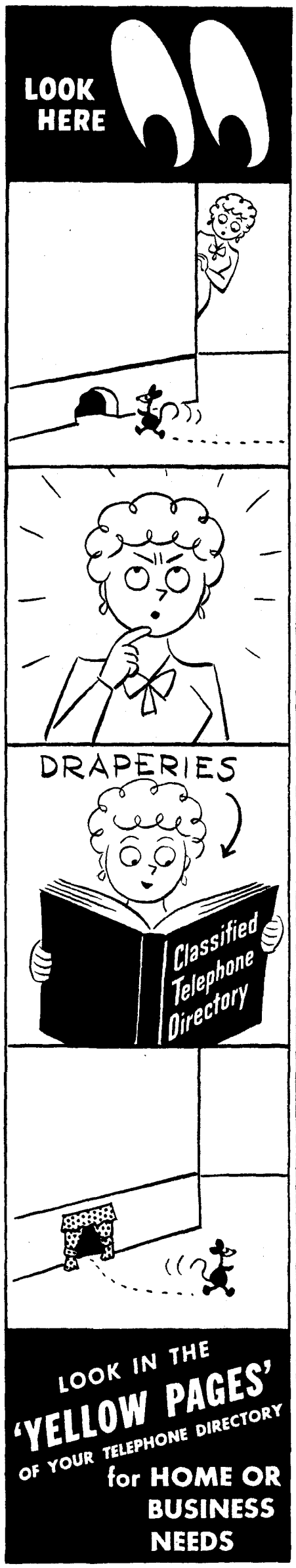
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ball left his hand, gauging the speed of the ball and the break of the curve. But Lefty crossed me up with a change-of-pace slow ball.

"Hit it!" the catcher shouted into my ear.

I started to swing early for it, pulled back my bat for a second cut at the ball, swung with all my might and missed the ball by a yard, turning completely around and falling to the ground. Everybody was laughing at me. I picked myself up, dusted my pants, and reached down for my cap. The laughing got louder and louder.

Standing there with my cap in my hand, I knew why.

"Hey, Squirrel-Head!" Ange Claro shouted, coming over and rubbing my head for luck. The crowd roared.

"Sit down, Squirrel-Head," somebody in the crowd yelled, "and let's look at the rest of the zoo!"

Not looking up at any of the team, I put on my cap and walked to the bench. Petey came over and sat down beside me, smoking a cigarette in quick puffs to show me how mad he was. Dominick was at the plate now and the Cubs were all yelling for him to take his cap off so they could see what he looked like. With all the riding, Dominick struck out on three pitched balls. Flicking his cigarette away toward Lefty, Petey, our long-ball hitter, stepped up to the plate.

"I'll show you guys how to hit!"

He scratched angrily in the batter's box with his cleats, and then faced Lefty. In his anxiousness he bit for one that broke a yard wide of the plate, and Lefty smiled at him.

"How about another side bet?" he called past his glove.

Petey didn't answer him. He swung wildly at two more bad pitches—one in the dirt and one over his head—and he threw his bat in disgust toward the bench, almost hitting me. It wasn't intentional, but everybody could see how mad he was.

"Come on now," he said, looking right at me. "You guys better get in the ball game!"

THERE wasn't much pepper in the infield now as the first baseman threw us the ball. Petey was on the mound, burning them in with all the mad speed he had. He was a good pitcher, and if he didn't go wild the Cubs would never be able to touch him. The ball exploded furiously in the hollow of Frankie Grillo's mitt.

The first batter to face Petey couldn't duck away soon enough from his fast ball and got hit in the ribs. The second batter sacrificed him to second—and that brought up Ange Claro. Of all the sand-lot players around, Ange was the one who had the makings of a big-leaguer. He was fast, he had the height and weight, and he could hit any kind of pitching: fast, slow, or fancy.

"Okay," Ange called to Petey, pounding the plate just once with his bat, "let's see that fast ball."

Petey threw it and Ange lit into it. The ball came bounding fast, right at me. But instead of charging the ball, I backed a step away from the sizzling speed of it, and it hit the big finger of my glove, rolling a foot away from me. Knowing that Ange was a fast runner, I scrambled after the ball, got my hand on it, dropped it again because I was overanxious, picked it up, and threw it ten feet over the first baseman's head. Before Stretch could get the ball, one run was over the plate and Ange was standing up with both feet on second base, as though he were on top of the world.

My cap was on the ground and everybody was laughing again. I walked over to it, shook the dust out of it, and screwed it around tight on my head.

"How was that, Squirrel-Head?" Ange called to me, but I just stood deep at shortstop, kicking stones and looking down. When I looked up, Petey and Frankie were talking on the pitcher's mound. Petey was punching the ball in his glove, sore. Then he waved to the bench and Benny Sennella came running across the infield, his brand-new cleats kicking up clouds of dust.

"Play short," Petey said to Benny, motioning me off the field with his glove. I walked off with my head down, listening to the wisecracks of the Cubs and the crowd. I sat on the bench alone, hiding the right side of my face in my glove and watching the game.

Petey was getting wilder and he walked the next two batters, loading the bases. Time was called and Petey looked over at me, as if he was blaming me for all the trouble he was in. Our whole team got into a huddle on the pitcher's mound; and in the excitement of loaded bases, knowing that nobody would miss me, I got up and edged my way through the crowd. My heart wasn't in the game any more and I didn't care what happened, win or lose.

TO KILL time and to be able to brood by myself, I wandered around the Prospect Park lake for a couple of hours until the sole of my right shoe came loose. I left the park and crossed the street to the Botanical Gardens, but by this time the sole of my shoe was scuffling and slapping loudly along the ground.

I sat down on the grass and ripped the loose sole off, cursing Papa for humiliating me with his barbering and his cobbling, cursing Mama for lighting the candle when Papa was doing his best to keep the family together, cursing the stevedoring company for laying Papa off, cursing whoever dreamed up the game of baseball, cursing Park Circle and the kind of people who went there, cursing Cokey Benson for calling the first pitch a strike, which might have changed the whole picture, cursing myself mostly for being dumb enough to play a game of baseball with half a haircut.

It was late afternoon when I started walking back home, seven miles away. When I reached the Basin two hours later, the long walk and the fresh air had taken most of the poison out of my system and I felt better. It must have been suppertime, because there was nobody around the block. Suddenly, thinking about supper, I felt very hungry and I walked quickly toward the house, past the café.

"Joey!"

It was Papa. He was standing in the doorway of the café, just looking at me. He was probably going to bawl me out for staying out late, for missing supper. I was hungry, but can you call it supper when you get a dish of slimy mussels that nobody but Papa could eat anyway; or watch a pot-ful of snails being boiled alive, their horns sticking out of the boiling water like two arms lifted to God to help them; or can you go on eating dandelions, as if you were a cow; or spaghetti with no meat sauce, seasoned only with pieces of garlic?

I stood there, waiting for Papa to come to me. "Come over here, Joey," he said. "I'm no bite you."

I started the other way, toward the house. "I'm going upstairs."

"I said come over here."

I went over. Papa was smoking a cigar and there was a strong smell of wine around him. The cigar and the wine was Papa's way of getting back at Mama, his spite answer to her for buying the candle—and *we* were the money wasters! Oh, it was all right for him to smoke and drink, but he couldn't give his kids a decent pair of shoes or a legitimate haircut, like everybody else got.

"Where you was?"

"Playing ball."

"Till now?"

"No, I was walking around."

"Come on," Papa said, grabbing my arm. "Now you walk with me."

"Mama's waiting."

"I know she's wait," Papa said, walking me down the street. "She's keep the cutlets warm for you in the fry' pan."

"Cutlets? Tonight?"

Papa didn't answer me. He said, "I talk with Dominick and he say you no play."

"Petey took me out of the game."

"Dominick say the people laugh you."

WE CROSSED the street and I could feel the cobbles against my soleless shoe. "I don't care. Did Dominick tell you I lost the game for them?"

"No, Dominick say Petey lose the game. He's too wild craze. Everybody's walk, Dominick say, and they stop the game the fifth ninny because the score is too big."

"Is that what Dominick said, Papa?"

"Sure, that's what he's say. What I'm know about bazeball?"

Suddenly I stopped. "Papa, where are we going?"

"To Tony's barbershop. Where you think?"

"Tony's—?"

"Me and you get a haircut," Papa said. "I can't go to the job Monday I got no haircut."

"Papa, you got a job?"

Papa nodded his head and puffed his cigar. "This afternoon I got it."

"This afternoon? Mama's candle worked fast!"

"What candle?" Papa said, dragging me toward Tony's. "You craze just like you mother! I got the job myself!" THE END

KENNESAW

"Bessie always puts my soup in here to keep it warm"

COLLIER'S — REAMER KELLER

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Russia's Most Mysterious Colony

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15

of the mountains, the *Lek Dukagini,* which obliges the tough and primitive tribal hillmen to aid the oppressed.

Escapes, from beginning to end, are attempted only at night. In darkness, the sure-footed mountaineers can convoy refugees over perilous trails hacked in the sides of hills. Success has crowned most escape attempts so far, even to whole families with squalling children, household goods and livestock.

Only a day before we arrived at minareted Prizren, in southern Yugoslavia, close to the Albanian frontier, three families had crossed safely; we found them watering their animals outside the town.

Hajrillah Marku, a huge, barrel-chested man of forty, greeted us heartily as he shooed away thinly clad children and barefoot women dressed in long, patched black skirts.

"There's work to do," he shouted to his companions, pointing to a yoke of oxen. "Don't disturb us. I must talk to our friends who have come from far away."

They moved off obediently and Marku, pulling at his thick, drooping mustache, talked about the families' flight. All were related, but the menfolk of the other two families had been imprisoned at the beginning of the summer. The tax collectors had demanded 88 pounds of meat which they could not produce because they had hidden their supply.

"I had to provide for my relatives," Marku explained. "But I myself had not declared my two oxen. That would mean jail for me, too. To keep the families from starving, we had to escape. I had helped people over the mountains myself. So I told my friends we had to run away."

Without question, Marku's mountaineer countrymen collected the families, their bedding and animals. Marku's village is in a valley about 150 miles from the frontier. Walking from nightfall to dawn, the fugitives and their guides, who changed every 12 or 15 miles, required two weeks to negotiate the distance.

On the last stretch, over the craggy mountains abutting Yugoslavia, Marku carried two children in his arms and the three women each held one and helped guide the oxen. They kept their hands over the children's mouths and muzzled the oxen.

"We were very fortunate," said Marku. "Nobody saw or heard us."

What were his plans?

"Here we will work," he replied. "But one day we will go back to our village when there are no Hoxhas and no Shehus. They cannot last. We are patient men."

Hemmed In by Soviet Forces

Escape by ship or plane is out of the question. Sea and air approaches are Russian-controlled. Only Soviet military and transport planes are authorized to fly into Albania. They use the Tirana airport, the only field in Albania presently capable of handling anything bigger than a fighter plane. Occasional planes from Italy make clandestine runs over the country, usually on reconnaissance around the coast. They generally accomplish little more than to give the Russians an excuse to claim that the Western Powers are deliberately engaged in provocation.

Escapes over the mountains frequently involve pitched battles between Albanian security forces and refugees. In Greece, at a rutted crossroads where the Yugoslav, Albanian and Greek frontiers meet, we talked to two ex-sergeants who had shot their way to safety.

COLLIER'S

"I must confess, Mr. Alighieri, I haven't read any real poetry since Mother Goose"

WILLIAM VON RIEGEN

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COLLIER'S

"It rained my entire vacation. Boy, you talk about getting a good rest!"

DAVE GERARD

Rustem B. and Djorji S., rangy professional soldiers in their late twenties, told us they became fed up last May when Russian officers appeared and issued orders to their detachment. "Our own colonel was powerless," Rustem said. "He would listen to Russian lieutenants or captains and actually salute them. For us that was the end."

The two noncoms planned to lag behind in patrol, which was supposed to pause every 100 yards for a roll call. The sergeants drifted behind rocks and scrambled toward the frontier when their names were shouted.

"We didn't answer," Rustem recalled. "Then the patrol was commanded to fire at where we should have been. We continued toward the frontier, which was only a few hundred yards away. They heard us and fired at the spot we were climbing. We fired back and got away. Djorji had bad luck."

Djorji nodded and opened his shirt. A bullet had passed through his throat. He had managed to stanch the blood with his hands until he got to Greece.

"The Russians are everywhere around the border," he said hoarsely. "It gets harder every day to come across."

Six Aggressors That Failed

In trying to take over Albania, the Russians may find they've swallowed a hornets' nest. Russia is the seventh nation in the last 40 years of turbulent and intrigue-ridden Albanian political life to attempt to make a colony of this chunk of territory. The other six—Turkey, Austria, Serbia, Italy, Germany and Yugoslavia—got badly burned and lost everything they put into the country.

The Albanians' name for their country, *Shqiperia* (Land of the Eagles), is significant. Descendants of the ancient Illyrians with an Indo-European language, the Albanians disdain learning for fighting. Always illiterate—70 per cent of the population today cannot read or write—and clannish, they have been a nation of warriors.

The first occupiers, the Turks, who arrived in the late fifteenth century, gave up the idea of forcible pacification fairly quickly and instead enticed Albanians into their army. Albanians became the elite shock troops of the Ottoman armies, but this didn't prevent their countrymen from plotting and rebelling frequently at home.

After centuries of Turkish influence and counterplotting by neighboring Balkan countries and big powers, Albania declared its independence in 1912 with Austro-Hungarian support. During World War I, the Austrians were booted out and the nation fell into complete anarchy, as tribal chieftains set up their own local rule and fought one another and the contesting powers.

In 1920 the Italians muscled in and helped establish a provisional government which declared itself a republic four years later. One of the tribal leaders, Ahmed Zogu, was installed as Prime Minister.

Zogu backed the wrong hill chieftains in a dispute and was turned out of office within a year. He plotted his return with the connivance of the Italians and went back into office in 1925. Three years later he abbreviated his name to Zog and was proclaimed king.

Exiled by Italian Invasion

Under Zog, Albania played along with Fascist Italy. Finally, Mussolini, fearing Nazi expansion in Albania's direction, invaded the country, and Zog went into exile. The Italian occupation was mild and slipshod until midway in World War II, when Mussolini was deposed.

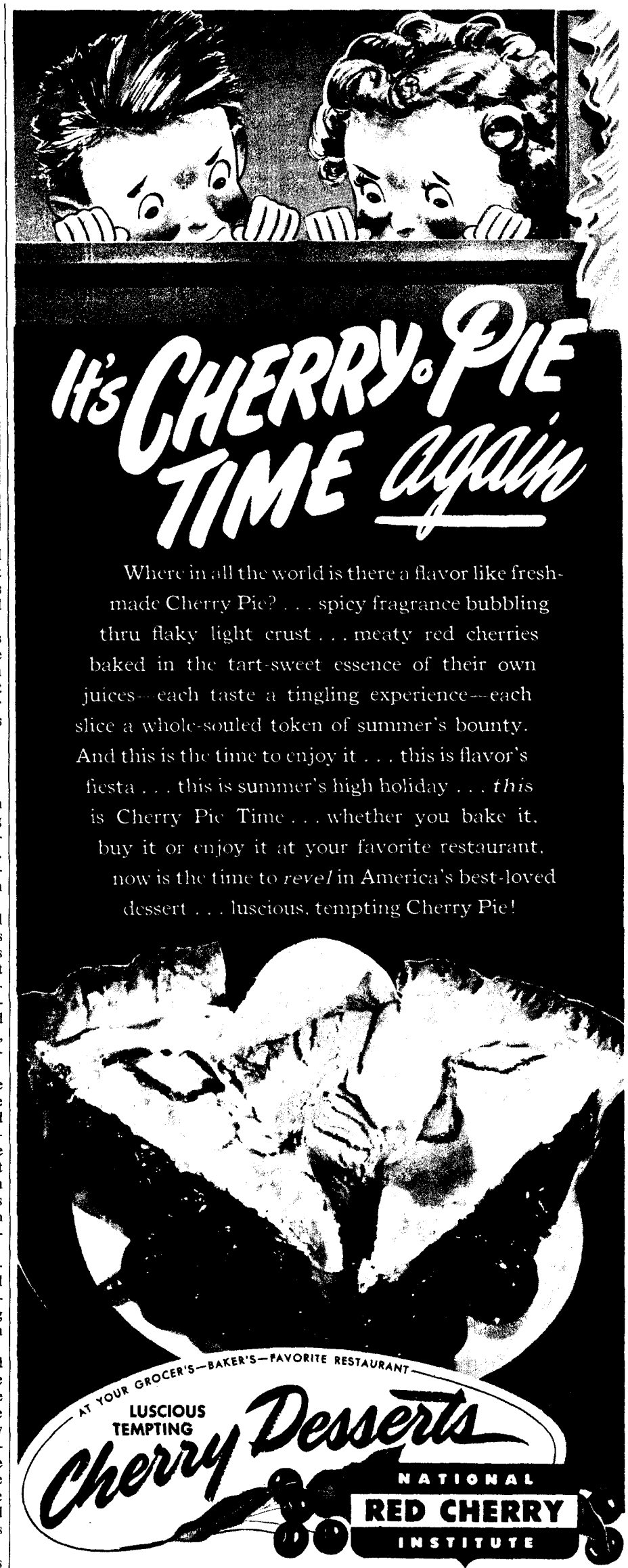
A resistance group known as the National Union then fought the Germans, Italians and Communists. This organization was crushed when Tito sent in some of his most trusted lieutenants to weld a partisan movement along Yugoslav lines. Tito's men organized political and resistance cadres and advised Hoxha, Shehu and Koci Xoxe, Minister of Interior, on procedure following the war.

The Russians had so little regard for the Albanian Communist party and its obscure leaders that they gave Tito (then on good terms with the Kremlin) a free hand to convert the country into a Yugoslav satellite and safeguard the strategic Adriatic coast for Moscow. This he did by sending in 1,500 technicians and military instructors in 1945; they helped set up an Albanian People's Republic on the standardized Soviet pattern.

At the same time, Tito tied up his southern neighbor with trade agreements and free exchange of Albanian-Yugoslav currency. He also controlled Albania's ruling clique until his split with the Cominform in June, 1948.

At that time Hoxha and Shehu decided to do business with the Russians, on the premise that the Yugoslavs would soon be whipped into submission. They expelled the Yugoslav technicians, who were promptly replaced by plane loads of Russians. Titoism, however, persisted in the ranks of the party led by the ruthless Xoxe. "We are opposed to mercy, we want blood," Xoxe once told some stunned Yugoslavs who had remonstrated with him in 1946 over his summary execution of 7,000 people.

Hoxha and Shehu gave Xoxe some of his own medicine. In 1949, they executed him as a Titoist and purged the party—a system of bloodletting they have since applied to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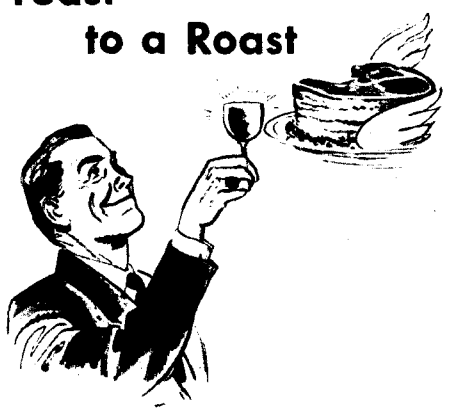
Toast to a Roast



And a toast to the *host* who companions steaks, chops and game with Taylor's New York State Burgundy. Dry and crisp, the mellow maturity, the clear tang of autumn is in every ruby, regal drop! Take *nothing* less than Taylor's Burgundy (or Claret) wherever fine wines are served or sold. The Taylor Wine Co., Vineyardists and Producers.

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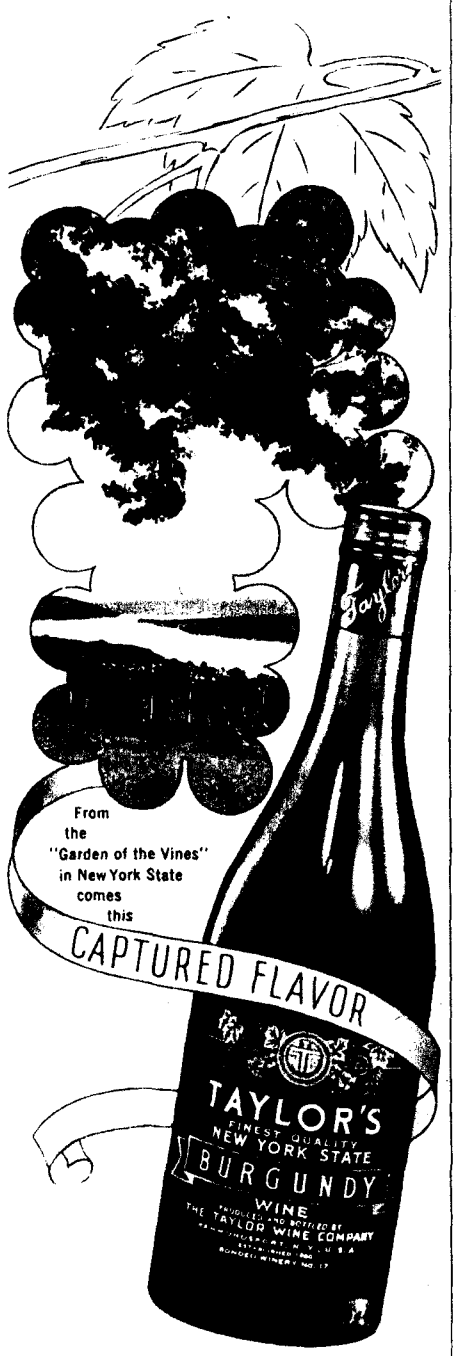


From the FAMOUS CELLARS at Hammondsport, New York

all Albania, to keep the people, peasants and politicians alike in line. Hoxha timorously approves Shehu's excesses because he doesn't want the Russians to feel that he's any less "loyal" than his security chief.

They're an evilly matched pair, Hoxha and Shehu. Plump and effete, the forty-two-year-old Hoxha still cringes at the sound of gunfire. But he has the silver tongue of an innate rogue and will double-cross anyone to please his master of the moment. It used to be Tito; now it's Stalin.

"Hoxha used to cry like a child when there was too much gunfire," a leathery Yugoslav ex-partisan told us disgustedly. "Some general! But he could talk his way out of anything and make it seem logical and right."

Before the war Hoxha studied in Italy and France. At the French University of Montpellier he was expelled for cheating, and soon after joined the Communist party. He served briefly at the Albanian Legation in Brussels and then went home to be a schoolmaster.

When the Fascists were strong in Albania, Hoxha decided to join them, but was rejected for immorality: he had tried to seduce one of his pupils. He turned tobacconist and went back to Communism. His agile mind and quick tongue enabled him to outwit his plodding colleagues in the resistance and win him appointment as commander. Married to a partisan girl, as tough as he is flabby, Hoxha has a two-year-old son on whom he proudly conferred the Russian name, Vladimir.

Presenting Shehu the Butcher

Mehmet Shehu, Albania's No. 2 man, is a tall and spare Hollywood version of a Balkan assassin. Once a student at the Military Academy at Naples, and later a member of the International Brigade in Spain, Shehu now revels in the dread nickname "the Butcher." He prefers to preside personally at on-the-spot executions at which he appears with Soviet officers, often hiding under a disguise until the killings begin.

Shehu has introduced mobile courts that roam the countryside in armored cars and swoop down on communities that have shown dissatisfaction with the regime. Listen to what happened in Ibale in northern Albania last spring:

"We had thrown stones at the tax collectors," said Biram B., a hulking peasant we met in a restaurant at Pristina, one of Yugoslavia's chief Moslem cities. "If we had given them the maize and meat they demanded we would all have starved. The security men surrounded our village and got everyone out of the houses, about 350 of us, and sent us to the square."

Two Russian colonels in uniform looked the villagers over and spoke to Albanian officers clustered beside them. The villagers stared apprehensively at the rangy figure of a man in well-tailored civilian clothes as he pushed his way through the crowd.

"We thought we recognized him," Biram said. "We should have. It was Shehu. He pointed to a man on his left. The soldiers dragged the man near the Russian officers. He kept pointing and finally they had 18."

Then Shehu joined the Russians. They each addressed the townspeople, the Russians first. Grumblers and "enemies of the state," the Russians said, would be taught a lesson. Shehu used stronger language. He called them scum and jackals.

"Suddenly Shehu whipped out a pistol," Biram went on. "He shot the first man he had pointed out, right in the head. Then, shouting and screaming, he fired into others and ordered Albanian officers to 'shoot them in the stomach.' There were 10 of them shot, and they suffered horribly until they died."

The remaining eight were hanged from trees and telegraph poles. Shehu left with the warning that he might turn up in civilian clothes, in uniform or in many ways that would make him unrecognizable. He was among them constantly, he said, and they had better be careful.

The Russians who appeared with Shehu at Ibale were Colonels Sokolovsky and Teljiaskov, of the dread MVD. They often make the rounds with him, as does their superior, Colonel Nikolai Vassiliev, an expert in drawing an iron band around a prisoner's head or in slashing an arm and pouring in salt to make the man talk.

They not only check on the Albanians but on Soviet officers who have been placed in the Albanian army and police down to battalion level.

A few weeks ago, 18 MVD officers moved into Scutari to tighten security among their own technicians as well as Red Army personnel. Russian officers are today stationed at all important border points and in large communities like Tirana, Scutari, Durazzo and Argyrokastron.

Amid the grim poverty of the country, all these Russians live in plenty. Special shops—for Russians only—are stocked with meat, butter and flour extorted from the Albanians. They are all paid salaries, too, by the Albanian government. A Soviet technician earns six times the pay of his Albanian counterpart; a Russian lieutenant gets more than an Albanian colonel.

While the stricken nation writhes in the grasp of an administration almost unparalleled in cruelty in modern times, it is still the target of intrigue and plans, sometimes half-baked and generally contrary to each other. The Italians and the Greeks would like to move in if they dared; Tito, whose influence in Albania is far greater than theirs, plays his cards cautiously.

Any overt move by Tito might give the Russians the pretext they want to start an invasion of Yugoslavia. Hoxha harps on the "designs" of Albania's neighbors, and reminds his subjects that any partition of the country would lead to deportations and probably massacres, as age-old Balkan hatreds are unleashed.

The United States and Britain are confused about their policy toward Albania. The idea they are sponsoring for the present is to do nothing that might precipitate a Russian invasion of Yugoslavia.

"What we don't know about Albania would fill a book," a grim American diplomat told us.

This confusion is aggravated by the six rival committees set up by 15,000 Albanian exiles (including Zog) scattered in Europe and the Middle East. They have no real leadership, and spend their energy intriguing against one another or, in some cases, in trying to explain away their taint of collaboration with Mussolini and the Nazis.

The wiser, more experienced men among the exiles with whom we spoke told us that the only salvation for the committees would be to unite on a common program to liberate the nation—a program that would not plunge the world into war.

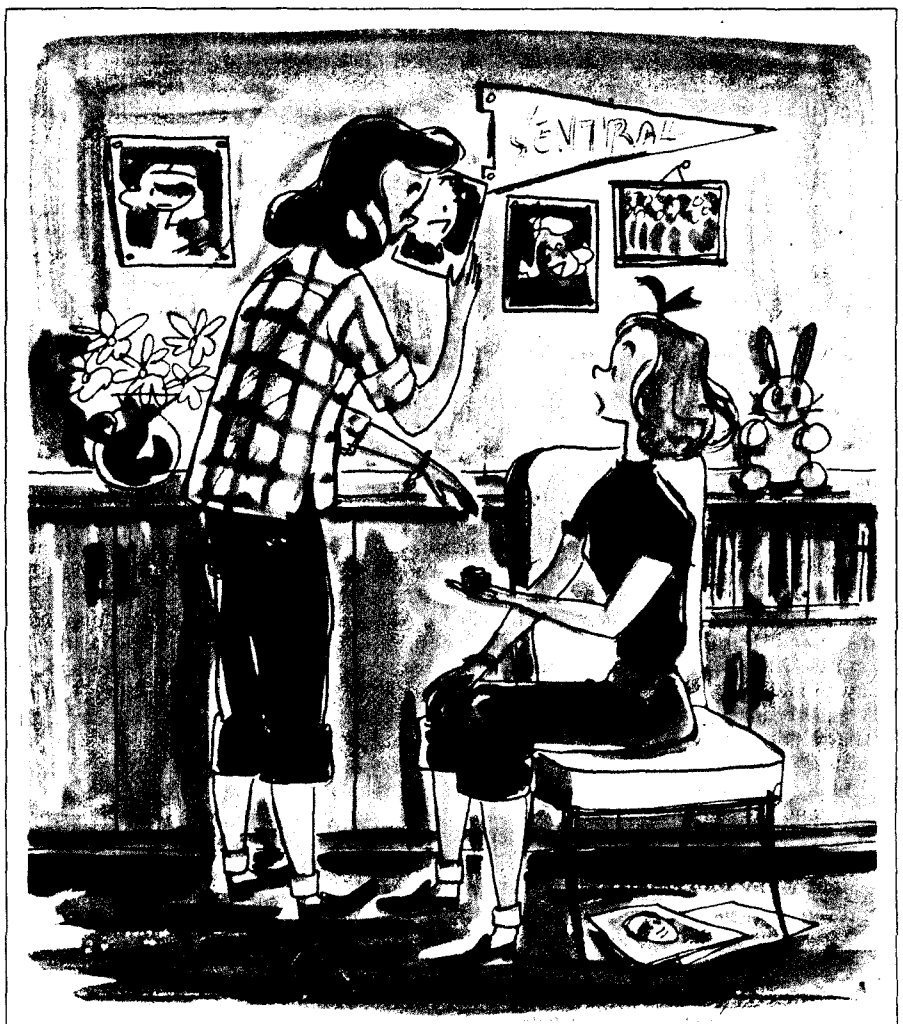
What hope is there for such a solution? Here's the very delicate and daring project that was proposed to us by men with long experience in the Balkans:

Unite the anti-Hoxha elements in the government and the army and infiltrate them into positions of authority. They abound but are lying low. Given leadership and hope, they might stage a palace revolution and throw Hoxha and company overboard. The Russians in Albania, these exiles feel, would be helpless to act against what would clearly be an internal uprising. Like Tito's men in 1948, they would be placed under surveillance and ordered out of the country. Within a week every Russian in the country could be sent home.

The big question mark is Tito's attitude. The more astute exiles believe that he would lend his support to any project of liberation that would not give the Kremlin an excuse to attack Yugoslavia.

"We'd even work with the devil to get rid of the present crowd of butchers," many of our informants told us.

Whether Tito would work with them and take this calculated risk, only Yugoslavia's Marshal can answer. But the prize is worth striving for. Action, concerted and carefully planned, is imperative in Albania—not only to liberate its unhappy people from Shehu's Russian-made terror, but to wipe out this dangerous Soviet salient in our European defenses. THE END



COLLIER'S **"It was a little embarrassing when my father told him I had to be home by midnight. His father told him to be home by eleven"** KATE OSANN

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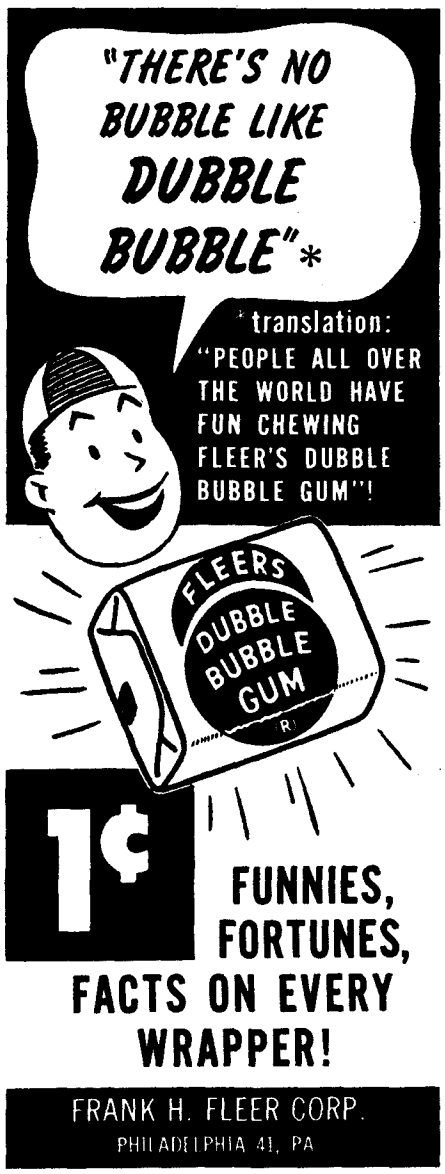
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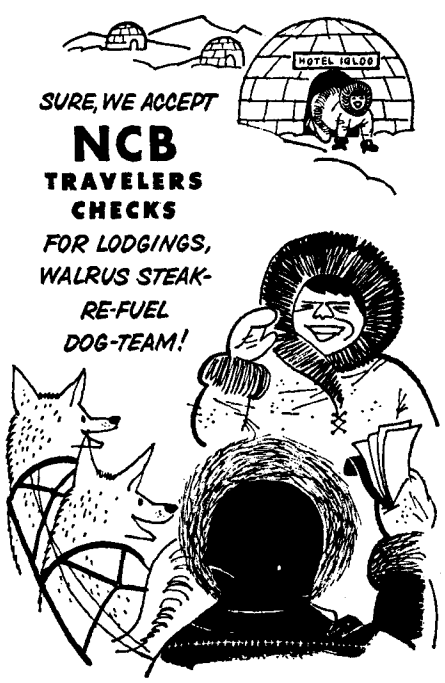

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"Good Ol' Joel"

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31

but he shaved $25 from his asking price. McCrea countered by offering the slaughterhouse price for beef cattle. "For *purebreds?*" sputtered H.M. "What have beef prices to do with breeding stock?"

McCrea shook his head. "Not sure I'd want to breed such runty cattle," he fibbed.

The morning wore on. It was a warm day, the corral was odorous, the flies pestiferous, and Mr. Warner had an appointment in town to accept the Cross of an Officer of the French Legion of Honor in recognition of certain wartime services to the French government. (McCrea had an appointment with a feed-store man in Saticoy.) Finally H.M. offered to split the difference.

"Nope," said Joel, "that's not the way I do business. I'm offering a fair price, take it or leave it." Warner swatted a few more flies, looked at his watch and gave in—for $200 less per head than he got from the other buyers. He mumbled and grumbled all through the presentation ceremony that afternoon, but when a sympathetic hireling opined that "McCrea sure was a piker," Warner jumped on him. "What do you know about it?" he growled. "Matter of fact, I enjoyed that trade." So did Joel.

To hear McCrea talk, to watch him sit a horse, to see him cock a weather eye at a passing cloud, you never would take him for a Hollywood product. But in point of fact he has been around Hollywood ever since he was a kid of nine, when the family moved in from South Pasadena and put up a house and barn on a square block of what is now some of the snuggest apartment-house property on Hollywood Boulevard, then little more than a country road, meandering out toward the bridle path that later became the Sunset Strip.

Memories of Teamster Job

Joel never has paid much attention to Ciro's, Mocambo and the other night spots along the Strip, possibly because he remembers the calluses he got driving the horse-drawn graders that gouged out their building sites. He was drawing a man's wage as a teamster while still in high school.

Work for Joel was a matter of love, not necessity. His father, Thomas McCrea, was secretary and a director of the Los Angeles Gas & Electric Company, now the flourishing Southern Counties Gas Company. "The family was moderately well off," Joel explains, "but I always wanted to work and own my own things. Being Scotch-Irish, my father was in favor of it." So, from the time he was nine, Joel managed to keep gainfully employed—first as a newsboy with a home-delivery route, then as a teamster, later as a movie horse wrangler, double and stunt man.

As a newsboy, Joel already had made some movie contacts. Doug Fairbanks, Sr., one of his customers, never failed to give him a wave and grin. A better entree was provided by twelve-year-old Michael Cudahy, son of meat packer J. P. Cudahy. Michael used to stand enviously behind the iron fences of the old Cudahy estate and watch the free-as-a-bird newspaper entrepreneur go bowling along on his bike, pegging papers at the neighbors' front doors. Young Cudahy tried to get Joel to fix him up with a paper route, even offered to split his $100-a-month allowance for a chance at the $14-a-month newsboy job. No deal.

"Tell you what," young Cudahy said finally. "You take me along on your route some day and I'll introduce you to movie stars. They always hang around our house."

"To William S. Hart?" Joel asked in a voice cracking with adolescent hero worship. Some of McCrea's classmates were the children of film luminaries, but Hart occupied a special spot in the firmament.

"Even to him," assured young Cudahy and, by gosh, he did! Years later, when

Hart's disinherited son was contesting his father's $1,170,000 will, Joel was to take the stand to recall his meeting with the Western star and the lasting friendship which developed between them. He broke the back of the lawsuit when he repeated a conversation they had in 1944.

"Nobody left you anything, did they?" Hart asked. Joel shook his head. "Well, nobody left me anything either," said the Western star, "and my son should be able to stand on his feet if we did."

Joel became a frequent visitor at the Cudahy home after that first epochal meeting with Hart, and later he brought around some of the girls from his graduation class—the daughters of executives Louis B. Mayer and Cecil B. de Mille, of actors Francis X. Bushman and Milton Sills, and one pert blonde named Harlean Carpenter who grew up to become Jean Harlow.

Joel's attendance at his all-girl school gave considerable amusement to the Cudahy guests. The explanation was that the public schools had been closed because of a flu epidemic, whereupon Joel—a none-too-brilliant pupil of the Gardner Street grammar school—was sent to the Hollywood School for Girls for part-time tutoring. He did so well there (scholastically, of course) that his parents decided to let him finish the year. He had no objections, and even appeared in the school play in the role of a bear. Miss Harlow played a squirrel.

While these movie contacts were interesting, they in no way reflected young Joel's ambition in life, which was to become a cowboy, maybe a rancher. Although the motor age was rushing in, Joel was as indifferent to a Stutz Bearcat as he was to the dignified Stevens-Duryea, with its outboard gearshift, which his father drove to work each day. Instead he kept his own horses and rode them all around Hollywood.

A Favor for a Future Star

On one such canter, he came upon a stalled roadster whose frantic driver begged him to ride to the nearest garage—two miles away—for a can of gasoline. Joel obliged and, while they fed the tank, listened politely to the driver's chatter about being on his way to a studio for an interview and hoping it was the chance he had been waiting for. "Wish me luck and, if I make good, look me up," he said. "You may have trouble remembering my name, but anyway it's Rudolph Valentino." Joel did look him up a few years later. They celebrated by going to a movie.

A second, more significant encounter occurred when he was fifteen. Riding through one of the canyons, he came upon a movie company shooting a Ruth Roland cliff-hanger. The company was having trouble with the leading man, or maybe it was the other way around. Anyway the actor was complaining that he hadn't come from the New York stage to slide down a rope, hurdle a boulder, vault onto a horse's back and ride off with Miss Roland. He had been engaged as an actor, he insisted, not an acrobat. At this point Joel rode up.

Miss Roland smiled winningly. "How would you like to make $2.50?" she asked. Joel didn't even notice the smile. Five minutes later, wearing the leading man's clothes, he was sliding down a rope, hurdling a boulder, vaulting onto a horse's back and rescuing Miss Roland.

COLLIER'S

"He tells me I can have anything I want—and then spoils it by adding 'within reason'!"

ROLAND COE

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"You're a nice boy," the serial star said. "If you ever want a job come see me." Joel went to see her the next day. He was hired part-time as a wrangler, or, in less picturesque words, as a stable boy who led the horses from and to the livery stable where the movie company rented them.

Joel continued his part-time wrangling and occasional doubling all through high school and his four years at Pomona College. Bewigged and shirted, he doubled for Greta Garbo on a horse in The Torrent and for Marion Davies in a buggy in The Fair Coed. By this time he had decided on a movie career, preferably as a Western actor. He studied dramatics at Pomona, played leads in several college productions and became a campus celebrity when he got a bit role in the Garbo-Nils Asther silent film, The Single Standard. He doesn't remember much about the picture, except that he danced with Garbo in a ballroom scene and was paid $16 a day for his work.

The late Sam Wood gave Joel his first real boost up the ladder. Joel had played opposite director Wood's daughter in his last college play. Wood gave him a note to Gloria Swanson and she, in turn, sent him to see William LeBaron, then the production boss of RKO studios. LeBaron signed him at $100 a week and put him opposite Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., in The Jazz Age, playing the role of a spoiled young playboy to Fairbanks' poor-but-honest hero. This bit of almost inspired miscasting nearly cooked McCrea's goose, and his contract might have been torn up except for the late William Randolph Hearst.

The publisher had met Joel during the filming of the Marion Davies picture on the Pomona campus, had taken a liking to him and had made him a frequent guest at San Simeon. Consequently, whenever one of McCrea's option periods approached, some member of the Hearst organization would call the studio to ask whether McCrea's contract was going to be dropped. Joel never did discover whether Hearst wanted him for his own Cosmopolitan Pictures or merely was expressing interest. In any case, the call was enough to tip the scales in Joel's favor and his name was established in Hollywood when he got the leading role in The Silver Horde, Rex Beach's story of the Alaskan salmon fisheries. The picture also served a more important purpose: it brought him under the tutelage of one of the finest actors of his day, the late Louis Wolheim.

Lessons from a Great Actor

"He taught me more in 10 weeks than I had learned in four years of college," Joel says. "For example, how to keep from looking and feeling self-conscious when you walk into a room. The trick he taught was to look for something in the room that you don't approve of, something you can look at critically. In other words, you deliberately transfer your thinking away from yourself and focus it elsewhere.

"He used to tell me how mentally lazy I was. 'You've got to think, not act,' he'd say. 'Your face is expressive enough. When you think, I can read your thoughts. So, if you want to show you are mad, don't scowl: just think mad and you'll look mad.' "

Joel had no trouble "thinking mad" when someone knocked on his dressing-room door while he was taking a shower a few weeks after completion of The Silver Horde. He had been warned that an advertising solicitor for one of the trade papers was on his trail and the knock had just that quality of uncertainty mixed with bravado. With a towel around his midriff, he admitted the caller and launched his rehearsed speech. He appreciated, he said, the importance of trade-paper advertising now that his name was coming before the public, but the fact remained that his salary was only $100 a week, his expenses were many, he had to buy appropriate wardrobe . . .

"I'm not selling ads," the caller managed to interrupt. "My name is Henry King. I'm a director at Fox. I'm going to direct Lightnin' with Will Rogers and we're looking for a young leading man . . ." Fortunately King had a sense of humor.

Joel and Will Rogers hit it off from the start. Well, not quite from the start. In their first day's shooting the dialogue moved jerkily, with long pauses between Rogers' speeches and McCrea's. King finally called them aside and asked what was wrong. Joel wet his lips nervously.

"I don't mean any criticism of Mr. Rogers," he apologized, "but the fact is, he isn't giving me my cues." He waited tensely for Rogers to explode. But Will merely chuckled and led him to a neutral corner.

"Fact is, son," he confided, "I never do remember lines so good. I get the sense of 'em and trick 'em up a little bit, but if you're waiting for cue words, this is goin' to be a long summer. Now, tell you what we'll do . . ." and he told him.

The scenes thereafter flowed beautifully and King was delighted. What Will had proposed was that whenever he had finished talking he would dig Joel in the ribs.

"Dream Ranch" Idea Persists

And it was Will Rogers who got Joel to thinking of his dream ranch again. "There's nothin' like it, boy," he told him one day. "You need to get out of this town regularly to get perspective on it; and there's no better spot than the back of a horse, herdin' a bunch of cows." Joel agreed in principle, but it was the cash principal he lacked. Rogers didn't go for that.

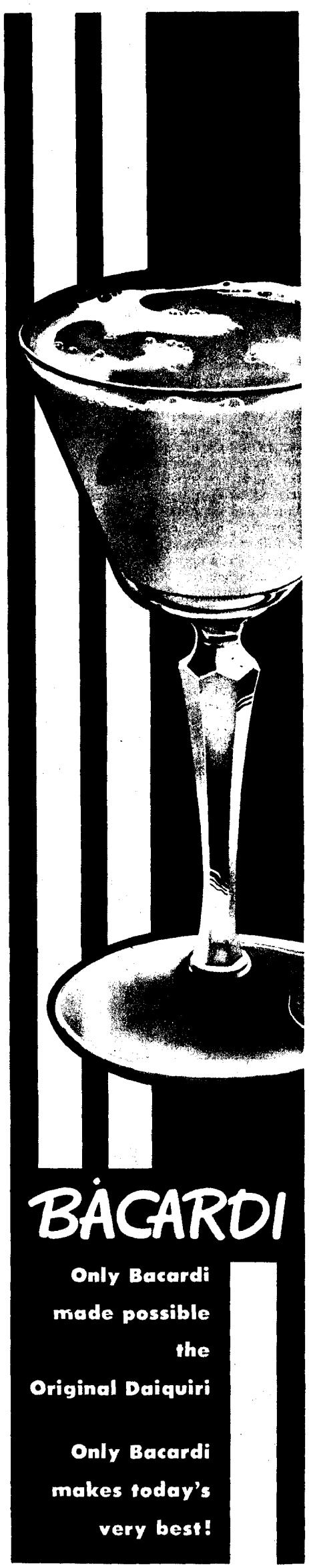
"Naw," he taunted. "I think you're going to be the kind of a guy who gets a yellow convertible and rides up and down Hollywood Boulevard whistling at girls."

Largely to prove Will wrong, Joel started looking for ranch property and he found it out in the Santa Rosa Valley, less than 50 miles from Hollywood but a thousand miles remote from the glitter and hurly-burly of the movie capital. He had only $4,600 cash when he made the down payment on his first 1,000 acres of the hill and pasture land where old Dede MacLain had raised mules and horses back around the days when Joaquin Murietta was holding up stages on El Camino Real, the King's Highway between Los Angeles and Santa Barbara. Today the ranch covers four square miles and is appraised at more than $250,000. Rogers beamed when Joel brought him out to inspect his purchase. "I feel better about you now," he said.

Joel runs his ranch with the help of one hired hand and his two sons, Joel (Jody), seventeen, and David, fourteen, when they are not at school. He raises barley—last year one field produced 8,000 sacks at $3 per—and feeds his cattle on the stubble and natural pasturage. In years when there is a good rainfall his land will support about 300 head; now, after seven years of drought, his herd is down to about 100 cows and calves. He and the boys do their own branding—a run-together JM with a wavy line over it. "They couldn't give me a plain JM, so I drew a little line over it, like a sea gull," Joel explains. "Anyhow it has no name, it's just my brand"—and he sounds proud as punch when he says it.

Riding the range with McCrea is an experience, especially when the riding, out of deference to a tenderfoot visitor, is done not on horseback but on a pickup truck. Joel knows every butte, gully and wash by its front name and he takes them as unconcernedly as though he were driving a tank. His running commentary makes Hollywood seem far, far away.

"Got more than 25 miles of barbed-wire fence on the place . . . Built that water tank myself . . . Humph, people talk about pumping systems! Look at that windmill: there's power for you and it doesn't cost a cent . . . Fellow named George Barber over at Thousand Oaks locates all my water wells for me, witches 'em. What's the word? Yeah, a dowser. Mr. Barber just walks around, holding his hands out like a man doing a balancing act. When he gets over the water his hands puff up twice their size and get all purple. I've seen 'em. Last well he located, I asked how far he figured we'd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Daddy, what's a "son an' air"?

"Trying to explain to Johnny, I began to wonder myself. What am I passing on to this son of mine—this kid with his dog and his questions and his endless vitality?

"Of course, Jane and I are trying to give him a good home—good schooling—all the preparation we can for a successful future. But I can't make him heir to a fortune!

"So I've tried to do the next best thing by starting a life insurance program for him early. At his young age he qualifies for a premium rate that will always remain low. I'll pay the premiums until he's able to take over himself. When that time comes, his life insurance will have a cash value that may come in mighty handy for him.

"Yes, by starting his life insurance now, I'm helping him create something that will become more and more valuable to him."

* * *

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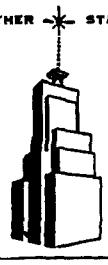

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have to drill. 'About 180 feet,' he said. Believe it or not, we brought it in at 182 feet. I wouldn't drill a well without George Barber."

We came to another line of fence. Joel jumped off the truck. "I'll have to get down here and open this gap. Notice I say 'gap,' not 'gate.' Never want to call a gap in a barbed-wire fence a gate or they'll know you're a greenhorn.

"You can learn a lot from the old-timers if you keep your ears open. Like how to get a cow to adopt another calf. They won't do it, you know; just chase 'em off. They can tell by the smell it isn't their calf. Well, a neighbor of mine—she must have been ninety when she died—said the trick was to buy the cheapest and smelliest talcum powder you could get and dust it over both calves. That way mama can't tell which is hers and which isn't, so she takes them both. Slick, huh? And it works! Yessir, it works!"

The McCrea serenely eying his private domain from the porch of a ranch house set three quarters of a mile back from the nearest highway has come a long way from the newsboy pegging papers at Hollywood Boulevard doorsteps, but the change has been more evolutionary than revolutionary. He still works hard and he expects his sons to do the same. He approved when they were graduated from grade school wearing the same blue denims and scuffed boots worn by the Mexican kids of the Santa Rosa Valley. Now they are enrolled in military school in Roswell, New Mexico, and Jody delighted the old man by entering the Golden Gloves boxing bouts and giving a good account of himself.

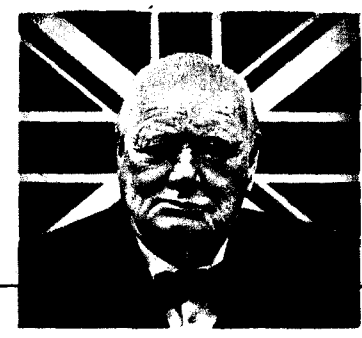
Joel's income from his picture work and radio program—Tales of the Texas Rangers—probably tops $250,000 a year, but he knows he could get along fine on the approximately $12,000-a-year earned by his ranch. This knowledge permits him to pick and choose his pictures. During the war, he refused to don a uniform for the cameras and play any make-believe hero licking Tojo or Hitler singlehanded. "If I was too old to be called, I was too old for that kind of a show," he explains. He grieved his agent recently by turning down a Lana Turner picture at Metro. As he explained it to Louis B. Mayer, "This character is too much of a gigolo. I don't like his moral standards." Mayer shook his hand and said he respected his verdict.

Politically Joel is a hard-and-fast Republican and a close personal friend of California's Governor Earl Warren. But he is also a great friend and admirer of New Mexico's former Democratic governor, Tom Mabry. Much as he loved Will Rogers, he fought Will Rogers, Jr., in the latter's campaign for the U.S. Senate; but when a producer offered McCrea the title role in a projected film biography of Rogers, he turned it down and insisted there was only one man who could play Will on the screen —Will, Jr.

A month or so ago, with his ranch work caught up and his wife and boys sojourning in Catalina, Joel took off upstate to buy a few young bulls. During a wait at a gasoline station, a youngish woman spotted his cowboy boots and the V-shaped brim of his hat. "You look like you might know someone interested in buying cattle," she said. Joel asked how many she had, what they weighed and what she was asking. She quoted a price almost suspiciously below the market. Joel questioned her further and the full story came out. She and her husband had been operating a small ranch. A few weeks before, he had been killed in a jeep accident; she was closing out.

Joel wrote down the name of his commission men. "You're not asking enough," he told the young widow. "You write these fellows and tell them I referred you." When he returned home a week or so later, there was a note of thanks from the woman in his mailbox. Her cattle had brought $2,600 more than she had asked of Joel. "That really pleased me," Joel said.

When you run into a Hollywood character like this, what can you say about him—except "Good ol' Joel"? THE END



Next Week in

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HELEN HAYES

Picks the Ten Most Memorable Stage Performances

A great American star re-lives some unforgettable nights on the other side of the footlights, paying glowing tribute to colleagues who have thrilled her in stage portrayals ranging from Hamlet to Harvey

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"You know, Bill, my future almost went up in smoke!"

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THE CIRCLEVILLE PHILOSOPHER

Behind the Johnson Grass Curtain

Dear editar:

A bunch of us was down at the Circleville store yesterday afternoon arguin over which United States senator can slug the hardest when it comes to settlin a complicated debate on this country's foreign policy. While I've seen better fist fights in town on lots of Saturday afternoons than the kind they put on in Washington, still a senatorial fight has more appeal and more international echoes and when some of the men at the store yesterday got overheated in their enthusiasm I backed out and came home. It's all right with me if Senator McCarthy has a better right than Senator Hickenlooper's left. The last thing this country needs is a fist fight in Circleville over a fist fight in Washington, if any of the blows is liable to land on me. I say we elect senators to fight their own way out of debates, ain't no sense in us gettin hot under the collar down here at Circleville when we got them hired to do it for us in Washington.

But after I got home and got my thoughts together, I got to reflectin on the muddle we're in, on the United States' foreign policy, England's foreign policy, Russia's foreign policy, MacArthur's foreign policy, and it seems to me one of the major troubles in the world today is the fact don't nobody know what anybody's foreign policy is, includin his own. Right now, I'd just as soon tell you what my wife is gonna be mad at month after next as to tell you what the United States' foreign policy is.

Therefore, since you have to start somewhere on these things, I have decided to pull back the Johnson grass curtain and let the world in on Circleville's foreign policy, in the hope other areas around the globe will follow our lead.

Number one item is the Secretary of State problem.

Like it is now, the country's got only one. Under the Circleville plan, the President will appoint twelve a year, then fire one a month. There ain't nothin that sets a nation up more and gets the people's minds off their troubles like a good firin. Regardless of how smooth things are sailin internationally, there's bound to be a few Republicans or Democrats, dependin on which side is in, who can't see a solution to anything without first firin the Secretary of State. It's normal. We have the same problem out here. The average secretary of the Circleville Chamber of Commerce lasts about three months, so the directors long ago hit on the plan of linin up six or seven prospects at one meetin, and determinin the order they'll be hired and fired in, eliminatin the necessity of callin a meetin of the board more'n once a year.

Number two item is the language. As it is, diplomatic language is in worse shape than pig Latin, but under Circleville's foreign policy, no means no, yes means yes. For more urgent occasions, hell no and hell yes can be employed, but that's about the limit. We're gonna put an end to the striped-pants language it takes two weeks or a month to decipher, to the dillyin and dallyin and handin out notes and waitin fifteen days for an answer. We're gonna follow the pattern set by the late Editar Jack Robinson of the Jewett Messenger, who called on Gov. O'Daniel in Austin a good many years ago. After sittin around in the reception office nearly an hour, Editar Robinson had all he could take, picked up his hat, walked up to the receptionist's desk and declared to the secretary: "You tell Mr. O'Daniel my time's too valuable to be wastin waitin on a governor. Tell him Jack Robinson of Jewett called, didn't want a dammed thing but to say howdy, and he won't be back."

This thing of not lettin people know where you stand, of keepin your position in the dark and answerin international questions in such a way it takes a staff conference or a Cabinet meetin to debate over what you really meant, has no place in the Circleville policy. We like the clear-cut policy established by Debbs Craig. Debbs was a Methodist and he liked for the preacher to finish his sermon exactly at 12 noon. That's the time he ate.

One Sunday, Debbs and his wife Nina was sittin in their regular place down near the front and along about a quarter to 12 the preacher was still goin strong, you could see he was gonna overshoot 12 noon by a considerable amount. Debbs begun to fidget. At 5 minutes to 12 he pulled out his watch, held it up close to his face for a good look, shook it, shifted his head from side to side to get the thing in proper focus, wound it sort of obviously, and looked at Nina and put it back in his pocket. Nina kept lookin at the preacher, enjoyin the sermon. At 12 sharp, Debbs begun twistin and turnin more in his seat. Then he coughed a few times, sort of loud. Nina nudged him, trying to shush him, but he wouldn't shush. "It's 12 o'clock," he muttered sideways to her. "Time to go."

"He'll be through in a little bit. You be still," Nina whispered back.

"Ain't no sense in preachin that long," Debbs said through his teeth. "He's already said all he's got to say. Let's go. Dinner's ready."

Nina looked straight ahead.

Debbs pulled out his watch again. It was 10 after 12. He couldn't stand it any longer.

"I'm goin," he said, and coughed again, got up while puttin his watch back in his pocket, and stalked up the aisle and out the door.

Now in international relations there might have been several interpretations put on Debbs' action, with footnotes at the bottom. One country might have said he was feelin faint, another might have said he was checkin on some grain he was plannin on lendin a hungrier neighbor, another might have figured he had a sick cow, or he'd remembered he'd left the water runnin in the bathroom, etc.

But Debbs' policy is to remove all doubt. When he got outside the door, he climbed in his car, sat down, started the motor, and started honkin the horn. It wasn't no timid, accidental toot, it was a long, prolonged series of blasts, heard all over the church by every member of the congregation. Wasn't no doubt what he meant. Didn't take no Cabinet meetin to figure out what he had in mind. What he meant was clear and unarguable, especially to the preacher, who wound up his sermon two pages shy. From then on he wound up every sermon in time to turn the congregation loose at 11:59 and the church seemed to thrive more than it ever had before.

You get the idea. The world ought to come out from behind its curtains and come clean with its differences. Take Russia. Russia is now like the man which every town has at least one of who has told so many lies nobody believes him even when he's tellin the truth. Whatever Russia says just ain't no admissible evidence in court out here. We don't trust her.

But out here, when we don't like what somebody's doin, we don't like it every day in the week, not just via formal note on Tuesdays.

Yours faithfully,
H. B. Fox

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES HAWES

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My Life with Toots

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23

slight or a snub a mile away, even where none is intended. Despite this low boiling point, he can't stay mad long. Most of his so-called feuds are only sham battles, maintained solely for pride and appearance, and nobody is happier than Toots when peace is declared.

When Toots returned from the Kentucky Derby last spring he was bubbling over, not only because his pal Bill Corum had staged another good show, but because at Churchill Downs he and Larry MacPhail, former baseball magnate, had settled their differences.

The feud with MacPhail had started 10 years before, when Larry was president of the Dodgers and Leo Durocher their manager. In the World Series, Toots thought the Brooklyn pitchers were throwing too close to the head of his good friend Joe DiMaggio. Toots not only thought so but said so, in a voice that could be heard even at Ebbets Field.

Horace Stoneham, the Giant owner, patched things up between Leo and Toots, and today the piece of jewelry which Toots displays most is a pair of gold cuff links with the Giant insigne, presented to him by Leo and his lovely wife, Laraine Day. As it was with Larry and Leo, so it has been with practically all of Toots's feuds: he seizes upon the first plausible excuse to effect a reconciliation.

People often ask me how I find Toots away from the restaurant. The answer to that is I hardly ever do. The only way I can be sure of seeing my husband is to eat in Shor's. And even then I have to fight my way through a bar crowd of sports writers, coaches and athletes. Did you ever try to elbow your way past Herman Hickman? Toots spends about twice as much time in his restaurant as he does at home—which is fair enough, since we wouldn't have the home if he didn't spend that much time in the restaurant.

Devoted to His Restaurant

To understand my husband at all, you first must understand his devotion to the restaurant. Operating the place isn't merely a living for him but an entire way of living. The children and I have to share him with the restaurant. Toots's idea of an ideal arrangement would be to have us tucked away in a corner of the place so he could dash in on us and then dash away to chat with his customers. And don't think he hasn't tried it.

Separating Toots from the restaurant is a man-sized job and I'm a 90-pound woman. It is done only once a year, and then on doctor's orders, when we take a vacation at Hot Springs to enable him to rest up after a strenuous winter and prepare for a strenuous summer. He goes on a strict diet, stops drinking and even stops talking. He takes the baths conscientiously, hikes in the mountains in a sloppy costume and spends the rest of the time sitting around looking sullen.

Occasionally on these Hot Springs trips we have run across some baseball people, such as Al Simmons or Birdie Tebbetts. Then Toots can talk baseball to his heart's content. He flatteringly refers to these interludes as "breaks," meaning, I assume, that he doesn't have to keep up the pretense of talking to me.

Toots, of course, is never farther away from the restaurant than the nearest telephone. At Hot Springs he receives daily reports from his captains, listing not only all his friends who come in but whether they were there for lunch, cocktails, dinner, or after the theater. During the first week, those whom Toots regards as regulars continue to drop in on schedule. Thereafter, there is a marked decline, and by the time we are ready to return there are only a few survivors.

This drop in business is proof to Toots that his customers come in to chat with him as much as for any other reason. "If people just wanted to eat and drink, they could go someplace else," he says. "Our guys like the personal touch." He likes it, too, and whenever he is away from the restaurant he misses no opportunity to call up and talk to whoever is there.

Getting Toots to relax is as difficult as keeping a politician silent on the Fourth of July. This is particularly true when he's away from his business. Sunday, for instance, is the one day he could take it easy at home. The place doesn't open until four, but Toots is up at ten, the same as on weekdays. I try to shoo him back to bed until the children and I return from Mass, but I rarely have any luck.

The Sunday Morning Routine

Toots usually spends Sunday mornings prowling around the apartment, going from bedroom to bedroom upstairs, then coming downstairs and wandering from the living room to the bar to the dining room, even into the kitchen. He makes a stab at reading the Sunday papers, which he has read the night before, and then resumes his pacing, itching to get at the telephone. He knows he's trapped because he daren't call any of his friends before eleven.

Once it is eleven, Toots springs to the phone like a man shot out of a cannon. And he sounds exactly like a kid who has been told he has to stay in all day because it is raining. "This is Toots," he'll say. "What's new?" This to somebody he left only a few hours before. "What are you doing?" he asks. "Why don't you hop a cab and come over?" By one o'clock he may have from two to a dozen friends over, all talking about the same things they were talking about the night before. And that's the end of my hopes for a peaceful, relaxed Sunday afternoon.

For the last eight summers we have been going to the New Jersey shore, renting a house in Deal. The fiction is that by maintaining this summer place Toots may enjoy week ends of complete ease. It is wonderful for myself, the children and my parents, who spend the summer with us, but I still have to discover just what Toots gets out of it. Certainly it isn't rest.

The original deal about Deal was that Toots would come down Friday afternoons and rest until it was time to return for lunch Monday. Whenever there is a fight at Madison Square Garden on Friday, or a night ball game, Toots's schedule is disrupted. And not at the expense of the fight or the ball game.

When Toots does make it for Friday dinner, he is very much the homebody—for an hour or so after the children have gone to bed. Then he is on the phone. "I think I'll call the place and see how things are," he says by way of explanation. About an hour later he calls again, chatting with the captains or with such friends as may be around. About midnight a train called the Owl arrives in Deal with the first editions of the morning papers and sometimes a guest or two that Toots forgot to tell me about.

We have rented four different houses at Deal and each of them was big enough to hide Judge Crater. There are a couple of floors in this one that I haven't even visited. During the week, with the children, my parents and the servants, it's a little like living in the Museum of Natural History, but the place tends to get cramped on week ends. Fourteen is the largest number of guests I've been able to account for on any one week end. There may have been more on other occasions, but if so they were unusually quiet.

Like most of the old mansions on the Jersey shore, the houses in Deal have spacious grounds. One place we had a couple of years ago seemed to have its own private park and one midnight we heard a car circle the driveway several times. Toots investi-

really light!

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gated and came back roaring. It seemed the people were looking for rooms and thought our house might be a hotel.

We have a porch around our present house big enough to stage the Millrose track meet, a couple of acres of ground, and a gardener's cottage. And I remember when it used to be a big deal if Toots and I could get to Atlantic City for a week end! The rooms have that old-fashioned, high-ceilinged spaciousness which you don't see any more, and walls about two feet thick. The dining-room furniture is heavy, carved mahogany and Toots promptly moved the marble-topped sideboard into the living room to serve as bar.

House Rule for Ice Buckets

Toots has rather unusual ideas on housekeeping. He insists that the ice buckets be filled at four thirty every afternoon. "Let that be a house rule," he told the servants, exactly as though he were running a poolroom. I asked him why it was so important.

"People might come in for cocktails," he explained, "and you wouldn't want to be without ice."

"But, Toots," I said, "nobody comes in for cocktails during the week."

"I know," he said, "but they might."

Another quirk of Toots is his insistence on what he—and he alone—calls "fresh ice." It is his contention that cubes from ordinary refrigerator trays are too small and melt too quickly. He wants cubes delivered by an ice company.

This proved embarrassing one time in Deal when we were invited by some neighbors to drop by. Toots looked dubiously at the two tiny cubes tinkling lonesomely in his highball.

"I'll run over to my house and get some 'fresh ice,'" he told the bewildered hostess, who looked at him as though he were slightly daft. He bounced off and quickly was back with a couple of buckets of "fresh ice."

We were never invited again, but I've never been sure whether it was because of the "fresh ice" incident or because Toots had brought along four extra guests, unannounced.

I was working in the show at the Hollywood Restaurant when I first met Toots and he was the first date Mama approved of. Mama used to chaperon me to and from work and she claims she saw more floor shows in those years than any Broadway playboy. Toots invited me to the Polo Grounds with him and I was told that asking me to a ball game was a sure sign he was serious.

That baseball game was the first I'd ever seen, but I didn't ask Toots any silly questions. Or any other kind. He took it for granted that I knew all about the sport. I hadn't implied that, but he simply couldn't understand anybody not knowing baseball. (I eventually learned baseball by studying the sports pages as though I were cramming for an exam, so I would know what Toots was talking about.)

Since the Giants were the first team I had ever seen they became my favorites. And a good thing, too, or there never would have been any wedding bells. All sports are serious with Toots, but baseball, and especially the Giants, almost reach the status of a religion. When the team was having its troubles a few years ago, Toots stood loyally by, although he often remarked, "I may be the meanest father in the world, bringing my kids up to be Giant fans." Now, of course, Bari Ellen, our eldest, who is eight and a half, doesn't have to apologize to her playmates for being a Giant fan, although there have been times when she had her doubts.

When she was about five and a half she outraged her father by asking, "Daddy, why can't I be a Yankee fan instead of a Giant fan? The Yankees always seem to win."

It was typical of Toots that he argued with his daughter precisely as though she were an adult. I finally broke that one up but they still argue about baseball and other subjects. There are times in these discussions, I must confess, when she makes more sense than he does. Probably takes after her mother.

Bari Ellen, like Toots, is fanatically serious about baseball. One afternoon this summer at Deal I found her alone in the living room with the radio tuned to the Giant game in Philadelphia and the television switched to Yankee Stadium. She sat by the radio, listening to the Giant game with one eye on the TV screen, deserting the radio whenever Joe DiMaggio—Uncle Joe, to her—came to bat.

Joe has been a frequent visitor to our home and the children have seen so much of him that it is only natural they call him "Uncle Joe." Bari Ellen has had a couple of other favorites on the Yankees: Phil Rizzuto, who intrigues her because he isn't much taller than she, and Whitey Ford, the pitcher who went into the Army after the last World Series. Whitey is stationed near Deal, at Fort Monmouth, and when Bari Ellen learned we had invited him over she asked to have the visit postponed until she could get his picture down from our apartment in New York.

Despite her attachments to individual Yankees, Toots needn't worry about Bari Ellen ever deserting the Giants. Horace Stoneham, the Giant president and her godfather, has sent her the No. 1 Polo Grounds pass ever since she was born. She keeps these passes in the spot of honor in her room, under the glass top of her dresser.

Toots's devotion to sports is sincere and by no means a pose or an affectation, but it isn't very flattering to me to be reminded that our first wedding anniversary, November 2, 1935, also was the day that Notre Dame rallied in the closing seconds to upset Ohio State. Or that Bari Ellen was born right after the second Beau Jack-Fritzie Zivic fight, March 5, 1943.

Our second daughter, Kerry Frances, was born September 25, 1946, shortly after Joe Cronin, Toots's close friend, had led the Red Sox to their first pennant in 28 years. Toots took DiMaggio to the World Series, the first time Joe ever had seen a Series from anywhere except the playing field. Me? I was still in the hospital.

Too Enthusiastic over Sports

I really thought Toots gave sports too high a priority in the summer of 1950, just before our son, Rory, was born. I called him at the restaurant on Saturday night, July 29th, to tell him I'd have to go to the hospital in a couple of hours.

"Couldn't you wait until Monday?" he asked. "The Giants and Cardinals are playing an old-timers' game at the Polo Grounds tomorrow and Horace is throwing a party for 'em here after the game. I'm going to be awfully busy but I'll be free by Monday."

Rory Shor was born shortly before midnight on Monday, July 31, 1950.

When Bari Ellen first came home from the hospital she was in charge of an elderly Irish nurse who wouldn't allow Toots to handle his daughter and insisted he wear a mask every time he visited the nursery. Like most first-time dads, Toots had the idea that Bari Ellen was an extremely fragile article, to be viewed from afar and never, never to be handled.

One Sunday morning, Bill O'Dwyer, then an Army Air Force officer, and actors Pat O'Brien and Ralph Bellamy dropped by. They insisted on seeing the baby. All of the nurse's Celtic pride erupted when she saw O'Dwyer and O'Brien in the flesh. (I never found out where she stood on Ralph Bellamy, but she apparently gave him a green light on the strength of being with the other two.)

While Toots was carefully adjusting his mask outside the nursery, the others burst right in. You can picture his reactions—or rather, you can't—when Bill and Pat fondled the infant, picked it up and passed it from one to the other. The nurse waived all the rules. Ralph grasped the baby's tiny fingers and goo-gooed at it while Toots looked on horrified from his customary antiseptic distance of 10 feet.

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After the baby had been well dandled, patted and caressed, our visitors retired to the living room, enthusiastically delivering all the extravagant praises proud parents love to hear. Through it all, Toots sat moodily, stonily staring at his three chums.

As they were leaving, Ralph Bellamy whispered to me, "What's the matter with Toots? Doesn't he *like* us to say nice things about his child?"

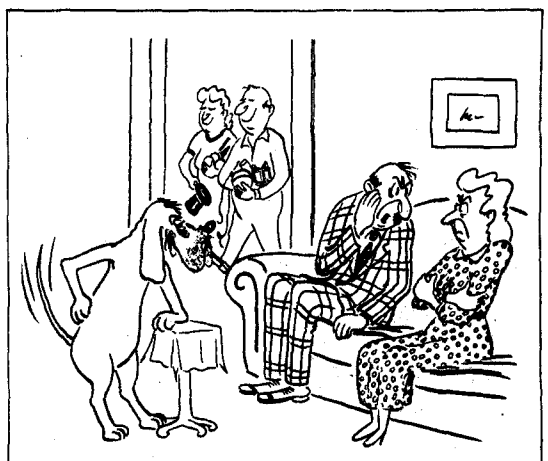
Ordered to Fire the Nurse

The door had scarcely closed on them before Toots turned to me and said brusquely, "Get rid of that knuckle-headed nurse upstairs."

"Why?" I asked, as if I didn't know.

"Why?" he growled. "Because she plays favorites, that's why."

For all his familiarity with the restaurant business, Toots isn't exactly a *cordon bleu* chef around the house. I suppose he could rustle up a breakfast of sorts if he had to but he's never been put to the test.



"If they think I'm gonna spend *another* evening watching that mutt do tricks, they're crazy!"

COLLIER'S JIMMY QUINN

And whenever we have a roast at home it is carved in the kitchen before it is served. Somehow I have the impression that Toots attacking a roast with a carving knife wouldn't be quite as deft as one of the Mayo brothers.

As a bartender, I'll give Toots "A" for effort. He mixes a good Martini, but prefers the simple drinks.

One Sunday during the football season, some friends dropped by the house to pick us up for a Giant-Redskin professional game at the Polo Grounds. Toots thought it would be an excellent idea if we all had a brandy milk punch to fortify us against the cold of the afternoon.

Off the kitchen in our apartment is a pantry which is used to prepare the children's meals. There are refrigerators in each. Toots prepared the punches in the pantry and brought them out to us.

With the very first sip, I knew there was something unusual about these punches and so did everybody else. "Where did you get the milk for these punches?" I asked.

"From the kitchen icebox, where else?" he answered cheerfully.

"Which icebox?" I persisted.

"What are you, the D.A. or something?" he growled. "From the small icebox."

"Toots," I said gently, "I hate to tell you this, but these punches have been mixed with Rory's formula."

And they were, too. Rory was about three months old then and it was the nurse's practice to prepare bottles of his formula in advance and store them in the pantry refrigerator. It didn't help matters any when one of the guests pointed an accusing finger at Toots and said, "Stealing his own son's milk! How low can a guy get?"

Thus, my husband, the great restaurateur.

It is not unusual for Toots to bring home friends after he has left work. If it isn't too late, I sometimes sit with them while they are observing the nightcap ritual. One night I got a surprise.

Toots had called about midnight to say he was walking Pat O'Brien home to the Waldorf-Astoria where he was staying and would be home himself shortly. Some time later I heard voices down in the bar and, assuming the plans had been changed and that Pat had walked Toots home instead, I went downstairs to join them; Pat, and his wife, Eloise, are old friends of the family.

Instead of Pat I found Toots in amiable conversation with one of the most raggedy individuals I have ever seen. This character had a battered plug hat, a long greatcoat which was green with age and crusty with stains, an incredibly grimy face and two teeth, one upper and one lower. He looked like Snuffy, the Cabman. Turned out he was, too.

It seemed that after Toots had left Pat, a thunderstorm came up and he couldn't raise a taxi. Finally one of those old-fashioned horse-drawn hansoms came along and Toots had boarded it.

On the ride uptown, eight blocks, Toots became filled with compassion for the cabdriver, perched up on the box and exposed to the elements. When they reached our house he invited the driver up for a drink to take the chill from him. It was nothing to the chill I gave the two of them as I flounced upstairs.

About an hour later, having bidden his new-found pal good night, Toots came up and remarked that I was a snob and didn't know when I was well off.

"You're lucky I didn't invite the horse up, too," he said.

I'll say one thing for life with Toots—it's never dull. He may call me in the afternoon and say, "We're flying to Chicago for the fight tonight. I'll pick you up about five." I'm never asked if I have any plans. In 1946, when I came up from Deal for the second Joe Louis-Billy Conn fight, Toots was gracious enough to tell me that Conn was staying at our apartment the day before the fight. What he didn't tell me was that it wasn't merely Billy, but his manager, trainer and a couple of seconds, six men in all.

Another thing I've learned is that if the opening of a show occurs on the same night as a fight, the opening is passed up. "You can always see the show the second night," Toots says.

Sports rule Toots's social life. All I've ever seen of the historic city of San Francisco is a night game the Giants played there, which I could have seen at the Polo Grounds. We flew up from Hollywood, saw the Giants play and flew right back.

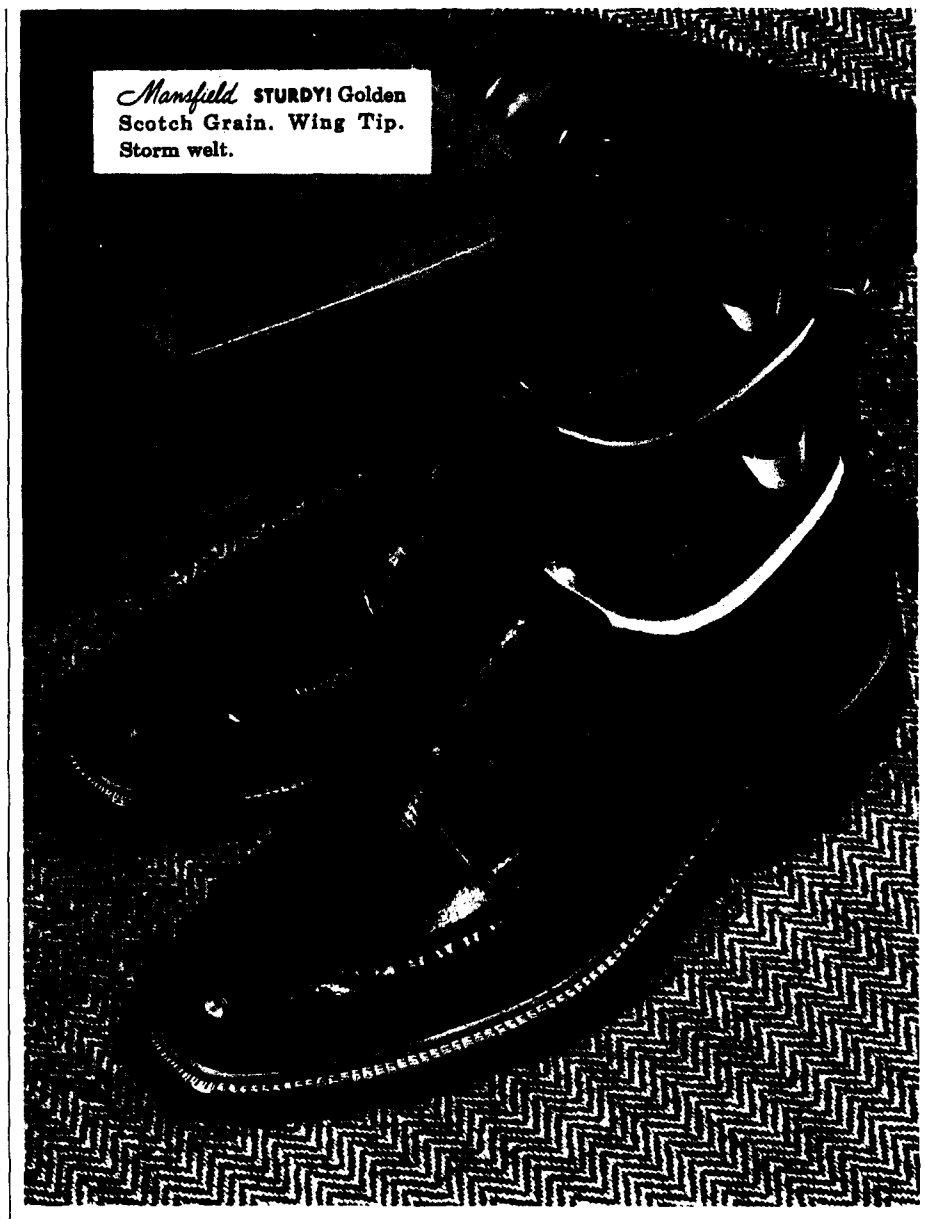
Slim Chance of Bermuda Trip

Don Ameche once asked me if I ever thought of taking a trip to Bermuda and I had to confess that the only chance I ever will have of seeing Bermuda will come if the Giants or Yankees train there.

One of Toots's most aggravating traits is the silence he maintains on choice tidbits of gossip. When he comes home at night, I'll look up from one of the Broadway columns and tell him that somebody we know is getting married or divorced and he'll say, "I knew it two weeks ago." No husband should hold out information like that on his wife.

I don't know just how many of Toots's friends know his given name, but I'm sure that scarcely any of them know that my name is Marion (it used to be Marion Volk). "Baby" was a nickname given to me by the late Mr. Florenz Ziegfeld when I was rehearsing for the Follies and it was the only program billing I received when I appeared in the last Ziegfeld show, Hot Cha: just "Baby"—no last name.

Although I'm the one who worked for Ziegfeld, Toots is the actor of our family;



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and a real Smithfield, may I add. He has made so many guest appearances on radio and television shows that I wouldn't be surprised to hear any day now that he was applying for an Equity card.

Those who think of Toots as a noisy extrovert should have seen him last April when he was rehearsing for the TV show Bob Hope put on before he left for Europe. The show was Sunday night, and that morning, for the first time in memory, Toots wasn't on the phone calling for his pals to join him. He was pacing the bedroom floor in his underwear, reading his part.

Bob had given Toots a complete, professional script with his lines marked out for him and he read these lines over and over to me, nervously explaining, "I have to get my timing just right. Everything in this show is on cue. If I blow a line, I'll upset everybody's timing. This is no cinch."

I told him he was doing fine, but I found it hard not to giggle as he sweated out his part. I think the biggest line he had was "Eat at Shor's—the food is good," but Toots studied the script with all the seriousness of Maurice Evans preparing to recite Hamlet's Soliloquy.

Wifely View of His Acumen

Since my husband's place does a business of almost $2,000,000 a year, it must be assumed he is a good businessman, but I can't give him a high score on some phases of his home life. For instance, there are those 16-room houses he insists on renting for our summers at Deal. "Why do we need such a big house?" I want to know.

"Look, Husky," he says—and when he uses his pet name for me I know it's time to get my guard up. "It *looks* good. It's a good ad for the business."

"If it's just an ad you're thinking of," I tell him, "why not rent a smaller house and stick a neon sign up on the lawn?"

I think, though, that Toots was at his executive best when we decided to move from West Fifty-fourth Street to Park Avenue. I had found an apartment at Park and Seventy-eighth—perhaps a mile and a quarter away—and, after looking at it, decided it was exactly what we wanted.

"Too far away from the restaurant," objected Toots, for whom all life centers at his place on 51 West Fifty-first Street.

Finally he selected a 12-room duplex at Fifty-eighth and Park. "I can walk over here from work every day," he explained. "Look at the money I'll save on cabs."

As usual, Toots won. He did give in to the extent of letting me decorate the apartment the way I wished, although I gave in to him on the den where we have the bar set up. That was his idea and he had the same man who designed the restaurant handle it.

The rent for the place I wanted was $4,600. We're paying $6,000 where we are. Of course, we are 20 blocks nearer to the restaurant, but somehow I don't think Toots will save $1,400 a year on cab bills, especially when he never walks anyway.

Toots is a great one for talking about walking, but not for doing any. I can't say that I blame him, for he is on his feet longer than anyone I know. The captains, bartenders, waiters and bus boys at the restaurant work on regular shifts but Toots works all shifts; he puts in a long day and often longer nights and is rarely off his feet. It cost him a fortune to install an elevator to the second and third floors when the place was renovated, but he rarely uses it. The elevator is too slow for Toots. He has to run up the stairs.

Joe Nunan, the former United States Commissioner of Internal Revenue, who is our lawyer (he and his wife Kathryn are also among our closest friends), could enlighten those who think of my husband as a business expert.

"I hate to bother you, Baby," he said to me one day, obviously perturbed, "but I've been over Toots's books and he hasn't a single record or even a scrap of paper to show for the thousands of dollars that I know he has loaned out."

"That's the way Toots does business," I replied. "He figures the money has been loaned to his friends and they'll pay him back when they can—and if they can."

"But you can't do business that way," insisted Joe. "It may have been all right when Toots was single or even when there were only you and Toots, but now you have the children to consider. There should be records of the money he has loaned out, notes and things like that."

"Joe," I said, "I never interfere in Toots's business. This restaurant was his idea and I never told him how I thought it should be decorated or what dishes should be on the menu. Since we were married he has been broke twice and I never asked him then where the money came from to pay the bills. I'm not going to try and change him now."

As a matter of fact, I don't think I could change him, even if I wanted to. THE END

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JERRY COOKE

The Shor family in rare (for Toots, at least) moment of relaxation. Left to right: Kerry Frances, Toots, Rory (seated), Bari Ellen, Baby. Picture was taken at spacious summer home in Deal, N.J.

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Francis Wallace's 12th Football Preview

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

was strong against spot sheets and in favor of eliminating all people with gambling connections, specifically from the ranks of the talent scouts. One coach wrapped it all up: "We need more people in football willing to take action against *any* evil that threatens the game."

The 1950 season was the Year of the Big Wind from the standpoint of upsets as well as weather. After Notre Dame, my preseason pick as national champion, flopped, and other early wreckage, I was shooting the rapids red-faced on that long-delayed trip up Salt Creek. But came the December dawn and lo, the seven leaders in five final polls had been included in my 20 top teams. On the won-lost records of the Associated Press 20 (as a sampler), I had hit three on the nose, missed seven by one game or less, five by two or less. Four of my eight bowl picks and four of eight sectional champs made it.

The All-Americas? The best ever. A lucky seven of my first 11 (Gain, McColl, Foldberg, Richter, McFadin, Rote, Williams) made the consensus team; Collier's, the official All-America squad, had five from my first team, nine from my first four; one selection (United Press) included eight of my first team.

We'll face the bar on the individual and other selections as we go along. So, reasonably rosy and, I hope, bright, let's now to the titillating task of unwinding those 812 rugged urchins down through the various categories to the ultimate best.

Since they can only shoot you once, I am adding the usual new gadgets, including a Sophomore Squad (the All-Americas of 1953). My team rankings, with win-lose estimates, try for a balance between actual strength and the quality of competition; and are based on all games played. The first conference school named is the indicated champion. Where records are not included, from a few outlying precincts, adequate information was not available. There's the whistle! Let's go!

EAST

Things just ain't too pert around the game's old homestead, where scholastic doors are oaken and they still do some shouting for that old-time amateur religion. Last year, only Army and Princeton finished in the top 20. This time it looks like Holy Cross and Penn.

Until the shocking news of wholesale Cadet dismissals at West Point staggered the nation last month, Army looked to have the third-ranking team in the nation, the standout squad in the sector and a solid chance at an unbeaten year. But any preseason estimate of the Black-and-Gold's prospects went by the boards with the first word that most of the school's top players had been involved in violations of the Academy's honor system. The decision made by authorities to play the full stiff schedule and, if necessary, take their lumps is one that meets with the highest traditions of the Point.

Dr. Eddie Anderson, in the second season of his return to Holy Cross, has the perfect prescription—good material and a sugar-coated schedule. Tulane, the doctor's most difficult case, is supposed to be vulnerable to passing—and Anderson will have the needle for that job in sharp Charlie Maloy.

Penn, which has replaced Notre Dame as the game's stormy petrel since its president Harold Stassen began fishing football's troubled waters, came up with one of the biggest catches, led by Joe Varaitis, my Sophomore Back of the Year. With a roster full of seasoned veterans, Penn has reason for optimism. But the Quarrelsome Quakers, supposed to be having future schedule trouble, will definitely have plenty of it this year, beginning with California. The October 13th meeting with Princeton should decide the Ivy title.

The Tigers' stripes were neon last year; and though Coach of the Year Charlie Caldwell lost 26 of 40 letter men, he still has flashy Dick Kazmaier to spark a new championship battery, with Brad Glass and Dave Hickok as powerful cells. Syracuse will shoot for the big time, with juniors reinforced by a sophomore group that includes jet-tank All-America futures in center Jim George and tackle Bob Fleck. Cornell and Illinois beware!

Navy has another battle-wagon schedule; but if Eddie Erdelatz has his pro-developed defenses far enough along, the flame-tipped Tars could have their first winning season since the war. Fourteen of the first 22 who anchored Army will be back, including chief mates Bob Zastrow and Bill Bryson. Cornell, which finished strong after a midseason sag in '50, will return a good defense and its best set of running backs in years, led by Al Sebald, double-duty soph. The Ithacans will be aiming for Princeton, as will Yale, which will have the job of preventing the Tigers from being the first team ever to win five straight Big Three titles.

Herman (Poet and Peasant) Hickman, between authorship and TV chores, has been giving considerable time up at New Haven to junior linemen and promising backs. But capable Lloyd Jordan is still deep in the Crimson woods looking for depth to support a fair Harvard first string. Lou Little will have a little more than his usual nothing-much in his twenty-second season at Columbia—which practically guarantees another of his copyrighted upsets. That other old reliable, Tuss McLaughry, is slated for a slowdown at Dartmouth; and Al Kelley will be starting from taw at Brown with sophomore Jack Orton as his bedrock back. Paul Bixler has Colgate rolling and should have another winning season, with the key games excitingly close.

Poor old Pitt, coach-orphaned for the sixth time in 12 years when Len Casanova vamoosed to Oregon in midsummer, made a double-duty man out of Athletic Director Tom Hamilton and should be rougher, with improved backs; but Skyscraper U. is not yet up to the stiff national schedule. Villanova, where Art Raimo was another sudden summer replacement (for farmer Jim Leonard), is in about the same category, with only one home game; and question-mark Army, Alabama and Kentucky on the October tour—but they're confident. Mike Holovak, who succeeded Denny Meyers at Boston College, had a good spring practice and should get the Eagles off the ground with sophomore motors. Fordham lost 26 seniors but hopes new men will hold recently regained prestige. Rip Engle's road at Penn State looks rockier than his material; and it's ditto for Buff Donelli at Boston U.

Rutgers shapes best along the perimeter and might go all the way with Jim Monahan, a fine all-round back; as could St. Bonaventure behind topflight Ted Marchibroda. Temple could ring upset bells. Lehigh, undefeated last year, has lost superior backs, but should do well, along with its running mate, Bucknell. New Hampshire, which has had three undefeated seasons in six years, might come right back with another 8-0 card under coach Chief Boston. Williams, which lost only to Princeton last season, should repeat as champion of the "Potted Ivy" circuit. Len Watters will have a veteran cast—and Tommy Dorsey, son of the band leader, is rated a hot-lick sophomore back.

Unsung Squad

(A token list of boys who belong on the All-America squad but who figure to get shut out because of team records or better-publicized men on their own squads. Five '50 topflighters broke out of this limbo)

ENDS: Virgets (LSU); Riley (Baylor); Nagler (S. Clara); Sugar (Purdue); Perry (Mich. U.); Anderson (Ind.); Capuano (BU); Gillis (Wash. U.); Petree (VMI); Sandblom (Rutg.); Knight (SMU); McPhee (Prince.); Keller (Okla. U.); Stockert (UCLA); McCurry (Rice).

TACKLES: Werckle (Vand.); Price (Texas Tech); Costa (N. C. St.); R. Modzelewski (Md.); Mangan (Wash. U.); Talerico (Ind.); Kreamcheck (W&M); Karpe (Cal.); Wittman (Ohio St.); Lawrence (Duke); Miller (Ga. Tech); Mackenzie (Ky.) Anderson (Rutg.); Ruffin (NCU); Hanner (Ark.).

GUARDS: MacRae (NW); Principe (Ga.); Zimmerman (TCU); Nipp (Loy.); Audette (Col.); Goodwin (VMI); Gable (Wisc.); Barfield (Miss. U.); Campbell (Iowa St.); Sewell (Texas); Beck (Ga. Tech); Burns (ND); Liotta (Villa.); Manoogian (Stan.); Bauer (Aub.); Putnam (COP).

CENTERS: Robinson (Minn.); Harris (Cal.); Toler (SFU); Griffin (Ark.); Hickok (Prince.); Gish (Kan. U.); Cianelli (Md.); Rotticci (S. Clara).

BACKS: Sullivan (Fla.); Bright (Drake); Wade (Vand.); Petitbon (ND); J. Roberts (Tulsa); Kozar (Tenn.); Baker (Ore. St.); Maloy (HC); Robertson (Ind.); Spears (Yale); E. Modzelewski (Md.); Sprague (Wash. U.); Geldien (Wyo.); Hair (Clem.); Narleski (UCLA); Carmichael (USC); Matson (SFU); Jordan (Colo. U.); Athan (NW); Hedges (LSU); Dillon (Texas U.); Monahan (Rutg.); Reichardt (Iowa U.); Burkhalter (Rice); Smith (Miami, Fla.).

MIDWEST

This region may no longer boast the nation's toughest gridiron terrain, but it will fight to hold the franchise. I see no outright tartar in the telescope, but no tomato either. Four teams made the top 20 last time and should do it again.

Michigan State is as well stocked and well coached as any squad in the nation. There is no touted star among 20 high-class backs—but Biggie Munn's implacable offense churns its own stars. The line, with lightweight Don Coleman at tackle and book-ended by the Carey twins, Bill and Bob (outstanding Bob is reported entirely recovered from a leg injury), was almost awesome in its final '50 games. But the Spartans had a bad letdown against Maryland, gave up over 500 yards to an otherwise tepid Notre Dame, and may not yet have acquired the champion's poise. They will not be eligible for the Big Ten title or Rose Bowl until '53.

Ohio State has a new coach, new system, untried staff, an unhappy Columbus faction, must open with Southern Methodist and follow with Michigan State and Wisconsin. But it still has V-for-Vic—tory Janowicz (a Buck who goes a long way) and the best band of players in the land. There are sophomores who might make seasoned vets step down—and a freshman back, Doug Goodsell, whom old-timers dare to compare with immortal Chic Harley at the same stage. This looks like a Rose Bowl and a potential dream team—but a poor start could turn it all into another "Bring Back (Paul) Brown" nightmare. Exuberant Woody Hayes is on a hot spot, knows it and seems to love it.

The cards are stacked in favor of Notre Dame again. The Irish have face cards Bob Toneff, Bill Barrett and John Petitbon recovered from '50 injuries; an ace end in "50-Minute" Mutscheller; and a shiny deck of fleet sophomore backs and husky new

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linemen, topped (six feet ten inches, 260 pounds) by "Little Joe" Katchik, also known as the Greek God and the Thing. He's good, too. Soph back John Lattner is a two-eyed Jack-of-all-football-trades and Joe Heap, another back, heads a group of fill-in frosh.

The clouds which Frank (Lachrymose) Leahy sees behind this silver lining are John Mazur's inexperience at the vital quarterback spot; and the accent on youth. The Irish juveniles should get better as they go and be ready for Michigan State on November 10th. But they will also have to get by seasoned Indiana in the opener. The downstate Hoosiers will show up at South Bend with their best squad in many years, and needed, too, since they play all six teams in the first flight and could upset any of them. Here's a deep-dyed dark horse, cocky and dangerous.

Illinois was picked on top by several qualified selectors and its percentage figure was a close second to Ohio State's. Ray Eliot had a tight team in '50, scoring only 137 points, allowing only 56 and beating Ohio, Michigan, UCLA and Washington, but it also got a handful of thorns when it reached for the Roses against Northwestern. The abrasive defense will again have tackle Charles Ulrich; and John Karras will be lead pony of a prancing backfield, with sophomore Tom O'Connell rated not just a "passing fancy" but the greatest Illini quarterback potential in many years. Karras has a recurring spur on his heel which may prevent him from ever again being the ghost runner of his sophomore campaign in '49. (So, okay, Johnny, make a bum outa me.)

Wisconsin returns almost the same cast that finished second in the Big Ten last year—a starless group that reflected excellent coaching by Ivy Williamson and the Yo-yo passing of John Coatta, who pulled the string on 52 of 81 for a .642 average and a new conference completion record. Much depends on Hard Luck Harland Carl, who missed last year because of an injury and then came up with a sprung knee cartilage in spring practice. He'll be a great runner if right; and may get help from Alan Ameche, a freshman "shirttail relative" of Don—the guy who invented the telephone. The word will come early on the Badgers, who meet Illinois and Ohio on the first two Saturdays of October.

It's never safe to count out Michigan, which has won two and shared one of the last three conference titles and plucked the Roses from the snow last year; but the Wolverines have lost their Ortmann overdrive, are desperately seeking the classy tailback without which the Michigan offense is fuse-less; and at last report were hopefully awaiting the registration of freshman Duncan MacDonald. The rest of the usual solid cast is there, with plenty sophs and a great all-round tackle in Tom Johnson.

Northwestern's centennial schedule includes Army and Navy, as well as the Big Ten toughies. The Wildcats lost the majority of their two starting platoons but have 24 letter men back, including fine runners in Rich Athan and Dick Alban, and a superior guard in Don MacRae. They were better than their 6-3 record last year—lost to Ohio and Michigan when both were at their peaks, and dropped a one-pointer to Wisconsin. They could fool some folks—but might also be victimized by Colorado in what was probably scheduled as an "interesting opener."

Purdue, which nose-dived after ending Notre Dame's long reign last year, had heavy losses and will be repairing the leaks with young Boilermakers. Wes Fesler seems on his way to do for Minnesota what he did so well for Ohio State—a complete rebuilding job beginning with morale. He has some good sophomores, including Mel Holme, "a future Nagurski," no less. Unpredictable Iowa will be that again, with Bill Reichardt leading a cast good enough to beat anybody on a given day.

Woody Hayes left a fine squad at Miami for new coach Ara Parseghias, with two backs good enough to make any team in the country—Boxcar Bailey and John Pont. Sid Gillman, who also used Miami as a springboard, expects his best squad yet at Cincinnati this year.

SOUTHERN

The Tobacco Trail leads north to Maryland, which seems about ready to shift from its Terrapin crawl to a downfield express. Seasoned backs return and All-America Bob Ward heads a reinforced line in which the new men figure to be better than the dear departed—a frequent occurrence in a well-organized setup. Jim Tatum has added enough single wing to his split-T to provide for some buck laterals—a coaching maneuver typical of the season. The big one comes October 20th with North Carolina, where Carl Snavely again has some big-league material to cope with his big-league schedule. Joe Dudeck is rated the best defensive lineman in Tarheel history; and Charley Justice—as a coach—will be there to show the way to some backfield standouts, including soph Billy Williams and my Freshman of the Year, Larry Parker. They should be smoking for Maryland and red-hot for Tennessee and Notre Dame.

Alumnus "Smilin' Bill" Murray, after a successful prepping at Delaware U., has taken over at Duke, which Wallace Wade left after a 20-year tenure to become conference commissioner. Murray is introducing the T; and while there are no pipe dreams at Durham, neither would there be too much surprise if a winning blend came from the mixture of veterans and young super-Dukers, several of whom, including freshman Jerry Barger at quarterback, are slated for first-string service. Art Guepe, one of the unsung coaches, will introduce another rugged delegation of Virginia gentlemen, including 11 capable backs and well-spaced line anchors.

Clemson, the Orange Bowl champion, could come again despite the loss of senior backs—no squad could be bald with Billy Hair and other seasoned runners combing the way for 32 letter men. Douglas (Peahead) Walker, after 15 years at Wake Forest, is now contributing culture to the Hickman program at New Haven, but left "a strong first team but weak reserves" to his aide, Tom Rogers. Still, that's what they said last year—and wound up with a 6-1-2 record. Washington & Lee, surprise conference champion, has a tougher schedule and fewer reserves; but George Barclay, a successful young coach, still has Gil Bocetti, the all-Southern quarterback who led the Generals to a new team scoring record (318).

And at South Carolina, Rex Enright still gives thanks for Steve Wadiak, a speedy human bowling ball who will be a 10-strike with the already drooling pros. Rube McCray left a boatload of sophs and a cargo of confusion at William & Mary when he resigned abruptly in mid-August. VMI has been quietly coming along under youthful Tom Nugent, who bumped Georgia Tech and William & Mary in his second season and could ride the dark horse again, if he picks up backfield depth.

North Carolina State upset Maryland and might crack other heads this time with 17 of the first 22 returning, including Elmer Costa, a hulk of tackle. Art Lewis has good sophs and freshmen at West Virginia and one of the great pass-catching ends in Paul Bischoff. Frank Moseley starts from an 0-10 basement at Virginia Tech; but the Gobblers have gobbled triple threat Johnny Dean, the most-sought-after freshman kernel in the section.

SOUTHEAST

Dixie dominated the nation last year with five of the top 20 teams and impressive Sugar and Cotton Bowl titles. It figures to do even better this time with the national champion and Coach of the Year at Tennessee.

The Volunteers made just one mistake last season—forgot to score against Mis-

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sissippi State; but they swept the other 11, including three sectional champions —and served six shutouts. They play the same schedule, with 20 of the 24 offensive and 14 of the 22 defensive men who outlasted tough Texas in the Cotton Bowl. In his twenty-sixth year as a coach, General Neyland has a blueprint squad with almost an All-America eleven of his own—Ted Daffer, Hank Lauricella, Bert Rechichar, John Michels, Bill Pearman, Andy Kozar, Gordon Polofsky, Bob Davis, Vince Kaseta and Harold Payne. (Had enough?)

Still, you can never be sure. There's that old debbil *senioritis*—and also Alabama, which lost only twice last year, each by five points, and had Tennessee down until the last two minutes. Red Drew has another bruising, full-blooded crew, led by a fellow you haven't heard much about—yet—Bobby Marlow, a double-duty boy with jar and speed, who averaged 7.44 yards rushing in 118 tries as a soph and is hailed as potentially the greatest back in Alabama history. Then there's soph Tommy Lewis, who pushes Marlow, and frosh like Bobby Duke and Bobby Luna. Better hop a ride and be at Birmingham October 20th.

Kentucky sings a sad ballade and with reason, since the lyrics report only six of the first 22 returned from the conference champions who also broke Oklahoma's streak in the Sugar Bowl. Yet, there's Babe Parilli, the hillbilly from Rochester, Pennsylvania, who set a new national record of 23 TD passes last year and has rewritten the conference record book; and coach Paul Bryant, whose organizing talents lifted the Wildcats from dead last to the top in five years. But the schedule is also much tougher; and Kentucky is in danger of what happened to Notre Dame last year, when Bob Williams found out how much even the terrific T-quarterback is dependent on his protective line.

If Parilli has them hanging on his neck all season, he will have to be as good as his adjectives—or not only his All-America but his conference rating will be in danger; for Bill Wade at Vanderbilt and Haywood Sullivan at Florida are as good as they come in the slot. Wade had a fine '50 season after being overbuilt as a soph; he passed for 1,596 yards (fourth in the nation) and is a demon safety man. Vandy also has two fine linemen in tackle Bob Werckle (he survived two broken legs) and soph center Bill Farris. Florida lost little and is a sound sleeper with Rick Casares, a great all-round soph, backing up Sullivan.

There's not a sharecropper in the section, with even inexperienced Auburn promising to "surprise many opponents." The biggest surprise may come from Georgia, where Wally Butts is raising a new litter on his Bulldog farm—the best since 1948, with Edmund Raymond Bratkowski, held out last year for seasoning, as the secret weapon sophomore quarterback. Miami, which rose like the flamboyant Beach sky line (without benefit of RFC), returns most of its regulars.

Tulane lost heavily, particularly at quarterback and tackle, and figures to take about three games to get rough again. Guard Jerome Helluin, six-three, 295 pounds and agile, gives Henry Frnka plenty to build around. Georgia Tech continues its pony backfield act, with more line experience and good sophs. LSU, Mississippi State and Ole Miss are all well heeled, well coached and hungry, with plenty bear on each schedule, including each other. Ole Miss has enough sophs to stock a small-sized college; LSU has five fine ends headed by Warren Virgets; and I'd guess that Slick Morton, of State, is lying in the woods this time with a bead on that Kentucky coonskin.

SOUTHWEST

Team for team the Southwest Conference rides higher in the saddle this year than any, with three among my first 20; and 11 men in my All-America flight of 65. But nothing dims the light of the Lone-Star State's stars.

Aggie Bob Smith is perhaps the best runner in the country, with 1,302 net yards rushing last year for a 6.5 average; but he does nothing much else, if anybody wants to complain. Larry Isbell of Baylor, voted Most Valuable Back in the conference, is the best punter-passer with a 41-yard average in the former and .488 in the latter, including 15 touchdown heaves. Gil Bartosh of TCU is the best passer-runner, with a total offense of 1,733 yards. Fred Benners of SMU just passes—109 of 192 for 1,361 yards, a .557 average and nine TDs. Byron Townsend is the surest short-yardage man and Bobby Dillon the outstanding safety—both from Texas U.

The percentage figures on A&M, Texas and Baylor were almost identical. Baylor takes the best picture because of better balance, Isbell's versatility and leadership, and his two fine receivers in Stan Williams and Harold Riley; but the Bears are more vulnerable to injury. George Sauer is the only head coach returning among the top three; but neither Eddie Price of Texas nor Ray George of A&M are strangers, since both moved up from line jobs. Texas has its program running smoothly, is getting consistently good material, plays a smart game based on line strength and produces a better "earned-run average" than the others. End Tom Stohlhandske and guard Harley Sewell are double-duty men, with the former touted as "best lineman in the Southwest."

I'm taking the Aggies because of Smith and other stars among their 26 letter men, and by far the best running attack—despite weaknesses at quarterback, in passing and pass defense. Dutch Meyer, the professional upsetter, is heavier-stocked than usual at TCU, but has three doubtful "knees" in the line-up, including Gil Bartosh, though his spring operation was reported successful. Arkansas will be dangerous as always. (They upset Baylor last time.) Rice, reported still one year away, might step up the time factor if the soph crop ripens. Billy Burkhalter, their star back, is slated to become a father on the day of the Texas game, October 27th. I predict a boy; and a victory would be a fine gift from his father. So look out, Longhorns!

With the talk mostly about the others, SMU, well stocked everywhere but tackle, is lying cozy with "that single-wingish double-wingish, what the hell's that offense of Rusty Russell's where Benners drops back behind his protectors, leaps into the air once or twice while picking out the best target from the five receivers cutting didos among the defense—and then lets fly." The Mustangs will have early shots at Ohio State and Notre Dame, each of which had plenty of trouble with that offense last time out.

West Texas State is a tight-squeak favorite to repeat as champion of the Border Conference; but Arizona is coming fast, with only four seniors on a squad that climaxed last season with a victory over a good Iowa State. DeWitt Weaver has taken over at Texas Tech, which has one of the unsung tackles of the country in Jerrell Price. Hardin-Simmons has lost its excellent passer John (Model T) Ford; but the Cowboys will hopalong. Tempe lost Whizzer White and nine other offensive starters, and Larry Siemering contracted the rebuilding job.

Little All-America Squad

ENDS: W. Callaghan (Williams); Rush (Miami, O.); Butler (St. Bona.).

TACKLES: Raiff (Dayton); Green (Miami, O.); Duca (Tempe); Douglas (NH); Young (Buck.); Murray (Bowd.); Scheider (Ohio U.).

GUARDS: Donarski (Ariz. U.); Salmon (Williams).

CENTERS: Middendorf (Cinc.).

BACKS: Bailey, Pont (Miami, O.); Marchibroda (St. Bona.); Macon (COP); Davis (GW); Shannon (Houston); Kulsar (Williams); Miller (Emory & Henry); Friske (Idaho St.); Hendrickson (McMurry).

MISSOURI VALLEY

A few days before last season opened, I was speaker at the Nebraska Kickoff Dinner and watched a practice where nobody seemed at all excited about Bobby Reynolds. The previous spring I had attended an Oklahoma squad dinner where Billy Vessels was just one of four upcoming backs. The publicity was then all for Chuck Hoag of Kansas U., who became my Sophomore of the Year. So much for the precarious hobby of picking star nuggets from the pile.

Hoag did all right—unless you want to sneer at 940 yards rushing; Reynolds, "the torso with the two-way twist," was fabulous; but Oklahoma will bet you that their "Billy the Kid" Vessels was a better touchdown burglar than either of the other two; and point to their personal duels. Reynolds scored three touchdowns against the Sooners in the first half; but Vessels tallied three and passed for a fourth in the second half, had the most scintillating run (69 yards), netted 208 yards for an 11.5 average, against the Reynolds figures of 82 yards and 3.4.

Reynolds is a poet in motion, a Doak Walker type of highly intuitive runner who fakes them out of their shoes. Vessels is more of a slasher, "meaner" and at his best in the clutch. Hoag is the fastest starter, bigger than either of the others, more apt to break a game open on a single play. All have fine speed, play defense, do everything well, with Reynolds perhaps the most versatile. Last year's sectional story revolved around these three, and it will be that way again.

Vessels had the best team to work with, and will have it again as Oklahoma figures to be even better than last season, with Jim Weatherall still at tackle—and Tom Catlin, the Preseason All-America center, regarded by people who should know, as an even better lineman. Nebraska will also be sharply improved all along the line, particularly in the backfield, where touted sophomore Tom Carodine, a mature product of Boys Town, will be dangerous enough to keep opponents from ganging up on Rapid Robert, as they did last season—not that it bothered him much. Hoag will also have more support, although Kansas is still a year away.

Meanwhile, there's Colorado U., with the three best backs on any one team in the section—Merwin Hodel, Zack Jordan and Woody Shelton, and a superterrific tackle, Jack Jorgenson. It will be a fine season to watch when all this stardust mingles. The Nebraska-Oklahoma battle, on November 24th, looks like the conference topper. The Sooners will precede their Big Seven schedule with the Texas Aggies and Texas, each of which they just managed to beat in the final minutes last time. They might lose to the Aggies, whom they play away and in their only night game. Bob Smith & Company will have had the advantage of previous handling of the moonlight punkin against tough UCLA.

Tulsa, which came a gusher last year, should do it again for Valley Conference honors—and go undefeated. Missouri is on a building program with an announced $100,000 "sans Sanity" fund—typical of what is happening at most, but less forthright, places. Johnny Bright, a great back, is still at Drake but will not have much support.

ROCKY MOUNTAIN

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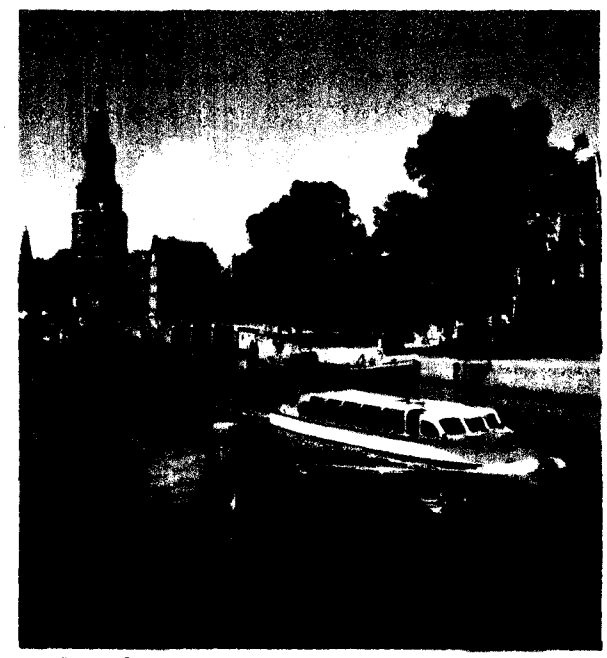

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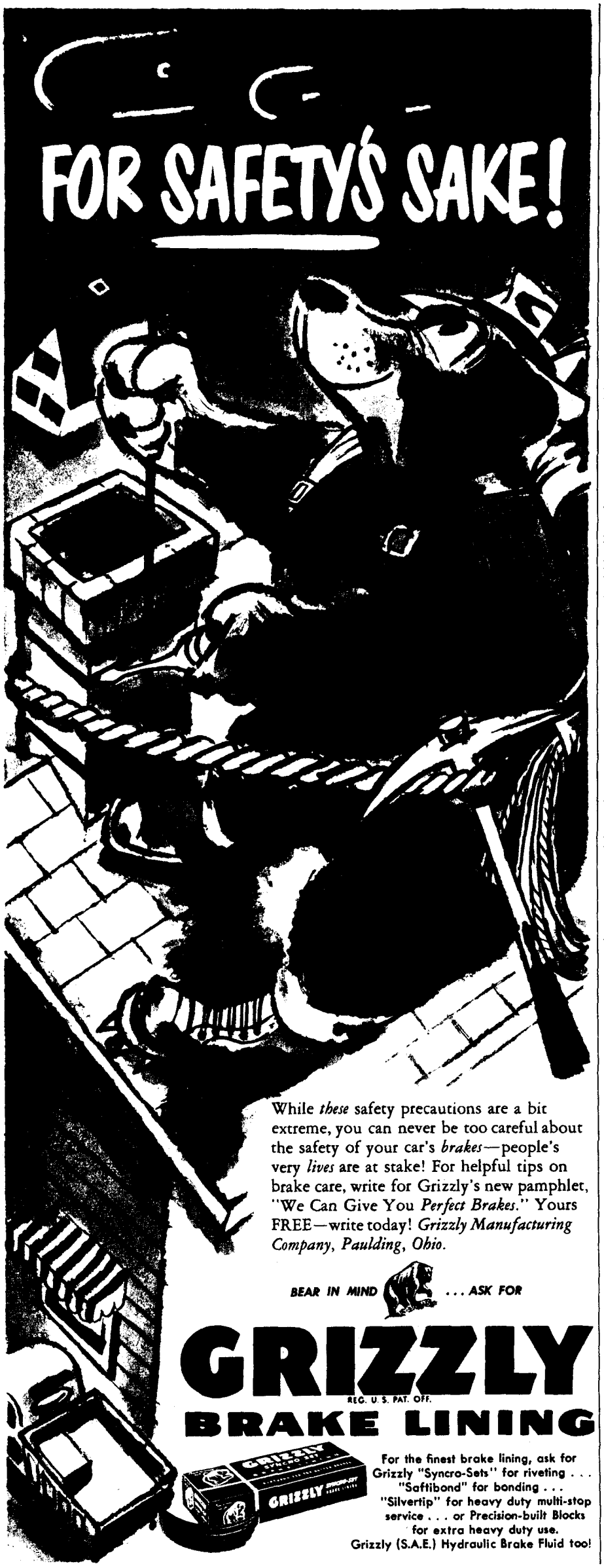
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few seasons is in process in the Skyline 8, where student bodies average 4,000 to 11,000—hardly "small." Wyoming is still the peak, with Harry Geldien billed as the best runner in the section since the original Whizzer White; the Punchers went undefeated last year, but will have two stiff hurdles this time—Florida in the opener and Utah U., which is coming fast again under Jack Curtice.

Denver has dropped back, temporarily at least, to sectional competition. Ted Shipkey has Montana U. moving into the Dangerous Dan class, as he proved against some Coast competition last year. Dud De Groot is very high on his all-round halfback, Chuck Hill, at New Mexico U. Brigham Young had military losses (one of the very few so reporting in the country) before its ROTC unit could be installed. Colorado A&M has a light squad. John Roning, a former aide to Bernie Bierman, has taken over at Utah State; and Bill Heiss at Colorado College, which had a 9-1 record in the Rocky Mountain Conference last year and should lead the way again.

PACIFIC COAST

It looks like the best season since before World War II out there (and long overdue), with five teams in contention, at least two in the top 20, a chance for the national title—and more All-America prospects than any other section. The championship race would seem to lie between California and Washington U., with their November 10th battle another of those worth traveling a long way to see.

The Golden Bears, undefeated during the last 34 games of regular-season play, figure to be stronger and deeper than ever, with Les Richter heading an improved line; "Johnny O" Olszewski bulldozing for the backfield brigade; sophomore Sammy Williams, "the best Cal passer in a decade," plugging the only hole in the offense; and all sorts of new men with class, panting for a chance to break in. That's a fearsome prospect to pick against, but I gotta do it. Psychology!

The Bears will be shut out of the Rose Bowl this year by the new agreement with the Big Ten which eliminates the previous winner. A subtle lack of incentive may operate there; and Lynn Waldorf's squad is overdue for a seasonal loss. Washington, though not so deep over all, and with a defense that doesn't quite match Cal's, has a "Fearsome Foursome" that looks like the best backfield in the country. Don Heinrich, who may be even better than Parilli as a passer, ball handler and general, set a new national passing record last year—134 of 221 for 1,846 yards and 14 touchdowns. "Hurricane Hugh" McElhenny can run with anybody; Dick Sprague, in addition to being a talented offensive man, is a defensive demon who was credited with stopping four UCLA touchdowns; Bill Earley, another double-duty slave, has a 4.79 rushing average. Ted Holzknecht heads a good line—and the Huskies are hungry.

UCLA is loaded with old men and new, particularly in the backfield. It will have Don (the Dumper) Moomaw backing up the line and playing offensive tackle. It gets excellent coaching from Red Sanders, will be dangerous in every game—and catches Washington the week after the latter plays Cal. Cross-town, Southern Cal will be even more of a puzzle than usual. The material is there, as it usually is, with Pat Cannamella a line-backing terror and Al Carmichael a great back. Jess Hill, a former Yankee baseball player and tops as a track coach, who has replaced Jeff Cravath, may have the inspirational buzz to electrify the leaden Trojan steed.

Stanford, the preseason favorite last time, had a midyear siesta, then finished strong, though losing to powerhouse Army 0-7 and tying California 7-7. Except for some offensive linemen, the same cast will be back—hungry, and with fiery, 31-year alumnus Chuck Taylor replacing Marchie Schwartz as mentor. Bill McColl, slated only for offensive end duties this year, is a great pass catcher and perhaps the best all-round player in the country. Taylor coached many of these Indians as freshmen; if he can fire them up, they could do it. Bob Mathias, the track star, will take a fling at end, with uncertain prospects.

Oregon State could be another dark horse, with fine players in end John Thomas, back Sam Baker, the two Clark brothers, Herm and Jim, who displace almost 500 pounds in the line; and sophomore back Dave Mann. Forest Evashevski expects definite improvement in his second season at Washington State. Jimmy Aiken, now a businessman, left a good nucleus for Len Casanova at Oregon; and Ray Curfman inherited a fair group from Dixie Howell at Idaho.

San Francisco should have the best record among the Independents, with strong individuals and a mild schedule. Santa Clara is coming back nicely under Dick Gallagher and might kill a giant along the road. Loyola had heavy losses, but coach Jordan Olivar is building another winner around Don Klosterman, who *might* be just a better T-quarterback than anybody. Some pros think so. College of the Pacific comes up with its usual one big star in Eddie Macon.

Sophomore Squad

(The All-Americas of 1953)

ENDS: Katchik (ND); Knutson (Mich. U.); Roffit (Ky.); Benninghoff (Yale); Saidock (Mich. St.); Fenton (Iowa); Ivanhoe (W&M).

TACKLES: Nelson (Okla.); Fleck (Syr.); Minnick (Neb.); Morgan (Md.); Hegarty (Villa.); Meadows (Duke).

GUARDS: Takacs (Ohio St.); Dutton (Cal.); Schiesswohl (Mich. St.); Atkins (Ky.); Parker (BC); Sazio (W&M).

CENTERS: Merrell (Ohio St.); Farris (Vand.); George (Syr.); Jones (Ga.).

BACKS: Varaitis (Penn); Casares (Fla.); Lattner (ND); Carl (Wisc.); Sebald (Corn.); Bratkowski (Ga.); Garrett (Stan.); Carodine (Neb.); Coody (Baylor); W. Williams (NCU); S. Williams (Cal.); Holme (Minn.); Mann (Ore. St.); Bordogna (Neb.); Holzbach (Ind.); Balzhiser (Mich. U.); Lewis (Ala.); Cameron (UCLA); Manisera (Ga.); O'Connell (Ill.); Ralston (Yale); Johnson (Rice); Norton (SMU); Babers (Okla. A&M).

KEY GAMES

Increasing financial pressure is reflected in the schedules, where opening breathers with polite friends have been generally replaced by clashes with sometimes barbarous intersectional foes. Few coaches can now enjoy the old luxury of pointing for the "big" November games. They are all big now; by the time the World Series is played this fall, a dozen gridiron Giants may already have been reduced to Lilliputians; and the early winners will face the nightmare of later slumps—which helps to explain those ever-increasing upsets.

Each summer, while the rest of you are swimming, fishing or golfing, I'm busy studying schedules—spotting the key games which will decide championships. The slate for this year shows 38 mammoth meetings. Where there are repeat performances coming up, last year's scores are included in parentheses. "Games of the Year" are capitalized. Possible upsets are indicated by "U?". Here is the Read 'Em and Weep Calendar for 1951:

September 15th—Florida over Wyoming. September 21st—Texas A&M over UCLA. September 22d—Texas U. over Kentucky. September 29th—Illinois over UCLA (14-

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6); California over Penn (14-7); Michigan State over Michigan (14-7); Ohio State over SMU (27-32); Notre Dame over Indiana (7-20)—U?. October 6th—OHIO STATE over MICHIGAN STATE; TEXAS A&M over OKLAHOMA U. (28-34); Illinois over Wisconsin (6-7); Navy over Princeton (14-20). October 13th—Illinois over Syracuse—U?; Ohio State over Wisconsin (19-14); Oklahoma over Texas U. (14-13); Notre Dame over SMU.

October 20th—TENNESSEE over ALABAMA (14-9); Washington U. over Illinois (13-20); California over USC (13-7). October 27th—TEXAS A&M over BAYLOR (20-27); Washington U. over Stanford (21-7)—U?. November 3d—Illinois over Michigan (7-0). November 10th—NOTRE DAME over MICHIGAN STATE (33-36); WASHINGTON U. over CALIFORNIA (7-14); Baylor over Texas U. (20-27). November 17th—Ohio State over Illinois (7-14); Washington U. over UCLA (21-20)—U?.

November 24th—OKLAHOMA U. over NEBRASKA (49-35); TENNESSEE over KENTUCKY (7-0); OHIO STATE over MICHIGAN (3-9); Michigan State over Colorado U.—U?; California over Stanford (7-7)—U?. November 29th—Texas A&M over Texas U. (0-17)—U?. December 1st—Navy over Army (14-2); Notre Dame over USC (7-9).

Back of the Year has been my annual pigeon—until last time, when I missed on Janowicz; but the alibi wasn't bad, since he had been my Sophomore of the Year in '49; and three of my first four—Rote, Williams and Heath—were picked 1-2-3 in the pro draft. (Karras, the fourth, was a junior.) This time it's Janowicz right back; he has the team, the schedule and is the Sammy Snead of the gridiron—does all things so naturally he can still break par while making a few mistakes. Reynolds? He might; but the other coaches will have had a year to set up defenses for him; as they did for Karras after his sensational soph season. But Nebraska's Bobby is my second choice, followed by Smith and Parilli; and I'd like to add Heinrich in there for safety, since he might take it all.

Lineman of the Year has most often escaped me; but I bagged him last time when Bob Gain won the Outland Trophy (Football Writers) and was first lineman picked in the pro draft. The follow-up boys weren't bad either: McColl, Richter, Toneff, Groom and Wilkinson. My toughest decision for this year was between McColl and Richter. Stanford folks claim McColl is the best lineman in Coast history; that now and then he fagged out last season because he played both offense and defense on a losing team against fresh men thrown against him by the "abominable" platoon system. But Richter is an acrobatic powerhouse and a great leader. He will have a better team, too. So it's Richter, McColl, Daffer and Catlin; and I'd better throw in Bob Carey from my second team, since he might crash through in a very big manner.

I've picked a sophomore squad this year, instead of just a first eleven, with Varaitis, Casares, Lattner and Carl as the Soph Backs of the Year; and the others divided into teams as they follow one another in the squad list. Last year's eleven, named as the All-Americas of '52, included Hoag, Olszewski, Carmichael, Stohlhandske, Moomaw and Donaldson, who should be right up there next season, and some of whom might even make it this time.

And let's take a casual crack, since the opportunity is unique, at a freshman eleven—the "All-Americas of 1954"—Parker of North Carolina U.; Heap of Notre Dame; Goodsell of Ohio State and Bolden of Michigan State, backs; Sysmanski of Notre Dame, center; Fournet of LSU and Salsbury of UCLA, guards; Zimmerman of Mississippi State and Parsons of Oregon U., tackles; Brown of Vanderbilt and Knight of William & Mary, ends. Beyond this point, where?

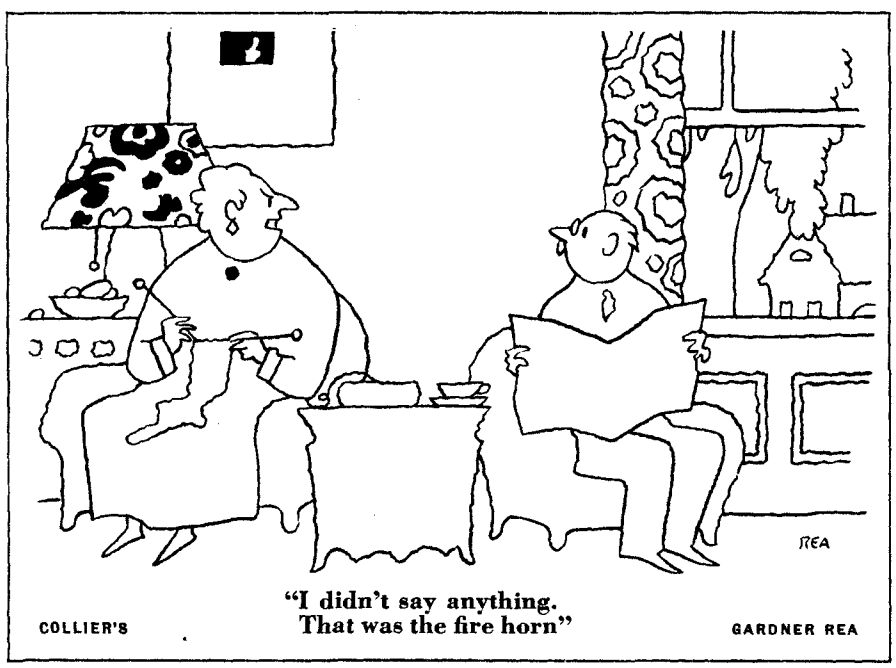
I've never hit Coach of the Year, a comparatively recent innovation, though I might have done it last time with Bob Neyland, if they had taken a vote after the Cotton Bowl game. Neyland finished an official fourth; Waldorf, my second choice, landed there, just back of Caldwell, the winner. Three of my top six finished in the first five. So, this time it's right back with General Neyland, followed by the rest of the Coaches Eleven: Waldorf (Cal); Hayes (Ohio State); Wilkinson (Okla. U.); Odell (Wash. U.); Munn (Mich. St.); Glassford (Neb.); George (Tex. A&M); Drew (Ala.); Tatum (Md.); Sauer (Baylor)—with these insurance men: Sanders (UCLA); Butts (Ga.); Snavely (NCU).

The Little All-America and Unsung Squads are token apologies to all the fine young men, some of whom are probably as good as the best, whose names are not even mentioned here. Their light too often gets hidden under a bushel basket of publicity releases from bigger schools. But they play the game the same way—to the limit. And whenever that's the case, you've got a better idea of what makes the Great Autumnal Madness.

Take Ed Douglas, New Hampshire guard, from Swissvale, Pennsylvania, for example. Ed is described as a very nice young man who would help an old lady across the street any time—but break her leg if she were carrying a football. In the Connecticut game last year, Ed said in the huddle: "Take a look at my hand, somebody. I think it's broken."

"Shut up," whispered tackle Art Post. "If the Chief (coach Chief Boston) hears you, he'll take you out of the game." So Ed shut up and was not taken out.

Which takes *me* out, however, with thanks to all those who contributed inside facts and figures to this preview—those scouts wha hae wi' Wallace bled. THE END



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The Five-Pound Goldfish

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

thirty-five years on the shore. He had fished for flatfish and blues, for porgy and stripers and blackfish, and once he had brought a three-hundred-pound shark in behind a rowboat. Now he looked a flounder in its two bulging eyes, set it down again, and turned to look at the boy's freckled face, in which the glasses magnified his eyes so that they looked a little like the flounder's. Oscar asked, "What was that he said?"

"Why, he was asking about goldfishing," Skeet said. "How is the goldfishing these days, Oscar? Had any reports?"

"The wind ain't right for it," Oscar said.

"That's so," Skeet said. "You got to have the wind blowing out of a sunset sky to catch goldfish, as I recall."

"What's your preference in bait?" Oscar asked.

"Dollar bills are good if you're trolling," Skeet said. "Or a small blonde woman, maybe. What do you use, sonny?"

"I use worms," the boy said. He looked very serious and his eyes shone large and innocent through the glasses. "I caught a five-pound goldfish last July," he said.

"A five-pounder?" Skeet said, with an admiring shake of his head. "Oscar, you hear that? This boy caught a five-pound goldfish. About how long was he, sonny?"

The boy held up his two hands, a foot apart.

Skeet grinned. "Must have been as big around as he was long," he said. "But a goldfish weighs heavy, I expect. Where'd you hook this specimen?"

"In Central Park."

"In a park?" Skeet said. "Roosting in a tree, was he?"

"In Central Park Lake," the boy said. "They let us kids fish there."

"I caught me a golf ball last week," Skeet said thoughtfully. "Didn't weigh no five pound, though."

The boy looked hurt. "You're just kidding me now."

"I'm kidding *him*, he says," said Skeet. "But it happens I ain't. I run some lobster pots, sonny, and I hauled up a pot and found a golf ball in it. Once I found a lady's watch, but the damned thing wouldn't run."

WITH an obstinate set of his lips, the boy said, "I caught a goldfish. They get big if you put 'em in a lake where they can grow. They're carp, you know." He looked down at the boards of the dock. "Maybe he didn't quite go five pounds, but he made plenty of supper for Mama and me."

"How do you like that?" Skeet said. "Oscar, how do you suppose a goldfish tastes? Kind of metallic, wouldn't you say?"

"Ask the boy," said Oscar. "He et one."

"It tasted all right," the boy said.

Skeet stuck out his hand. "I want to shake the hand of the fellow who caught the record goldfish."

The boy hung his head, but he let Skeet take his hand. Skeet held it firmly and said, "Oscar, this kid is a fisherman, whatever you say."

"I did catch a goldfish," the boy insisted. "He didn't quite weigh five pounds, maybe."

"What's your name, sonny?"

"Johnny Norman."

"Johnny," Skeet said, "I believe you. A boy who can tell one like that deserves to be believed. Look here, fisherman, you come around some morning and I'll take you out fishing. We'll see if we can tie onto something they ain't got in Central Park Lake."

The boy's eyes brightened and he smiled eagerly. "Is that your boat?"

"That's her," Skeet said, with a shrug.

The Porgy, Skeet's lobster boat, lay alongside the dock. A man could find his way to it in the dark by the bouquet of a hogshead of very ripe lobster bait on the deck, but once aboard he would have to watch his step. Lines were dropped any old way on the deck and nets were spread in disorder. The boat was shipshape after its fashion, though it hadn't any spit and polish. Skeet said he had had his fill of brightwork and soogey-moogey in the Coast Guard. He was a fisherman, not a sailor, and he took a perverse delight in the raised eyebrows and wrinkled noses of men who came in off their spotless yachts. The Porgy was always ready for a day's work, even though it smelled of lobster bait.

"You mean it you'll take me out?" the boy asked eagerly.

"I mean it," Skeet said.

They all sat on the idlers' bench. They were three fishermen—Skeet and Oscar and the boy who had caught a five-pound goldfish—and they got acquainted. His mother's name was Martha, Johnny told them, and she was a secretary in a real-estate office in New York. She took her vacation late because it was cheaper, but still they stuck 'em fifty a week for that little house on stilts, even at the close of the season. His father, Johnny said, got killed in the war, when Johnny was little.

A voice came clear and distinct over the water, calling, "John-ny." Across the way the blonde woman stood in the sunlight, looking their way, calling, "Johnny, are you coming to get me?"

"Gee, I forgot," the boy said. "I came over here to get a rowboat. You rent 'em by the week, don't you?"

"Sure thing," Skeet said. "Pick out the one you want."

Some of his rowboats had already been hauled up for the winter, but he kept half a dozen in the water for week-end fishermen. The boy selected a boat and jumped in, and Skeet passed him the oars dubiously, asking, "Sure you can row?"

"I row all the time in Central Park."

"Okay, then," Skeet said, and shoved the boat off with his foot. The boy rowed away expertly, feathering his oars in a proud way that made Skeet smile as he went back to the bench and sat down beside Oscar. He watched the rowboat slide alongside the dock across the way, watched the woman climb cautiously down and take her seat in the stern. She was wearing dark slacks and a pale yellow sweater. Skeet murmured, "Lying is one thing, but a lie with imagination in it is as rare as a five-pound goldfish, I'd say. I like that kid, Oscar."

"Maybe he did catch a goldfish," Oscar said.

"That's what I've been thinking," Skeet said. "And I can't get over it. You drop your hook overside and feel a little yank and you haul in your line and you got a goldfish flopping on the end of it. Oscar, that would be something."

"Bluefish, blackfish, goldfish," Oscar said. "I guess they all fry up the same."

They were both watching the woman in the stern of the rowboat, and neither was thinking of fish, nor talking of fish. Skeet said, "You're right, Oscar, they all fry up the same," and he walked over to the edge of the dock and steadied the bow of the rowboat with his foot as it came alongside.

SKEET thought that while the woman's face did not quite fulfill the promise of *the golden hair and the slim figure he'd seen* across the water, still it was a gentle face and the gaze of her blue eyes was level and showed good humor and, possibly, good sense, too. She smiled at him and said, "I thought we might have fish for supper, if your fish is fresh."

Skeet and Oscar exchanged a glance and Skeet said, "Yes, ma'am, it's fresh."

She walked across the dock with short, delicate steps that called attention to her small feet. Her blonde head barely reached Skeet's shoulder.

"Mama, that boat belongs to him," the boy said. "Ain't she a beauty?"

She glanced toward the bow of the Porgy and drew her head back, since they were downwind of the hogshead of bait. She glanced quickly at Skeet; then a smile came that she may have tried to repress, and she said, "Is that what I thought was low tide in the creek?"

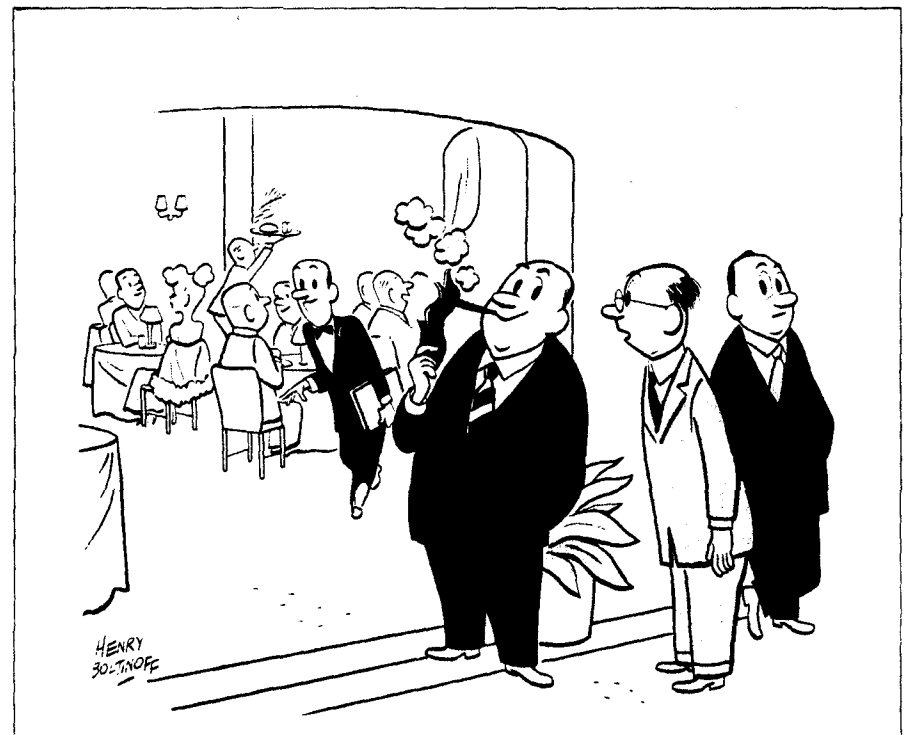
"It's lobster bait," Skeet said. "You get used to it."

"I'll try," she said. "But it depends on the prevailing wind in these parts. What fish do you have today?"

In the end, after inspecting mackerel and flounder and lobsters in a tank, she chose the flounder Skeet had last filleted, paid for it, and returned to the rowboat like Cleopatra to her barge, Skeet thought sourly. The boy bent to the oars, and when they were barely out of earshot Skeet said emphatically, "Boy, that perfume sure stinks."

"Is the fish fresh?" Oscar said in a mincing tone. "It's still kicking and she wants to know is it fresh."

"I guess you have to ask a question like that at a fish market in the city," Skeet said,



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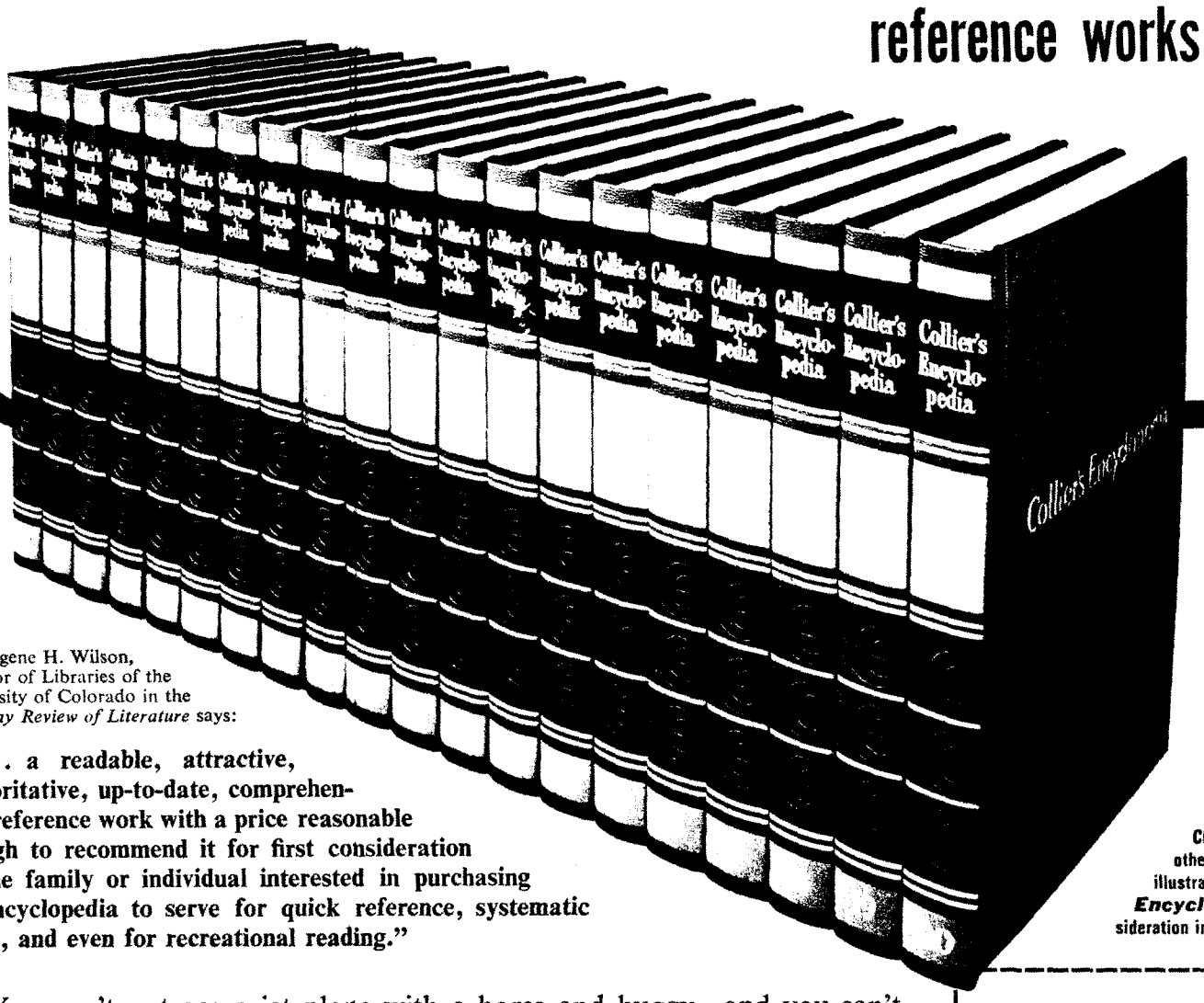

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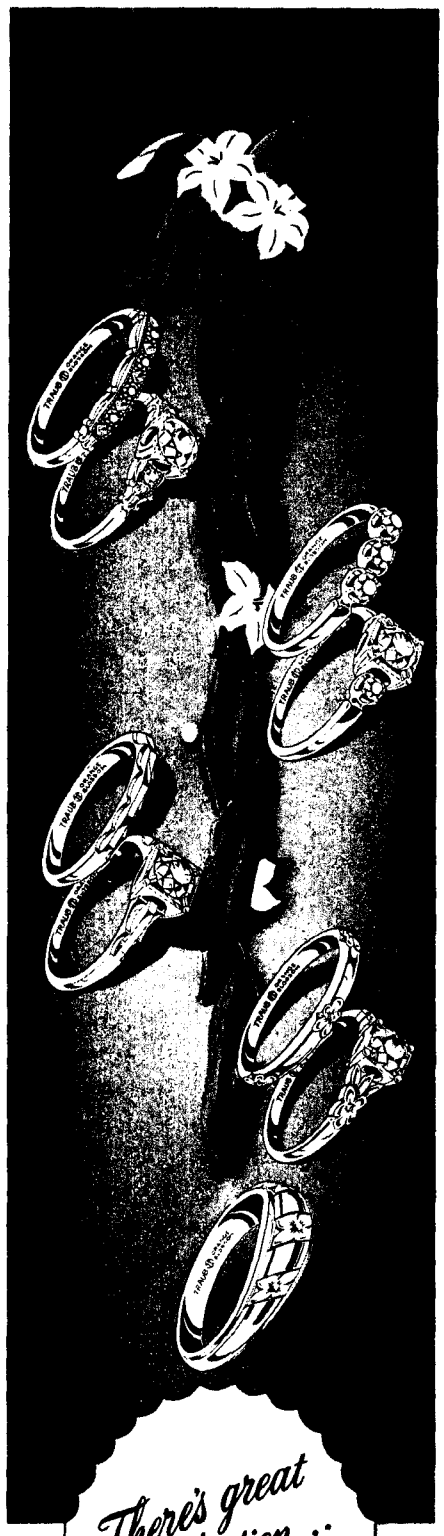

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for some reason putting in a defense. He looked at the hogshead. "Or when you get a whiff of that bait. I guess it does smell a little, Oscar. Tomorrow we'll wrestle that hogshead out back and put a tighter cover on it."

He turned and went into the fishhouse, and as he peeled back a flounder's skin he watched the rowboat come alongside the dock across the water, watched the boy make it fast, watched until the pale yellow sweater and the bright golden hair had passed from sight.

From the porch of his house, set on a small hill behind the fish market, he watched the darkness settle on the marsh that night, watched the stars come out, and saw the swooping flight of a hawk and the quick, hurtling movements of bats against the evening sky. He saw the lights come on in the cottage across the water, and he saw shadowy figures against the lights, and he felt lonely. He wished he had urged Oscar to stay for a hand of pinochle.

A bachelor has his yearning moments, Skeet told himself. A bachelor in particular may feel that somewhere along the line he may have missed something—a boy who could catch a five-pound goldfish, for instance, or at least think up a thing like that. Or a small blonde woman in the lamplight after the day was ended—after she had laid aside her broom, of course, and if you put a gag in her mouth. Skeet grinned and shrugged off the mood.

THE fishhouse commanded a bend of the creek and its widening to the broad flats where it entered Long Island Sound. It commanded also the three cottages across the water where, so far as Skeet was concerned, Johnny Norman and his mother lived like goldfish in a bowl.

He saw them get up in the morning, saw the first curl of smoke from the chimney as the woman got a wood fire going. He watched them set out by rowboat on the ebb tide and he could still see them as they dug on the flats for steamer clams. Or they fished together, with hand lines. Skeet watched them anchor and drop their hooks over, baited with clams, and naturally all they caught was eels.

On the third day the boy rowed over with his mother in the stern, and she gave Skeet a rueful smile. "I guess we'll have to buy some fish," she said. "We can't seem to catch anything."

"I've got some nice bluefish," Skeet said.

Johnny stood by in silence, looking disconsolate. Skeet put a friendly hand on his shoulder. "Now, look," he said, "it's different here from Central Park Lake. We got no salt-water goldfish, but we got flats, and stripers. Or you row out to the mouth of the creek and drift across the flats with a killi on a hook and maybe you'll catch a nice fluke. Or here—come here, Johnny."

HE LED the boy into a shed where he stored marine equipment, and took a rod and reel down from a nail. He put it in Johnny's hands and said, "Like to borrow this?"

"Gee," Johnny said, "would you let me, Mr. Moore?"

"Just call me Skeet, like everybody else," Skeet said. "Now, I'm going to rig this rod for stripers and I want you to row real easy right along by the bank and troll on the flood tide. If the striped bass are in, you'll catch one."

The boy's mother turned away, saying nothing. Some women might have pressured the boy with a "Now, say thank you, Johnny," or might have burbled embarrassing words of appreciation of Skeet's kindness, but this woman said nothing. A quick glance of her blue eyes had met Skeet's, though, and before she looked away he knew what it meant to her, this consideration for her fatherless son.

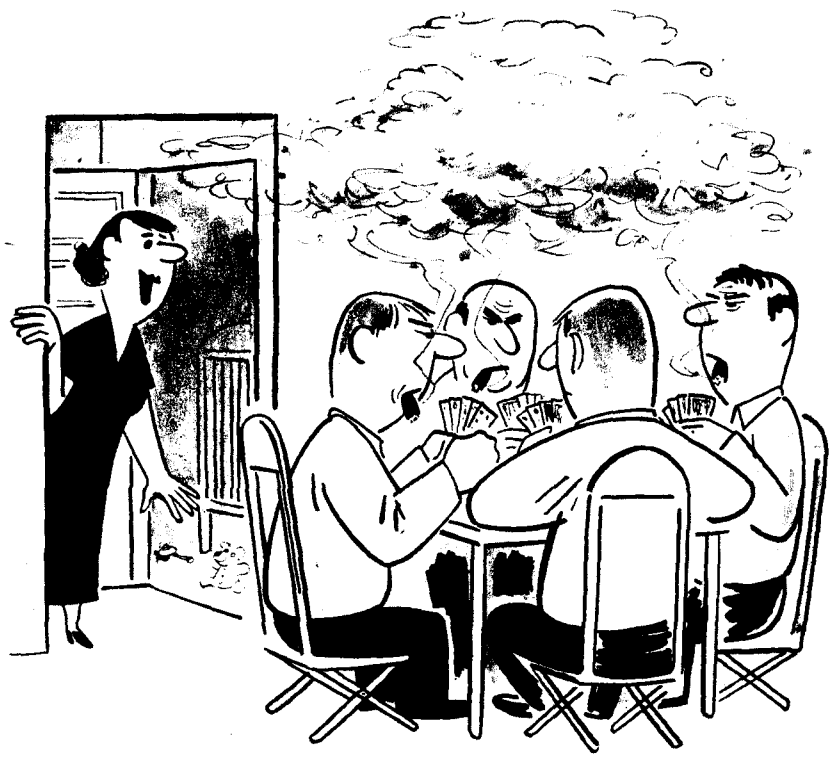
She lighted a cigarette and walked to the edge of the dock, where she stood looking down at the current of the flooding tide. There was no lobster bait barreled there now; there was only the sour smell of the marshes, which was a good smell in the cool of September.

Skeet and Johnny sat on the bench beside the fishhouse and Skeet attached a swivel and a leader to the line and bent on a willow-leaf spinner and a hook that had a barb high on its shaft. He showed Johnny how to attach a sandworm to the hook by its middle and fix the head on the barb so that the worm would trail out straight and natural in the water.

As he finished rigging the line, Martha Norman turned back from the edge of the dock, saying, "Don't you think I'd better buy a bluefish, just in case?"

"No," Skeet advised. "Give the boy a chance first."

She got into the rowboat with her son, and as Skeet shoved it off with his foot he



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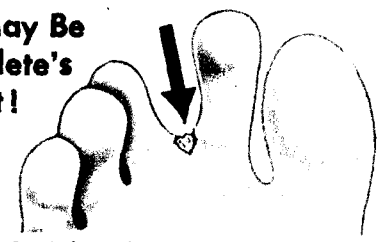

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told Johnny, "If you get a strike, keep a tight line." The woman looked up at him and smiled.

"Looks like you're doing all right," Oscar said, at Skeet's elbow.

"I want that kid to catch him a fish," Skeet said. "That's all."

"Like the lobster said when he stuck his feelers into the pot," Oscar said, "I ain't hungry, but . . ."

Skeet found something to do in the fishhouse, but he kept near a window and watched the boy, after he had deposited his mother across the way, row against the current to the mouth of the creek and turn back again. He heard a shout half an hour later when Johnny got a strike.

The rowboat had drifted away from the bank, caught by the swift current, and the line was tight, the rod bending. Johnny was shouting and cranking hard on the reel as the fish ranged toward the Sound. It was a small striper and even though the boy horsed it, he did not lose the fish. The striper shone silver in the sunlight as Johnny brought it into the boat.

"He don't look sixteen inches long to me," Oscar said unkindly. "Better tell the kid to throw him back, Skeet."

"Why, he'll weigh five pounds," Skeet said, with a grin.

They watched the beat of the oars as the excited boy rowed back to the cottage to show the fish to his mother, and ten minutes later he crossed the water to the fishhouse and gave Skeet a heart-warming smile. He had brought the fish over, stiff and dead now in the bottom of the boat.

After that, Johnny made the fish market his headquarters, rowing over several times a day to talk to Skeet and Oscar, and to perform conscientiously the small chores he'd volunteered to handle. But on the flood tides he was out after stripers, and his luck was such that Martha Norman had no need to buy fish. Skeet saw her every day for a week at the cottage across the creek, but she had no occasion to cross the water, and their only communication was by smiles and waves.

But Johnny brought reports. It was sort of lonely over there, he told Skeet, but his mother didn't mind. She wanted a good rest, he said, and she had lots of books to read. And every time the movie program changed, they took the bus to town to see the show.

SKEET took Johnny with him several times on the Porgy when he hauled his lobster pots. He was a little embarrassed by the boy's awe of him. But he recognized that as a man who knew everything that was important about tides and winds and local fishing he was an inspiring figure to a small boy—in this case a boy with imagination, who might well have used the story of the five-pound goldfish to attract his attention in the first place.

He taught Johnny how to gauge the lobsters and wedge their claws, and one day, as they were returning to the creek with the live wells filled, Johnny said, "I sure like it up here, Skeet. So does Mama."

"This time of year is perfect," Skeet said.

"I'd like it all year round," Johnny said. "So would Mama. She was asking about the school here in town. It's a good school, isn't it?"

"I went there," Skeet said. "I guess I got some kind of an education."

"I think Mama would like to find a job up here and us live here all the time," Johnny said. He was stretched full length on the deck, studying the lobsters in the live well. "Mama thinks it would be good for me, living up here instead of New York City. She says a boy ought to know all four seasons of the year in the country."

"If you were up here in the fall," Skeet said, "we'd go duckhunting. We get a big raft of broadbill out here every fall. You can't even count how many. Fifteen, twenty thousand at a time."

"I'd like to see that," Johnny said, listening intently.

"And maybe we could tree us a coon," Skeet said, as he brought the Porgy in to the dock. "We have a coon club up here and we put our coons in the freeze locker and have a big coon dinner along in February."

Johnny followed Skeet in to the fishhouse as he carried the lobsters in. "What else do you do all winter, Skeet?"

"Why, I repair my pots and nets and overhaul my boat, along in spring."

"Paint the fishhouse, too, I guess," Johnny said.

"Well," Skeet said, "yes."

"Mama thinks it's kind of messy over here," the boy said seriously. "She likes everything neat and tidy." He added understandingly, "It makes her happy."

"She said that, did she?" Skeet said, selecting two lobsters that matched each other at about two pounds.

"Well, no," Johnny said. "She just said this fishhouse wouldn't look so bad if it had a fresh coat of paint."

Skeet grunted and said, "Take these two lobsters home for supper, Johnny. Tell your maw you earned 'em."

THAT night, as he sat with a can of beer on the screened porch of his house and saw the bright lights of the cottage and her silhouette moving against the lights, he thought that the first thing she saw every morning was his fish market. And he wondered, since he watched her, did she watch him, too? Did she look out each morning and see the drab fishhouse and the slovenly figure of a man cleaning fish or sitting on a bench with his face in the sun? If she watched him the way he watched her, maybe she knew more about him than he realized. Maybe she knew he was a pretty lonely guy. He did not like the thought of her looking out at the disorder of the dock and speculating on what an empty life he led.

Next day he was up early. Next day he was in town as soon as the stores were open, buying paint, and by the time Oscar appeared for work he had a plank balanced on two sawhorses and was painting the fishhouse. Naturally, he worked first on the side facing the creek, and as the pastel color flowed from the brush he never asked himself why he had chosen the same pale yellow color as the sweater she wore.

Johnny rowed over in midmorning, with something wrapped in waxed paper set carefully on the stern seat. He brought it to Skeet, turning back the paper to disclose a chocolate cake.

"Mama baked it for you, Skeet," he said. "She wants me to tell you those lobsters were delicious."

Skeet grinned and held the cake gingerly in his two hands. The boy looked at the glistening wall of the fishhouse with approval. "That's a nice color, Skeet," he said, and added, "Mama said."

Johnny borrowed a brush and worked through the afternoon with Skeet. Once with his freckled face close to the wall, he said shyly, "Skeet, you made me a promise the day I got here. You promised you'd take me out fishing on the Porgy."

"I sure did," Skeet said. "All right, we'll do it. How about Saturday morning, bright and early?"

"That would be swell," the boy said, and hesitated, glancing back over his shoulder at the cottage across the creek. "Could Mama go, too?"

Oscar's head appeared at the window, coming like a leering jack-in-the-box out of the yellow wall, and he grinned at Skeet. The boy added quickly, "I told her you said you'd take me fishing someday and she said if you did she wanted to go along."

"That's how it goes," Oscar said. "A woman can't bear to see two men being happy off by themselves."

But Skeet saw the boy's face tighten and he said quickly, "If she wants to come, I'd sure be glad to have her."

Johnny put down his brush. "I'll tell her," he said, and hurried to his rowboat.

Skeet wiped his hands on a rag and walked away to escape the sight of Oscar's grin. Then, as the boy disappeared into the house across the way, he moved on to the

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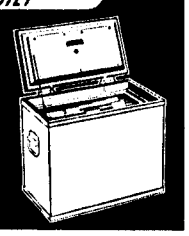

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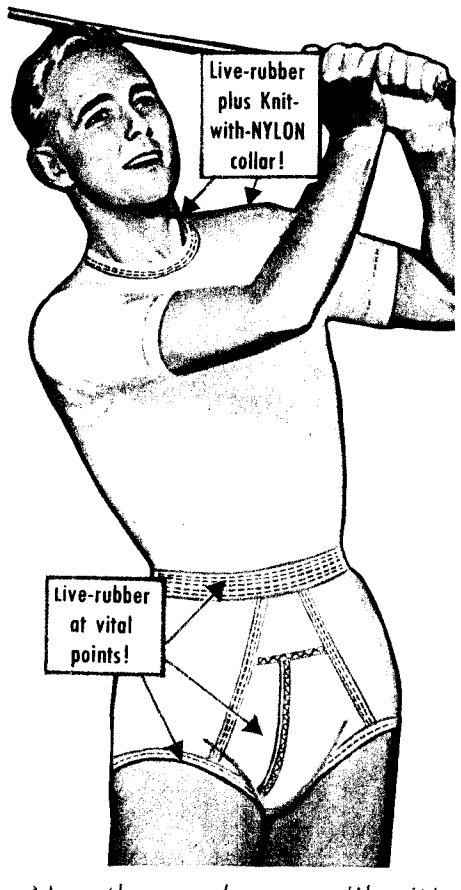

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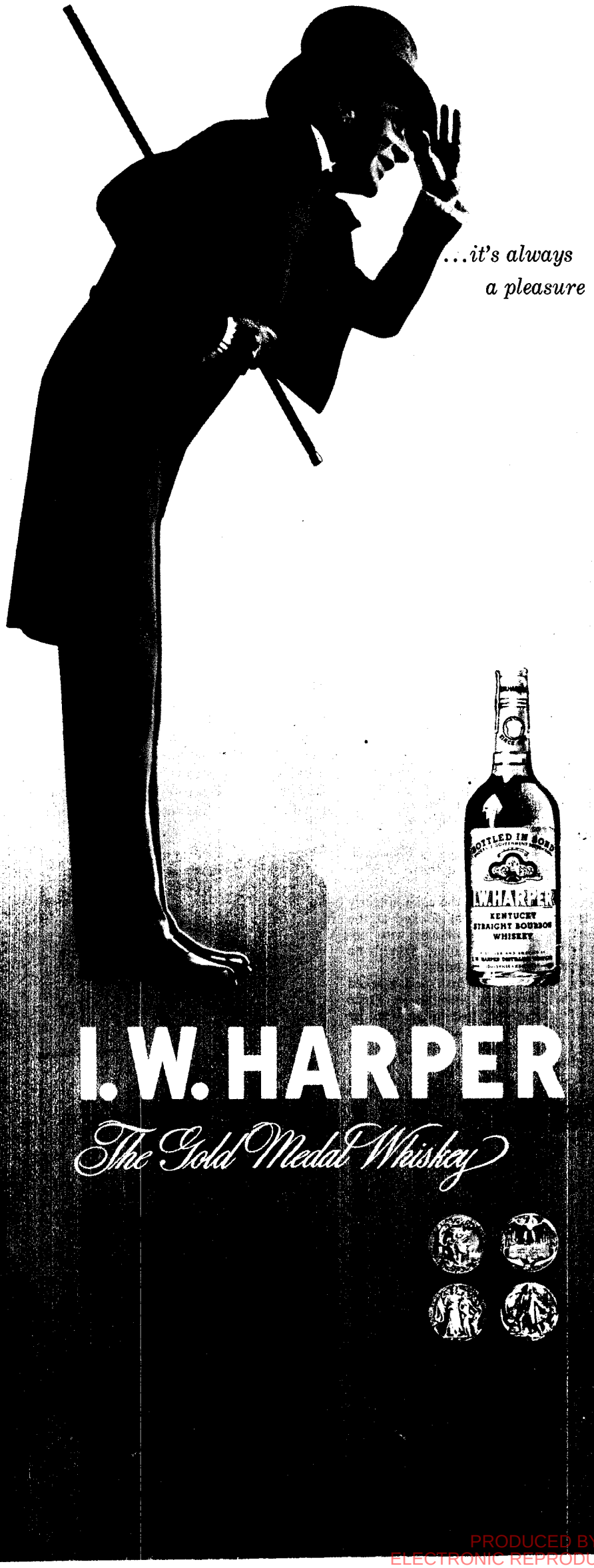


Porgy. He began lifting lines and nets to the dock and called to Oscar, "Hook up a hose and bring it to me."

In silence Oscar brought the hose, and when water began to spurt on the deck he shook his head and said, "What a woman can make a man do. Don't ever come around me complaining, Skeet. That's all I ask."

"You ain't heard me complaining," Skeet said belligerently, and went on scouring the deck.

"When a man gets so scared of what a woman might make him do he goes out and does it anyhow, it's got me beat," Oscar said.

"I'm going fishing Saturday," Skeet said. "That's all."

"Goldfishing, that is," Oscar said disapprovingly.

WHEN she went aboard Saturday morning, carrying a lunch hamper, she couldn't have failed to see how the decks shone and how carefully the lines were laid in Flemish coils. Johnny showed her proudly around the boat, and when they came to stand beside Skeet at the wheel, after the Porgy had left the last channel marker behind, the boy said, "Skeet, tell Mama about that shark. Tell her about that three-hundred-pounder you fought for four hours summer before last."

"I understand you're a champion fisherman, Mr. Moore," Martha Norman said, with a friendly smile.

"Why, he wasn't very big for a shark," Skeet said. "Sharks get a lot bigger than him."

"But Skeet was in a little old rowboat, Mama," the boy said. "That shark weighed as much as him and the rowboat put together."

Skeet was embarrassed and said, "If I'd had any sense I'd of cut the line." He pointed the Porgy toward a red nun buoy that marked a sand shoal three miles offshore, and felt his face flushing as red as the buoy. He understood that Johnny had wanted to show him off to his mother with that story of the three-hundred-pound shark, but it might look to her, he thought, as if that three-hundred-pound shark was the same kind of fish as Johnny's five-pound goldfish.

Beside him Martha Norman stood silent, with her head lifted as she breathed deeply of the salt wind. She had the serenity of a figurehead, Skeet thought, as the wind whipped back her yellow hair; with her face so calm and assured she was like a sculptured maiden dipping to the waves from the prow of a majestic ship. Yet this maiden had appealing lines of care about her eyes and the strong, capable hands of a domestic woman.

Johnny had moved on to the bow, where he could feel the lift and fall of the hull, and as he grinned back at them happily, Martha Norman said softly, "My son really worships you, Mr. Moore. He thinks you have a wonderful life up here—the best of everything." She turned to him with a warm smile. "I want to thank you for being so nice to him. It was just what he needed. He's at the age where a man's companionship means a lot." She waved her hand at the horizon. "I wish he had more of this."

"That boy would make a real fisherman," Skeet said. "Give him a chance, that is."

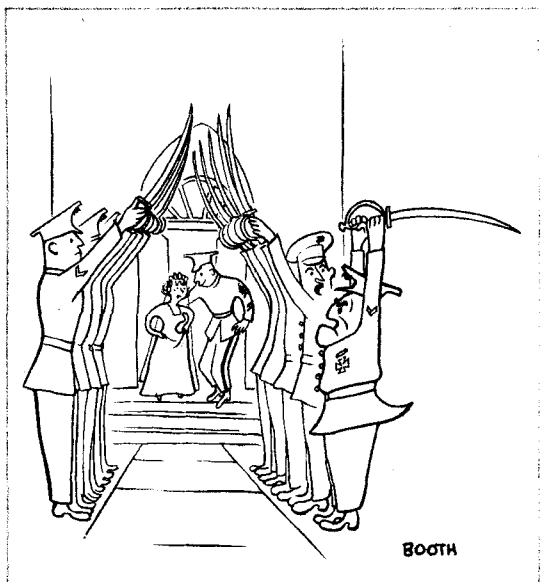
It was useless to remind himself that he hardly knew this woman, that they had exchanged only a few words. A man could tell the spirit of a fish with the first tug on the line, couldn't he? A man knew the nibble of a rock perch from the lunge of a striper. And he had watched her and come to know the movements of her body, come to anticipate the quick, small step, the lifted chin, the curve of a cheek against the angle of a shoulder.

It was good simply to watch her after he had anchored near the buoy and put a rod in her hands, to watch her poised and intent, to watch her hands jerk and her smile come bright and hear her little squeal as she boated her first porgy.

And here was a woman who could bait her own hook, and insisted on it. She unhooked her fish and reached for fresh bait ahead of him. Their hands touched, and she smiled. Skeet said, "Let me bait that for you."

"One thing I do know," she said firmly, "a fisherman should bait his own hook." She fixed a clam to her hook and dropped it overside. "I don't know a thing about fishing, but Johnny bought a book on saltwater fishing at the drugstore and I've been reading it." She gave him a smile as bright as a child's, then yelped as another porgy took her bait.

It was Skeet's opening to tell her of baits and lures and the run of fish, to picture the life of a man to whom the water yielded its mysteries. By the time they opened the lunch hamper it was Martha and Skeet, Martha and Skeet and Johnny. Skeet brought out beer from the ice locker and after lunch they sat astern and talked. Johnny caught most of the fish, and it was a fine haul of porgy and sea bass and flounder.



"Damn' decent of you, Nunnally, to come to the Sarge's wedding after the way he's treated you . . ."

COLLIER'S — GEORGE BOOTH

ON THE trip back to shore in the late afternoon, the boy lay on the deck beside the live well, watching the butterfly fins of the sea bass move gracefully in the water, and Martha stood beside Skeet at the wheel. It had been a good day, and Skeet hated to see it ending.

"It's a shame," she said softly as he brought the Porgy into the channel, "that we have to leave all this tomorrow."

"Tomorrow?" Skeet said, and the pleasure went out of the day. "What do you mean, tomorrow?"

"Our two weeks is up tomorrow."

"Mama, can't we stay on a while? Just a day or two more?" Johnny pleaded.

"You haven't been here two weeks," Skeet said desperately. "Look at the calendar. You're wrong."

"I wish I were wrong," she said. "I certainly wish we could stay on. But Johnny's school starts Monday."

"I thought maybe you'd send him to school up here," Skeet said. "He said you were thinking about it."

"Johnny told you that?" She looked puzzled, then smiled. "That's just wishful thinking, I'm afraid."

"He said you were talking about getting a job up this way."

"But why?" She gave him a surprised look. "I have a good job in New York. We have our apartment there, and all that."

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Skeet looked ahead at the yellow wall of the fishhouse, feeling a lightness in his head and a ringing in his ears. He was sure it was clear to her what had happened; he felt it in her gentle tone as she said, "Johnny is a boy who wishes too hard. Sometimes his wishes get mixed up with what's really so." She stroked her son's head. "Like that goldfish of his."

Johnny's eyes blinked behind his glasses. "Well, it *was* a goldfish, Mama. You said yourself he looked goldy."

"Yes, he looked a little goldy," she said. "But he looked a little perchy, too, didn't he?"

Skeet stood examining himself in self-mockery: a big, crude man who smelled of fish and tidal flats and was as vulnerable as the boy and his five-pound goldfish.

Johnny moved aft, and Martha said, "It's wonderful to be that age when anything seems possible." Her tone was considerably casual, but it was a little diffident, too. Glancing at her, Skeet saw a wistful, far-away look in her eyes. "Of course it would be a dream life for a boy Johnny's age, here on the water," she murmured. "You've shown us what a good life it is, Skeet, and we'll never forget it."

She lighted a cigarette and stood silent as Skeet brought the Porgy into the dock, where Oscar was waiting to catch the stern line and snub it on a bollard. After they had made the Porgy fast and brought the gear ashore, Skeet picked out some of the fish and put them in a basket for Johnny to take to the rowboat. Catching a glimpse of the boy's glum face, he grinned and said, "Now, look here, you can't expect to catch a goldfish every time, Johnny."

"I don't want to be teased no more," the boy said.

"I'm not teasing," Skeet said. "Kid, I got an idea. Next summer you'll be a big fellow. You'll be eleven years old. What do you say I give you a job next summer? You come up here and help me and Oscar sell bait and rent rowboats and we'll do lots of fishing, you and me, all summer long. How does that sound?"

"Gee, if Mama would let me," Johnny said, "that would be swell."

Skeet said, "How about it, Martha?"

She gave him a grateful smile. "That's awfully good of you, Skeet." A light came into her eyes. "And I could come up later in the summer, for my vacation."

"Mama, would you?" Johnny cried.

"Well, we have all winter to talk about it," she said, and stepped down into the rowboat. She settled herself in the stern and looked up at Skeet. "Then I guess it's good-by."

"Until next summer," Skeet said.

"Yes, until next summer." She smiled up at him, and as their eyes met, he saw in hers a faint, deep shine. He carried the memory of it as the rowboat moved away.

NEXT summer was a long way off, but time was no factor in goldfishing. The promise of the future was the goldfisherman's ocean, and the line on his reel was as long as time and as bright as the rainbow; the bait on his hook was hope. Watching the boy bend to the oars, Skeet thought that he and Johnny had a kinship: they both baited their hooks with persevering hope.

At his elbow, Oscar said softly, "You got a look like a lobster trapped in the pot."

"Nope," Skeet said. "I'm just a crusty old fellow that knows a lobster trap when he sees one. I just feel my way around and then I move on again."

He stood at the edge of the dock and he felt a loneliness in the wind that had come up suddenly from the marshes. There was a chill in the wind, a hint of browning leaves and frosty mornings and the ripe beauty of autumn in New England, but beauty can be a sad thing to a lonely man. Beauty can be almost more than a lonely man can bear.

Across the way Martha had disappeared into the cottage, but Johnny had shoved the rowboat out again and pointed its bow across the current. He drove the boat with quick, deep strokes of the blades, and near the dock he rested on the oars and turned a grinning face to Skeet. "Mama's going to cook up some of that fish for supper, Skeet," he said. "She wants to know if you want to eat with us."

Skeet looked across the water and saw her standing in the doorway. Her figure seemed receptive and questioning, and he remembered the light he had seen in her eyes. Now he knew what it was; wasn't it the gleam of a golden fin, rising uncertainly in their clear blue depths? He raised his whole arm in a thrusting gesture toward the sky and saw the answering flutter of her fingers.

THE END

48 States of Mind

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8

his decision: "Provided they give me somebody and something to vote for."

★ ★ ★

The United Nations World Health Organization has discovered that the population of this bewitched, bothered and bewildered earth of ours has increased by 826,000,000 in the past 50 years and is continuing to increase at the rate of 60,000 a day. The total population of this ball of hot mud is now almost 2,400,000,000. This leaves the WHO just two simple problems to solve: Who's going to feed them if this keeps up—and with what; and where is the United States Treasury going to get the money to pay for it? About this latter we are told by Mr. Jacob Tricher of Portland, Oregon, it's his experience that while the dollar doesn't go as far today as it used to, it most certainly has the speed to make up what it lacks in distance.

★ ★ ★

Co-operation note from the Noel (Missouri) Ozark Press: "Elmer Brown's home was completely destroyed by fire Wednesday night. The Anderson Fire Department was there to assist."

★ ★ ★

Let's pretend you're a foreign country and wanted a few pounds of butter—oh, say five or ten thousand crates. All you'd have to do is notify the United States of America. Before you'd hung up the phone you'd be chin deep in the stuff at 15 cents a pound. Of course the U.S. paid 60 cents a pound for it, but you'd be too polite to say that was no way to run a business. But if you are what you are—just a silly old American taxpayer—and wanted a bit of butter for your plebian slice of bread, you'd go to the grocer and hit him with 80 cents. Whereupon the government duns you for the 45 cents it lost in selling butter to that guy over there for 15 cents. This dour intelligence is derived from the Congressional Record. Senator John J. Williams of Delaware is speaking—probably with a catch in his voice.

★ ★ ★

A gentleman named Anxious wants to know how much we will pay for "a rough draft of my tentative views on the unsatisfactory conditions said to prevail in the world today." He thoughtfully failed to enclose his address.

★ ★ ★

There is a gentleman in Santa Fe, New Mexico, who after overimbibing drove his car into a stone wall and died. There is yet another gentleman in the same town who, upon hearing this, said sadly: "Too bad, too bad. That's what I would call putting the quart before the hearse."

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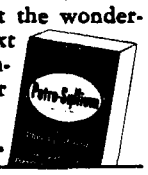

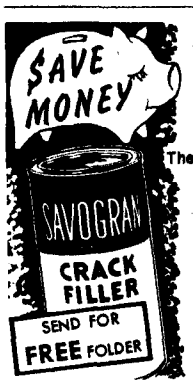

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I'm Scared

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 24

story appears in my files now as follows:

Case 2. Louis Trachnor, coal and wood dealer, R.F.D. 1, Danbury, Connecticut, aged fifty-four.

On July 20, 1950, Mr. Trachnor told me, he walked out on the front porch of his house about six o'clock in the morning. Running from the eaves of his house to the floor of the porch was a streak of gray paint, still damp. "It was about the width of an eight-inch brush," Mr. Trachnor told me, "and it looked like hell, because the house was white. I figured some kids did it in the night for a joke, but if they did, they had to get a ladder up to the eaves and you wouldn't figure they'd go to that much trouble. It wasn't smeared, either; it was a careful job, a nice even stripe straight down the front of the house."

Mr. Trachnor got a ladder and cleaned off the gray paint with turpentine.

In October of that same year, Mr. Trachnor painted his house. "The white hadn't held up so good, so I painted it gray. I got to the front last and finished about five one Saturday afternoon. Next morning when I came out, I saw a streak of white right down the front of the house. I figured it was the damn' kids again, because it was the same place as before. But when I looked close, I saw it wasn't new paint; it was the old white I'd painted over. Somebody had done a nice careful job of cleaning off the new paint in a long stripe about eight inches wide right down from the eaves! Now, who the hell would go to that trouble? I just can't figure it out."

DO YOU see the link between this story and mine? Suppose for a moment that something had happened, on each occasion, to disturb briefly the orderly progress of time. That seemed to have happened in my case; for a matter of some seconds I apparently heard a radio broadcast that had been made years before. Suppose, then, that no one had touched Mr. Trachnor's house but himself; that he had painted his house in October, but that through some fantastic mix-up in time, a portion of that paint appeared on his house the previous summer. Since he had cleaned the paint off at that time, a broad stripe of new gray paint was missing *after* he painted his house in the fall.

I would be lying, however, if I said I really believed this. It was merely an intriguing speculation, and I told both these little stories to friends, simply as curious anecdotes. I am a sociable person, see a good many people, and occasionally I heard other odd stories in response to mine.

Someone would nod and say, "Reminds me of something I heard recently . . ." and I would have one more to add to my collection. A man on Long Island received a telephone call from his sister in New York one Friday evening. She insists that she did not make this call until the following Monday, three days later. At the Forty-fifth Street branch of the Chase National Bank, I was shown a check deposited the day before it was written. A letter was delivered on East Sixty-eighth Street in New York City, just seventeen minutes after it was dropped into a mailbox on the main street of Green River, Wyoming.

And so on, and so on; my stories were now in demand at parties, and I told myself that collecting and verifying them was a hobby. But the day I heard Julia Eisenberg's story, I knew it was no longer that.

Case 17. Julia Eisenberg, office worker, New York City, aged thirty-one.

Miss Eisenberg lives in a small walk-up apartment in Greenwich Village. I talked to her there after a chess-club friend who lives in her neighborhood had repeated to me a somewhat garbled version of her story, which was told to him by the doorman of the building he lives in.

In October, 1947, about eleven at night, Miss Eisenberg left her apartment to walk to the drugstore for toothpaste. On her way back, not far from her apartment, a large black-and-white dog ran up to her and put his front paws on her chest.

"I made the mistake of petting him," Miss Eisenberg told me, "and from then on he simply wouldn't leave. When I went into the lobby of my building, I actually had to push him away to get the door closed. I felt sorry for him, poor hound, and a little guilty, because he was still sitting at the door an hour later when I looked out my front window."

This dog remained in the neighborhood for three days, discovering and greeting Miss Eisenberg with wild affection each time she appeared on the street. "When I'd get on the bus in the morning to go to work, he'd sit on the curb looking after me in the most mournful way, poor thing. I wanted to take him in, and I wish with all my heart that I had, but I knew he'd never go home then, and I was afraid whoever owned him would be sorry to lose him. No one in the neighborhood knew who he belonged to, and finally he disappeared."

Two years later a friend gave Miss Eisenberg a three-week-old puppy. "My apartment is really too small for a dog, but he was such a darling I couldn't resist. Well, he grew up into a nice big dog who ate more than I did."

Since the neighborhood was quiet, and the dog well behaved, Miss Eisenberg usually unleashed him when she walked him at night, for he never strayed far. "One night—I'd last seen him sniffing around in the dark a few doors down—I called to him and he didn't come back. And he never did; I never saw him again.

"Now, our street is a solid wall of brownstone buildings on both sides, with locked doors and no areaways. He *couldn't* have disappeared like that, he just *couldn't*. But he did."

Miss Eisenberg hunted for her dog for many days afterward, inquired of neighbors, put ads in the papers, but she never found him. "Then one night I was getting ready for bed; I happened to glance out the front window down at the street, and suddenly I remembered something I'd forgotten all about. I remembered the dog I'd chased away over two years before." Miss Eisenberg looked at me for a moment, then she said flatly, "It was the same dog. If you own a dog you *know* him, you can't be mistaken, and I tell you it was the same dog. Whether it makes sense or not, my dog was lost—I chased him away—two years before he was born."

She began to cry silently, the tears running down her face. "Maybe you think I'm crazy, or a little lonely and overly sentimental about a dog. But you're wrong." She brushed at her tears with a handkerchief. "I'm a well-balanced person, as much as anyone is these days, at least, and I tell you I *know* what happened."

It was in that moment, sitting in Miss Eisenberg's neat, shabby living room, that I realized fully that the consequences of these odd little incidents could be something more than merely intriguing; that they might, quite possibly, be tragic. It was in that moment that I began to be afraid.

I HAVE spent the last eleven months discovering and tracking down these strange occurrences, and I am astonished and frightened at how many there are. I am astonished and frightened at how much more frequently they are happening now, and—I hardly know how to express this—at their increasing *power* to tear human lives tragically apart. This is an example, selected almost at random, of the increasing strength of—whatever it is that is happening in the world.

Case 34. Paul V. Kerch, accountant, the Bronx, aged thirty-one.

On a bright, clear, Sunday afternoon, I met an unsmiling family of three at their Bronx apartment: Mr. Kerch, a chunky, darkly good-looking young man; his wife, a pleasant-faced dark-haired woman in her late twenties, whose attractiveness was marred by circles under her eyes; and their son, a nice-looking boy of six or seven. After introductions, the boy was sent to his room at the back of the house to play.

"All right," Mr. Kerch said wearily then, and walked toward a bookcase, "let's get at it. You said on the phone that you know

COLLIER'S

"Hilary, do something about Junior! He won't eat his $NX6.25\text{-}CaCO_3$ . . ."

GREGORY D'ALESSIO

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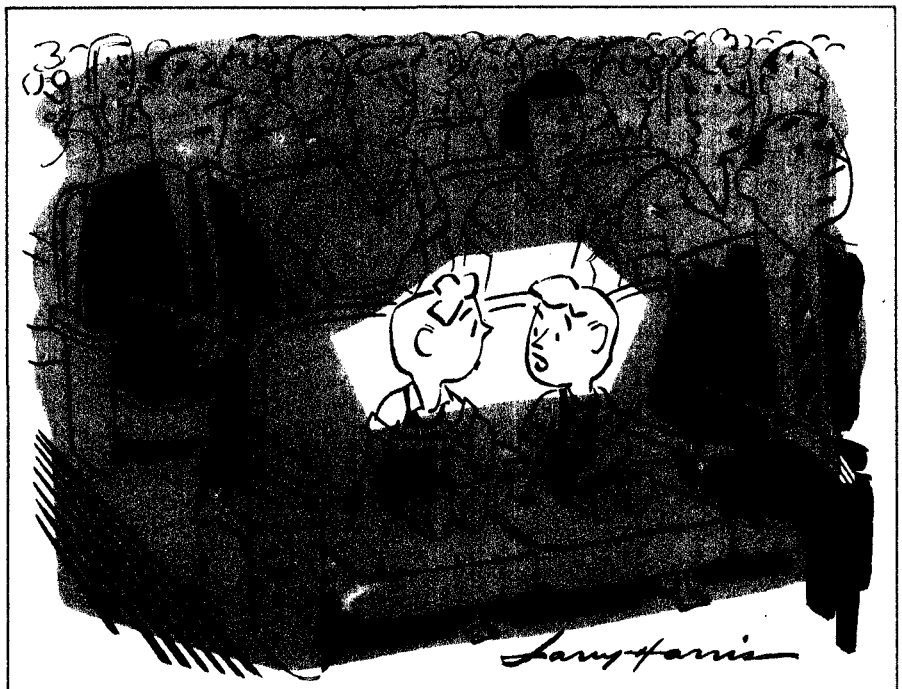

"Have you noticed how they seem to keep showing the same old cartoon every couple of hours?"

COLLIER'S — LARRY HARRIS

the story in general." It was half a question, half a statement.

"Yes," I said.

He took a book from the top shelf and removed some photographs from it. "There are the pictures." He sat down on the davenport beside me, with the photographs in his hand. "I own a pretty good camera, I'm a fair amateur photographer, and I have a darkroom setup in the kitchen; do my own developing. Two weeks ago, we went down to Central Park." His voice was a tired monotone as though this were a story he'd repeated many times, aloud and in his own mind. "It was nice, like today, and the kid's grandmothers have been pestering us for pictures, so I took a whole roll of films, pictures of all of us. My camera can be set up and focused and it will snap the picture automatically a few seconds later, giving me time to get around in front of it and get in the picture myself."

There was a tired, hopeless look in his eyes as he handed me all but one of the photographs. "These are the first ones I took," he said. The photographs were all fairly large, perhaps seven by three and a half inches, and I examined them closely.

THEY were ordinary enough, very sharp and detailed, and each showed the family of three in various smiling poses. Mr. Kerch wore a light business suit, his wife had on a dark dress and a cloth coat, and the boy wore a dark suit with knee-length pants. In the background stood a tree with bare branches. I glanced up at Mr. Kerch, signifying that I had finished my study of the photographs.

"The last picture," he said, holding it in his hand ready to give to me, "I took exactly like the others. We agreed on the pose, I set the camera, walked around in front, and joined my family. Monday night I developed the whole roll. This is what came out on the last negative." He handed me the photograph.

For an instant it seemed to me like merely one more photograph in the group; then I saw the difference. Mr. Kerch looked much the same, bareheaded and grinning broadly, but he wore an entirely different suit. The boy, standing beside him, wore long pants, was a good three inches taller, obviously older, but equally obviously the same boy. The woman was an entirely different person. Dressed smartly, her light hair catching the sun, she was very pretty and attractive, and she was smiling into the camera, holding Mr. Kerch's hand.

I looked up at him. "Who is this?"

Wearily, Mr. Kerch shook his head. "I don't know," he said sullenly, then suddenly exploded: "I don't *know!* I've never seen her in my life!" He turned to look at his wife, but she would not return his glance, and he turned back to me, shrugging. "Well, there you have it," he said. "The whole story." And he stood up, thrusting both hands into his trouser pockets, and began to pace about the room, glancing often at his wife, talking to *her* actually, though he addressed his words to me. "So who is she? How could the camera have snapped that picture? I've never seen that woman in my life!"

I glanced at the photograph again, then bent closer. "The trees here are in full bloom," I said. Behind the solemn-faced boy, the grinning man and smiling woman, the trees of Central Park were in full summer leaf.

Mr. Kerch nodded. "I know," he said bitterly. "And you know what *she* says?" he burst out, glaring at his wife. "She says that *is* my wife in the photograph, my *new* wife a couple of years from now! God!" He slapped both hands down on his head. "The ideas a woman can get!"

"What do you mean?" I glanced at Mrs. Kerch, but she ignored me, remaining silent, her lips tight.

Kerch shrugged hopelessly. "She says that photograph shows how things will be a couple of years from now. She'll be dead or"—he hesitated, then said the word bitterly—"divorced, and I'll have our son and be married to the woman in the picture."

We both looked at Mrs. Kerch, waiting until she was obliged to speak.

"Well, if it isn't so," she said, shrugging a shoulder, "then tell me what that picture does mean."

Neither of us could answer that, and a few minutes later I left. There was nothing much I could say to the Kerches; certainly I couldn't mention my conviction that, whatever the explanation of the last photograph, their married life was over. . . .

Case 72. Lieutenant Alfred Eichler, New York Police Department, aged thirty-three.

In the late evening of January 9, 1951, two policemen found a revolver lying just off a gravel path near an East Side entrance to Central Park. The gun was examined for fingerprints at the police laboratory and several were found. One bullet had been fired from the revolver and the police fired another which was studied and classified by a ballistics expert. The fingerprints were checked and found in police files; they were those of a minor hoodlum with a record of assault.

A routine order to pick him up was sent out. A detective called at the rooming house where he was known to live, but he was out, and since no unsolved shootings

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had occurred recently, no intensive search for him was made that night.

The following evening a man was shot and killed in Central Park with the same gun. This was proved ballistically past all question of error. It was soon learned that the murdered man had been quarreling with a friend in a nearby tavern. The two men, both drunk, had left the tavern together. And the second man was the hoodlum whose gun had been found the previous night, and which was still locked in a police safe.

As Lieutenant Eichler said to me, "It's impossible that the dead man was killed with that same gun, but he was. Don't ask me how, though, and if anybody thinks we'd go into court with a case like that, they're crazy."

Case 111. Captain Hubert V. Rihm, New York Police Department, retired, aged sixty-six.

I met Captain Rihm by appointment one morning in Stuyvesant Park, a patch of greenery, wood benches and asphalt surrounded by the city, on lower Second Avenue. "You want to hear about the Fentz case, do you?" he said, after we had introduced ourselves and found an empty bench. "All right, I'll tell you. I don't like to talk about it—it bothers me—but I'd like to see what you think." He was a big, rather heavy man, with a red, tough face, and he wore an old police jacket and uniform cap with the insigne removed.

"I was up at City Mortuary," he began, as I took out my notebook and pencil, "at Bellevue, about twelve one night, drinking coffee with one of the interns. This was in June, 1950, just before I retired, and I was in Missing Persons. They brought this guy in and he was a funny-looking character. Had a beard. A young guy, maybe thirty, but he wore regular muttonchop whiskers, and his clothes were funny-looking. Now, I was thirty years on the force and I've seen a lot of queer guys killed on the streets. We found an Arab once, in full regalia, and it took us a week to find out who he was. So it wasn't just the way the guy looked that bothered me; it was the stuff we found in his pockets."

Captain Rihm turned on the bench to see if he'd caught my interest, then continued. "There was about a dollar in change in the dead guy's pocket, and one of the boys picked up a nickel and showed it to me. Now, you've seen plenty of nickels, the new ones with Jefferson's picture, the buffalo nickels they made before that, and once in a while you still see even the old Liberty-head nickels; they quit making them before the first World War. But this one was even older than that. It had a shield on the front, a U.S. shield, and a big five on the back; I used to see that kind when I was a boy. And the funny thing was, that old nickel looked new; what coin dealers call 'mint condition,' like it was made the day before yesterday. The date on that nickel was 1876, and there wasn't a coin in his pocket dated any later."

CAPTAIN RIHM looked at me questioningly. "Well," I said, glancing up from my notebook, "that could happen."

"Sure, it could," he answered in a satisfied tone, "but all the pennies he had were Indian-head pennies. Now, when did you see one of them last? There was even a silver three-cent piece; looked like an old-style dime, only smaller. And the bills in his wallet, every one of them, were old-time bills, the big kind."

Captain Rihm leaned forward and spat on the patch, a needle-jet of tobacco juice, and an expression of a policeman's annoyed contempt for anything deviating from an orderly norm.

"Over seventy bucks in cash, and not a federal reserve note in the lot. There were two yellow-back tens. Remember them? They were payable in gold. The rest were old national-bank notes; you remember them, too. Issued direct by local banks, personally signed by the bank president; that kind used to be counterfeited a lot.

"Well," Captain Rihm continued, leaning back on the bench and crossing his knees, "there was a bill in his pocket from a livery stable on Lexington Avenue: three dollars for feeding and stabling his horse and washing a carriage. There was a brass slug in his pocket good for a five-cent beer at some saloon. There was a letter postmarked Philadelphia, June, 1876, with an old-style two-cent stamp; and a bunch of cards in his wallet. The cards had his name and address on them, and so did the letter."

"Oh," I said, a little surprised, "you identified him right away, then?"

"Sure. Rudolph Fentz, some address on Fifth Avenue—I forget the exact number—in New York City. No problem at all." Captain Rihm leaned forward and spat again. "Only that address wasn't a residence. It's a store, and it has been for years, and nobody there ever heard of any Rudolph Fentz, and there's no such name in the phone book, either. Nobody ever called or made any inquiries about the guy, and Washington didn't have his prints. There was a tailor's name in his coat, a lower Broadway address, but nobody there ever heard of this tailor."

"What was so strange about his clothes?"

THE captain said, "Well, did you ever know anyone who wore a pair of pants with big black-and-white checks, cut very narrow, no cuffs, and pressed without a crease?"

I had to think for a moment. "Yes," I said then, "my father, when he was a very young man, before he was married; I've seen old photographs."

"Sure," said Captain Rihm, "and he probably wore a short sort of cutaway coat with two cloth-covered buttons at the back, a vest with lapels, a tall silk hat, and a big, black oversize bow tie on a turned-up stiff collar, and button shoes."

"That's how this man was dressed?"

"Like seventy-five years ago! And him no more than thirty years old. There was a label in his hat, a Twenty-third Street hat store that went out of business around the turn of the century. Now, what do you make out of a thing like that?"

"Well," I said carefully, "there's nothing much you can make of it. Apparently someone went to a lot of trouble to dress up in an antique style; the coins and bills, I assume he could buy at a coin dealer's; and then he got himself killed in a traffic accident."

"Got himself killed is right. Eleven fifteen at night in Times Square—the theaters letting out; busiest time and place in the world—and this guy shows up in the middle of the street, gawking and looking around at the cars and up at the signs like he'd never seen them before. The cop on duty noticed him, so you can see how he must have been acting. The lights change, the traffic starts up, with him in the middle of the street, and instead of waiting, the damn' fool, he turns and tries to make it back to the sidewalk. A cab got him and he was dead when he hit."

For a moment Captain Rihm sat chewing his tobacco and staring angrily at a young woman pushing a baby carriage, though I'm sure he didn't see her. The young mother looked at him in surprise as she passed, and the captain continued.

"Nothing you can make out of a thing like that. We found out nothing. I started checking through our file of old phone books, just as routine, but without much hope because they only go back so far. But in the 1939 summer edition I found a Rudolph Fentz, Jr., somewhere on East Fifty-second Street. He'd moved away in '42, though, the building super told me, and was a man in his sixties besides, retired from business; used to work in a bank a few blocks away, the super thought. I found the bank where he'd worked, and they told me he'd retired in '40, and had been dead for five years; his widow was living in Florida with a sister.

"I wrote to the widow, but there was only one thing she could tell us, and that was no good. I never even reported it, not

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fficially, anyway. Her husband's father ad disappeared when her husband was a oy maybe two years old. He went out for walk around ten one night—his wife hought cigar smoke smelled up the curains, so he used to take a little stroll efore he went to bed, and smoke a cigar—nd he didn't come back, and was never een or heard of again. The family spent a ood deal of money trying to locate him, ut they never did. This was in the middle 870s sometime; the old lady wasn't sure of he exact date. Her husband hadn't ever aid too much about it.

"And that's all," said Captain Rihm. 'Once I put in one of my afternoons off unting through a bunch of old police records. And I finally found the Missing Persons file for 1876, and Rudolph Fentz was isted, all right. There wasn't much of a lescription, and no fingerprints, of course. 'd give a year of my life, even now, and naybe sleep better nights, if they'd had his ingerprints. He was listed as twenty-nine ears old, wearing full muttonchop whiskers, a tall silk hat, dark coat and checked ants. That's about all it said. Didn't say what kind of tie or vest or if his shoes were he button kind. His name was Rudolph Fentz and he lived at this address on Fifth Avenue; it must have been a residence then. Final disposition of case: not located.

"Now, I hate that case," Captain Rihm said quietly. "I hate it and I wish I'd never heard of it. What do *you* think?" he demanded suddenly, angrily. "You think this guy walked off into thin air in 1876, and showed up again in 1950!"

I shrugged noncommittally, and the captain took it to mean no.

"No, of course not," he said. "Of *course* not, but—give me some other explanation."

I COULD go on. I could give you several hundred such cases. A sixteen-year-old girl walked out of her bedroom one morning, carrying her clothes in her hand because they were too big for her, and she was quite obviously eleven years old again. And there are other occurrences too horrible for print. All of them have happened in the New York City area alone, all within the last few years; and I suspect thousands more have occurred, and are occurring, all over the world. I could go on, but the point is this: What is happening and *why?* I believe that I know.

Haven't you noticed, too, on the part of nearly everyone you know, a growing rebellion against the *present?* And an increasing longing for the past? I have. Never before in all my long life have I heard so many people wish that they lived "at the turn of the century," or "when life was simpler," or "worth living," or "when you could bring children into the world and count on the future," or simply "in the good old days." People didn't talk that way when I was young! The present was a glorious time! But they talk that way now.

For the first time in man's history, man is desperate to escape the present. Our newsstands are jammed with escape literature, the very name of which is significant. Entire magazines are devoted to fantastic stories of escape—to other times, past and future, to other worlds and planets—escape to anywhere but here and now. Even our larger magazines, book publishers and Hollywood are beginning to meet the rising demand for this kind of escape. Yes, there is a craving in the world like a thirst, a terrible mass pressure that you can almost feel, of millions of minds struggling against the barriers of time. I am utterly convinced that this terrible mass pressure of millions of minds is already, slightly but definitely, affecting time itself. In the moments when this happens—when the almost universal longing to escape is greatest—my incidents occur. Man is disturbing the clock of time, and I am afraid it will break. When it does, I leave to your imagination the last few hours of madness that will be left to us; all the countless moments that now make up our lives suddenly ripped apart and chaotically tangled in time.

Well, I have lived most of my life; I can be robbed of only a few more years. But it seems too bad—this universal craving to escape what could be a rich, productive, happy world. We live on a planet well able to provide a decent life for every soul on it, which is all ninety-nine of a hundred human beings ask. Why in the world can't we have it?

THE END

BUTCH

"I know I said you could keep anythin' of sentimental value, but, gee whiz, lady!"

COLLIER'S — LARRY REYNOLDS

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DORMAN H. SMITH

Support Without Control

WE WELCOME THE APPEARANCE of a new angle on "five percentism" that has nothing to do with the peddling of dubious influence. It is a plan developed by Beardsley Ruml and Theodore Geiger for the National Planning Association, a group of prominent businessmen and economists. And it might go far toward solving one of today's urgent problems—the financial plight of many American colleges.

The five per cent angle has to do with a 15-year-old federal law which permits a corporation to give that amount of its net income, before taxes, to bona fide educational, scientific and welfare activities or organizations which are tax exempt. And, from a strictly business viewpoint, that law is a lot more important to corporations and their stockholders now than when it was enacted.

The present tax rate takes from 47 to 77 per cent of a company's profits, as against 19 per cent in 1939. In other words, if a corporation wants to contribute to colleges or scholarships, the government's minimum share of the cost will just about match the corporation's, dollar for dollar. And if the company is in the excess-profits bracket, the government can outmatch it by more than two to one. This amounts to federal aid to science and education without the possibility of an untraditional, undesirable federal control of those fields. And with profits as well as taxes running high—five per cent of the estimated net corporate income for 1951 is $2,200,000,000—this seems like an ideal time for management to take a good look at the National Planning Association's suggestions.

This new "Ruml Plan"—if we may call it so without slighting Mr. Geiger—was not conceived in a spirit of charity. Its aim is to show businessmen how they can spend a portion of their companies' profits in an orderly, organized way that will do the companies and stockholders the most good. The plan is not limited to higher education. But it happens to fit in admirably with Alfred P. Sloan's recent statement that "big business must help our colleges." That was the title of an article by Mr. Sloan, the chairman of the board of General Motors Corporation, which appeared in the June 2d issue of Collier's. In it he explained the unprecedented difficulties that confront many schools today, and pointed out the mutual advantage that would come from endowments by business concerns.

The day of big philanthropies, Mr. Sloan made clear, is gone, at least in the foreseeable future. The loss of this major support of privately financed colleges and universities, plus higher costs and lower dollar values, has put one out of four schools in the red. The new five per cent plan suggests a way out.

Mr. Sloan anticipated a question which will occur to many people in this connection. "Why," he asked, "if our educational institutions are likely to lose their freedom through government support, are they not equally likely to lose it through corporate support?"

This was his answer: "I believe there are substantial differences between the two. Politicians prosper to the extent that they are able to maintain and expand their power through control of votes—secured, all too frequently, by expenditure of the taxpayers' money. That is the politicians' business. By that they live. Management prospers by its ability to expand and develop a given enterprise. By that standard it is judged. Because of such an incentive it must continually seek ways and means to improve its efficiency. There is another difference, perhaps even more significant. Government support is centralized and hence may easily become dominating. Corporate support cannot be centralized. Relationships resulting from corporate support of higher education are certain to be distributed among many educational institutions."

Obviously, if corporate support should be accompanied by the supporters' attempts to dictate curricula and textbooks, veto faculty appointments, and the like, the evil would outweigh the good. But if the present, though limited, role of business as "angel" of higher education may be taken as an example, there is little to fear.

Gifts from private big-business philanthropies like the Carnegie and Rockefeller Foundations have not been the instruments of improper influence. Mr. Sloan himself, through the Alfred P. Sloan Foundation, has contributed to several colleges and universities. And several companies have already set encouraging examples of what can be done. For instance, 25 corporations contribute regularly to the University of Chicago's atomic research program. Sears, Roebuck and Company gives nearly 100 scholarships a year to agriculture students in land-grant colleges, and the Ford Motor Company has a new program of 70 annual scholarships to children of its employees. The scholarships not only cover the tuition and living expenses of the recipients for four years, but, in the case of private colleges and universities, include an extra $500 a year toward the general expenses of the schools.

These examples are encouraging, but they are only an indication of what might be done on a much bigger scale. The boon of such a program to our private centers of learning is clear. The advantages to the donors are also readily apparent.

The five per cent plan, if carefully and intelligently managed, would be a rewarding investment of the stockholders' money. Generally, it would avert a potential catastrophe that cannot be allowed to happen if this country is to keep its moral and economic strength. Specifically, it would assure business the continuation and growth of the educational and scientific institutions which are the source of its future executives and technical experts, and of much vital basic research.

There are practical and technical difficulties, of course, connected with the proposed five per cent program. The program's authors have given a lot of thought to them, and they have a lot of answers and suggestions. Whether you are a corporation executive, a stockholder or an employee, we think it is important that you find out more about this promising plan. You can get details from the National Planning Association, 800 Twenty-first Street, N.W., Washington 6, D.C.

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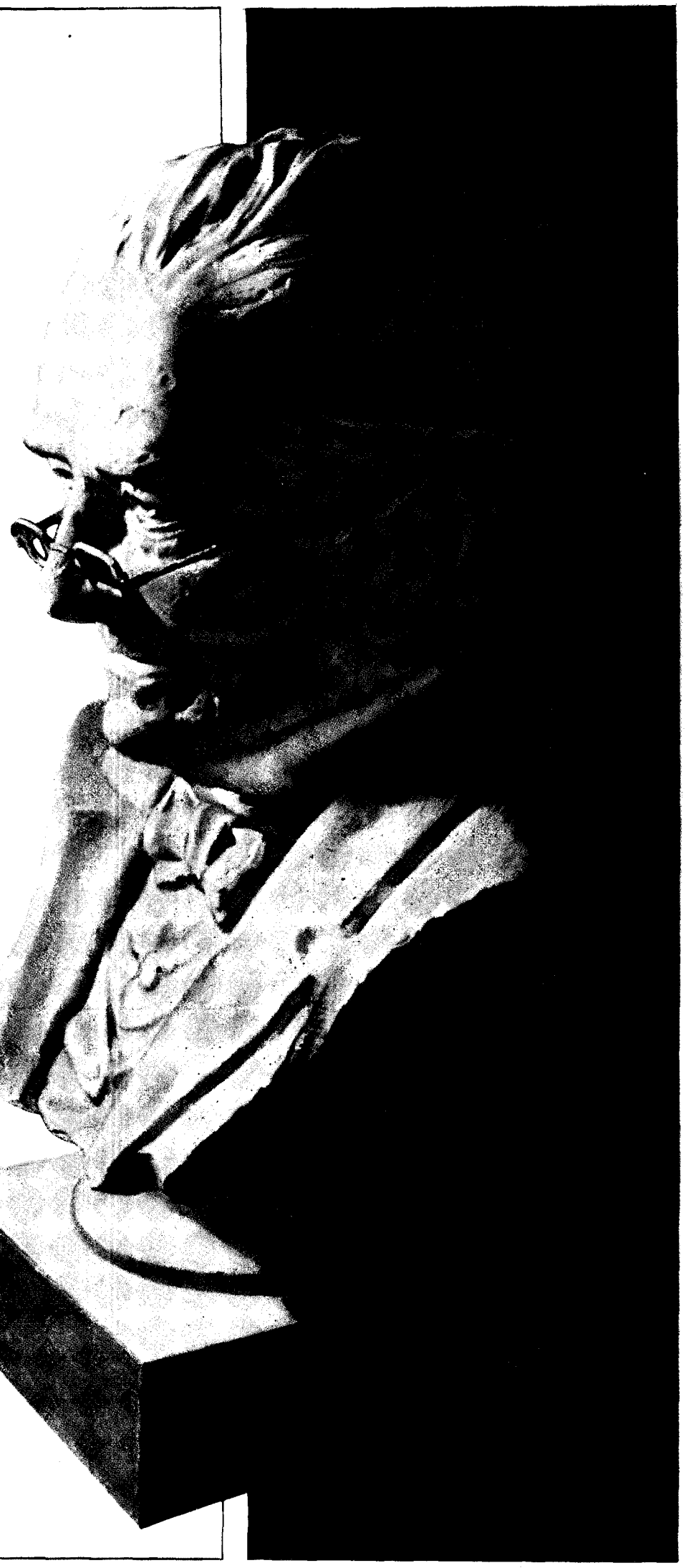

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